Gascoyne
The Sandal-Wood Trader Vol.I

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GASCOYN THE SANDAL-WOOD TRADER

CHAPTER I
THE SCHOONER

The great Pacific is the scene of our story. On a beautiful morning, many years ago, a little schooner might have been seen floating, light and graceful as a seamew, on the breast of the slumbering ocean. She was one of those low, black-hulled vessels, with raking, taper masts, trimly-cut sails, and elegant form, which we are accustomed to associate with the idea of a yacht or a pirate.

She might have been the former, as far as appearance went; for the sails and deck were white as snow, and every portion of brass and copper above her water-line shone in the hot sun with dazzling brilliancy. But pleasure-seekers were not wont, in those days, to take such distant flights, or to venture into such dangerous seas, dangerous alike from the savage character of the islanders, and the numerous coral reefs that lie hidden a few feet below the surface of the waves.

Still less probable did it seem that the vessel in question could belong to the lawless class of craft to which we have referred; for, although she had what may be styled a wicked aspect, and was evidently adapted for swift sailing, neither large guns nor small arms of any kind were visible.

Whatever her nature or her object, she was reduced, at the time we introduce her to the reader, to a state of inaction by the dead calm which prevailed. The sea resembled a sheet of clear glass. Not a cloud broke the softness of the sky,

in which the sun glowed hotter and hotter as it rose towards the zenith. The sails of the schooner hung idly from the yards; her reflected image was distorted, but scarcely broken, by the long, gentle swell; her crew, with the exception of the watch, were asleep either on deck or down below; and so deep was the universal silence, that, as the vessel rose and fell with a slow, quiet motion, the pattering of the reef-points on her sails forcibly attracted the listener's attention, as does the ticking of a clock in the deep silence of night. A few sea-birds rested on the water, as if in the enjoyment of the profound peace that reigned around; and far away on the horizon might be seen the tops of the palm trees that grow on one of those coral islands which lie scattered in thousands, like beautiful gems, on the surface of that bright blue sea.

Among the men who lay sleeping in various easy, off-hand attitudes on the schooner's deck, was one who merits special attentionnot only because of the grotesque appearance of his person, but also because he is one of the principal actors in our tale.

He was a large, powerful man, of that rugged build and hairy aspect that might have suggested the idea that he would be difficult to kill. He was a fair man, with red hair, and a deeply sun-burned face, on which jovial good humor sat almost perpetually enthroned. At the moment when we introduce him to the reader, however, that expression happened to be modified in consequence of his having laid him down to sleep in a sprawling manner on his backthe place as well as the position being, apparently, one of studied discomfort. His legs lay over the heel of the bowsprit, his big body reposed on a confused heap of blocks and cordage, and his neck rested on the stock of an anchor so that his head hung down over it, presenting the face to view with the large mouth wide open, in an upside-down position. The man was evidently on the verge of choking, but, being a strong man, and a rugged man, and a healthy man, he did not care. He seemed to prefer choking to the trouble of rousing himself and improving his position.

How long he would have lain in this state of felicity it is impossible to say, for his slumbers were rudely interrupted by a slight lurch of the schooner, which caused the blocks and cordage attached to the sheet of the jib to sweep slowly, but with rasping asperity, across his face. Any ordinary man would have been seriously damagedat least in appearanceby such an accident; but this particular sea-dog was tough in the skin,he was only awakened by itnothing more. He yawned, raised himself lazily, and gazed round with that vacant stare of unreasonable surprise which is common to man on passing from a state of somnolence to that of wakefulness.

Gradually the expression of habitual good-humor settled on his visage, as he looked from one to another of his sleeping comrades, and at last, with a bland

smile, he broke forth into the following soliloquy:

"Wot a goose, wot a grampus you've bin, John Bumpus: firstly, for goin' to sea; secondly, for remainin' at sea; thirdly, for not forsakin' the sea; fourthly, for bein' worried about it at all, now that you've made up your mind to retire from the sea; and fifthly"

Here John Bumpus paused as if to meditate on the full depth and meaning of these polite remarks, or to invent some new and powerful expression wherewith to deliver his fifth head. His mental efforts seemed to fail, however; for, instead of concluding the sentence, he hummed the following lines, which, we may suppose, were expressive of his feelings, as well as his intentions:

"So good-by to the mighty ocean,
And adoo to the rollin' sea.
For it's nobody has no notion
Wot a grief it has bin to me."
"Ease off the sheets and square the topsail yards," was at that moment said, or rather murmured, by a bass voice so deep and rich that, although scarcely raised above a whisper, it was distinctly heard over the whole deck.

John Bumpus raised his bulky form with a degree of lithe activity that proved him to be not less agile than athletic, and, with several others, sprang to obey the order. A few seconds later the sails were swelled out by a light breeze, and the schooner moved through the water at a rate which seemed scarcely possible under the influence of so gentle a puff of air. Presently the breeze increased, the vessel cut through the blue water like a knife, leaving a long track of foam in her wake as she headed for the coral-island before referred to. The outer reef or barrier of coral which guarded the island was soon reached. The narrow opening in this natural bulwark was passed. The schooner stood across the belt of perfectly still water that lay between the reef and the shore, and entered a small bay, where the cairn water reflected the strip of white sand, green palm, and tropical plants that skirted its margin, as well as the purple hills of the interior.

Here she swept round in a sudden but graceful curve, until all her canvas fluttered in the breeze, and then dropped anchor in about six fathoms water.

CHAPTER II.
BUMPUS IS FIERY AND PHILOSOPHICALMURDEROUS DESIGNS FRUSTRATED.

The captain of the schooner, whose deep voice had so suddenly terminated the meditations of John Bumpus, was one of those men who seem to have been

formed for the special purpose of leading and commanding their fellows.

He was not only unusually tall and powerful,physical qualities which, in themselves, are by no means sufficient to command respect,but, as we have said, he possessed a deep, full-toned bass voice, in which there seemed to lie a species of fascination; for its softest tones riveted attention, and when it thundered forth commands in the fiercest storms, it inspired confidence and a feeling of security in all who heard it. The countenance of the captain, however, was that which induced men to accord to him a position of superiority in whatever sphere of action he chanced to move. It was not so much a handsome as a manly and singularly grave face, in every line of which was written inflexible determination. His hair was short, black, and curly. A small mustache darkened his upper lip, but the rest of his face was closely shaven, so that his large chin and iron jaw were fully displayed. His eyes were of that indescribable blue color which can exhibit the intensest passion, or the most melting tenderness.

He wore a somber but somewhat picturesque costume,a dark-colored flannel shirt and trousers, which latter were gathered in close round his lower limbs by a species of drab gaiter that appeared somewhat incongruous with the profession of the man. The only bit of bright color about him was a scarlet belt round his waist, from the side of which depended a long knife in a brown leather sheath. A pair of light shoes, and a small round cap resembling what is styled in these days a pork-pie, completed his costume. He was about forty years of age.

Such was the commander, or captain, or skipper of this suspicious-looking schooner,a man pre-eminently fitted for the accomplishment of much good, or the perpetration of great evil.

As soon as the anchor touched the ground, the captain ordered a small boat to be lowered, and, leaping into it with two men, one of whom was our friend John Bumpus, rowed toward the shore.

"Have you brought your kit with you, John?" inquired the captain, as the little boat shot over the smooth waters of the bay.

"Wot's of it, sir," replied our rugged seaman, holding up a small bundle tied in a red cotton handkerchief, "I s'pose our cruise ashore won't be a long one."

"It will be long for you, my man,at least as far as the schooner is concerned, for I do not mean to take you aboard again."

"Not take me aboard agin!" exclaimed the sailor, with a look of surprise which quickly degenerated into an angry frown and thereafter gradually relaxed into

a broad grin as he continued: "Why, capting, wot do you mean to do with me then? for I'm a heavy piece of goods, d'ye see, and can't be easily moved about without a small touch o' my own consent, you know."

Jo Bumpus, as he was fond of styling himself, said this with a serio-comic air of sarcasm, for he was an exception to the general rule of his fellows. He had little respect for, and no fear of, his commander. Indeed, to say truth (for truth must be told, even though the character of our rugged friend should suffer), Jo entertained a most profound belief in the immense advantage of muscular strength and vigor in general, and of his own prowess in particular.

Although not quite so gigantic a man as his captain, he was nearly so, and, being a bold, self-reliant fellow, he felt persuaded in his own mind that he could thrash him, if need were. In fact, Jo was convinced that there was no living creature under the sun, human or otherwise, that walked upon two legs, that he could not pommel to death, with more or less ease, by means of his fists alone. And in this conviction he was not far wrong. Yet it must not be supposed that Jo Bumpus was a boastful man or a bully. Far from it. He was so thoroughly persuaded of his invincibility that he felt there was no occasion to prove it. He therefore followed the natural bent of his inclinations, which led him at all times to exhibit a mild, amiable, and gentle aspect,except, of course, when he was roused. As occasion for being roused was not wanting in the South Seas in those days, Jo's amiability was frequently put to the test. He sojourned, while there, in a condition of alternate calm and storm; but riotous joviality ran, like a rich vein, through all his checkered life, and lit up its most somber phases like gleams of light on an April day.

"You entered my service with your own consent," replied the captain to Jo's last remark, "and you may leave it, with the same consent, whenever you choose; but you will please to remember that I did not engage you to serve on board the schooner. Back there you do not go either with or without your consent, my fine fellow, and if you are bent on going to sea on your own account.you've got a pair of good arms and legs,you can swim! Besides," continued the captain, dropping the tone of sarcasm in which this was said, and assuming a more careless and good-natured air, "you were singing something not long since, if I mistake not, about 'farewell to the rolling sea,' which leads me to think you will not object to a short cruise on shore for a change, especially on such a beautiful island as this is."

"I'm your man, capting," cried the impulsive seaman, at the same time giving his oar a pull that well-nigh spun the boat round. "And, to say wot's the plain truth, d'ye see, I'm not sorry to ha' done with your schooner; for, although she is as tight a little craft as any man could wish for to go to sea in, I can't say much for the crew,saving your presence, Dick," he added, glancing over his

shoulder at the surly-looking man who pulled the bow oar. "Of all the rascally set I ever clapped eyes on, they seems to me the worst. If I didn't know you for a sandal-wood trader, I do believe I'd take ye for a pirate."

"Don't speak ill of your messmates behind their backs, Jo," said the captain, with a slight frown. "No good and true man ever does that."

"No more I do," replied John Bumpus, while a deep red color suffused his bronzed countenance. "No more I do, leastwise if they wos here I'd say it to their faces; for they're a set of as ill-tongued villains as I ever had the misfortune to"

"Silence!" exclaimed the captain, suddenly, in a voice of thunder.

Few men would have ventured to disobey the command given by such a man, but John Bumpus was one of those few. He did indeed remain silent for two seconds, but it was the silence of astonishment.

"Capting," said he, seriously, "I don't mean no offense, but I'd have you to know that I engaged to work for you, not to hold my tongue at your bidding, d'ye see? There ain't the man living as'll make Jo Bumpus shut up w'en he's got a mind to"

The captain put an abrupt end to the remarks of his refractory seaman by starting up suddenly in fierce anger and seizing the tiller, apparently with the intent to fell him. He checked himself, however, as suddenly, and breaking into a loud laugh, cried:

"Come, Jo, you must admit that there is at least one living man who has made you 'shut up' before you had finished what you'd got to say."

John Bumpus, who had thrown up his left arm to ward off the anticipated blow, and dropped his oar in order to clench his right fist, quietly resumed his oar, and shook his head gravely for nearly a minute, after which he made the following observation:

"Capting, I've seed, in my experience o' life, that there are some constitootions as don't agree with jokin'; an' yours is one on 'em. Now, if you'd take the advice of a plain man, you'd never try it on. You're a grave man by natur', and you're so bad at a joke that a feller can't quite tell w'en you're a-doin' of it. See, now! I do declare I wos as near drivin' you right over the stern o' your own boat as could be, only by good luck I seed the twinkle in your eye in time."

"Pull away, my lad," said the captain, in the softest tones of his deep voice, at

the same time looking his reprover straight in the face.

There was something in the tone in which that simple command was given, and in the look by which it was accompanied, that effectually quelled John Bumpus in spite of himself. Violence had no effect on John, because in most cases he was able to meet it with superior violence, and in all cases he was willing to try. But to be put down in this mild way was perplexing. The words were familiar, the look straightforward and common enough. He could not understand it at all, and being naturally of a philosophical turn of mind, he spent the next three minutes in a futile endeavor to analyze his own feelings. Before he had come to any satisfactory conclusion on the subject, the boat's keel grated on the white sand of the shore.

Now, while all that we have been describing in the last and present chapters was going on, a very different series of events was taking place on the coral-island; for there, under the pleasant shade of the cocoanut palms, a tall, fair, and handsome youth was walking lightly down the green slopes toward the shore in anticipation of the arrival of the schooner, and a naked, dark-skinned savage was dogging his steps, winding like a hideous snake among the bushes, and apparently seeking an opportunity to launch the short spear he carried in his hand at his unsuspecting victim.

As the youth and the savage descended the mountain-side together, the former frequently paused when an opening in the rich foliage peculiar to these beautiful isles enabled him to obtain a clear view of the magnificent bay and its fringing coral reef, on which the swell of the great Pacificso calm and undulating out beyondfell in tremendous breakers, with a long, low, solemn roar like distant thunder. As yet no object broke the surface of the mirror-like bay within the reef.

Each time the youth paused the savage stopped also, and more than once he poised his deadly spear, while his glaring eyeballs shone amid the green foliage like those of a tiger. Yet upon each occasion he exhibited signs of hesitation, and finally lowered the weapon, and crouched into the underwood.

To any one ignorant of the actors in this scene, the indecision of the savage would have appeared unaccountable; for there could be no doubt of his desire to slay the fair youthstill less doubt of his ability to dart his formidable spear with precision. Nevertheless, there was good reason for his hesitating; for young Henry Stuart was well known, alike by settlers and savages, as possessing the swiftest foot, the strongest arm, and the boldest heart in the island, and Keona was not celebrated for the possession of these qualities in any degree above the average of his fellows, although he did undoubtedly exceed them in revenge, hatred, and the like. On one occasion young Stuart

had, while defending his mother's house against an attack of the savages, felled Keona with a well-directed blow of his fist. It was doubtless out of revenge for this that the latter now dogged the former through the lonely recesses of the mountain-pass by which he had crossed the island from the little settlement in which was his home, and gained the sequestered bay in which he expected to find the schooner. Up to this point, however, the savage had not summoned courage to make the attack, although, with the exception of a hunting-knife, his enemy was altogether unarmed; for he knew that in the event of missing his mark the young man's speed of foot would enable him to outstrip him, while his strength of frame would quickly terminate a single combat.

As the youth gained the more open land near the beach, the possibility of making a successful cast of the spear became more and more doubtful. Finally the savage shrunk into the bushes, and abandoned the pursuit.

"Not here yet, Master Gascoyne," muttered Henry, as he sat down on a rock to rest; for, although the six miles of country he had crossed was a trifle, as regarded distance, to a lad of nineteen, the rugged mountain-path by which he had come would have tried the muscles of a Red Indian, and the nerve of a goat. "You were wont to keep to time better in days gone by. Truly it seems to me a strange thing that I should thus be made a sort of walking post between my mother's house and this bay, all for the benefit of a man who seems to me no better than he should be, and whom I don't like, and yet whom I do like in some unaccountable fashion that I don't understand."

Whatever the youth's thoughts were after giving vent to the foregoing soliloquy, he kept them to himself. They did not at first appear to be of an agreeable nature; for he frowned once or twice, and struck his thigh with his clenched hand; but gradually a pleasant expression lit up his manly face, as he gazed out upon the sleeping sea and watched the gorgeous clouds that soon began to rise and cluster round the sun.

After an hour or so spent in wandering on the beach picking up shells, and gazing wistfully out to sea, Henry Stuart appeared to grow tired of waiting; for he laid himself down on the shore, turned his back on the ocean, pillowed his head on a tuft of grass, and deliberately went to sleep.

Now was the time for the savage to wreak his vengeance on his enemy; but, fortunately, that villain, despite his subtlety and cunning, had not conceived the possibility of the youth indulging in such an unnatural recreation as a nap in the forenoon. He had, therefore, retired to his native jungle, and during the hour in which Henry was buried in repose, and in which he might have accomplished his end without danger or uncertainty, he was seated in a dark,

cave, moodily resolving in his mind future plans of villainy, and, indulging the hope that on the youth's returning homeward be would be more successful in finding a favorable opportunity to take his life.

During this same hour it was that our low-hulled little schooner hove in sight on the horizon, ran swiftly down before the breeze, cast anchor in the bay, and sent her boat ashore, as we have seen, with the captain, the surly man called Dick, and our friend John Bumpus.

It happened that, just as the boat ran under the shelter of a rocky point and touched the strand, Keona left his cave for the purpose of observing what young Stuart was about. He knew that he could not have retraced his homeward way without passing within sight of his place of concealment.

A glance of surprise crossed his dark visage as he crept to the edge of the underwood and saw the schooner at anchor in the bay. This was succeeded by a fiendish grin of exultation as his eye fell on the slumbering form of the youth. He instantly took advantage of the opportunity; and so deeply was he engrossed with his murderous intention, that he did not observe the captain of the schooner as he turned a projecting rock, and suddenly appeared upon the scene. The captain, however, saw the savage, and instantly drew back, signing, at the same time, to his two men to keep under cover.

A second glance showed him the sleeping form of Henry, and, almost before he had time to suspect that foul play was going on, he saw the savage glide from the bushes to the side of the sleeper, raise his spear, and poise it for one moment, as if to make sure of sending it straight to the youth's heart.

There was not a moment to lose. The captain carried a short carbine in his hand, with which he took aim at the savage,going down on one knee to make a surer shot, for the carbine of those days was not to be depended on at a distance much beyond a hundred yards; and as the actors in this scene were separated by even more than that distance, there was a considerable chance of missing the savage and hitting the young man.

This, however, was not a moment to calculate chances. The captain pulled the trigger, and the crash of the shot was followed by a howl from the savage, as his uplifted arm dropped to his side, and the spear fell across the face of the sleeper. Henry instantly awoke, and sprang up with the agility of a panther. Before he could observe what had occurred, Keona leaped into the bushes disappeared. Henry at once bounded after him; and the captain, giving vent to a lusty cheer, rushed across the beach, and sprang into the forest, closely followed by surly Diet and John Bumpus, whose united cheers of excitement and shouts of defiance awoke the echoes of the place with clamorous discords.

CHAPTER III.
A BOUGH WALK ENLIVENED BY RAMBLING TALKBUMPUS IS "AGREEABLE."

It is said, in the proverbial philosophy of nautical men, that "a stern chase is a long one." The present instance was an exception to the general rule. Keona was wounded. Young Stuart was fleet as the antelope, and strong as a young lion. In these circumstances it is not surprising that, after a run of less than a quarter of a mile, he succeeded in laying his hands on the neck of the savage and hurling him to the ground, where he lay panting and helpless, looking up in the face of his conqueror with an expression of hopeless despair; for savages and wicked men generally are wont to judge of others by themselves, and to expect to receive such treatment from their enemies as they themselves would in similar circumstances accord.

The fear of instant death was before his eyes, and the teeth of Keona chattered in his head, while his face grew more hideous than ever, by reason of its becoming livid.

His fears were groundless. Henry Stuart was not a savage. He was humane by nature; and, in addition to this, he had been trained under the influence of that Book which teaches us that the most philosophical, because the most effective, method of procedure in this world is to "overcome evil with good."

"So you scoundrel," said Henry, placing his knee on Keona's chest, and compressing his throat with his left hand, while with his right he drew forth a long glittering knife, and raised it in the air,"so you are not satisfied with what I gave you the last time we met, but you must need take the trouble to cross my path a second time, and get a taste of cold steel, must you?"

Although Keona could speak no English, he understood it sufficiently to appreciate the drift of the youth's words, even though he had failed to comprehend the meaning of the angry frown and the glittering knife. But, however much, he might have wished to reply to the question, Henry took care to render the attempt impossible, by compressing his windpipe until he became blue in the face, and then black. At the same time, he let the sharp point of his knife touch the skin just over the region of the heart.

Having thus convinced his vanquished foe that death was at the door, he suddenly relaxed his iron grip, arose, sheathed his knife, and bade the savage get up. The miserable creature did so, with some difficulty, just as the captain and his men arrived on the scene.

"Well met, Henry," cried the former, extending his hand to the youth; "had I

been a moment later, my lad, I fear that your life's blood would have been on the sea-shore."

"Then it was you who fired the shot, Captain Gascoyne? This is the second time I have to thank you for saving my life," said the young man, returning the grasp of the captain's hand.

"Truly, it is but a small matter to have to thank me for. Doubtless, if my stout man John Bumpus had carried the carbine, he would have done you as good service. And methinks, Henry, that you would have preferred to owe your life to either of my men rather than to me, if I may judge by your looks."

"You should not judge by looks, captain," replied the youth quickly,"especially the looks of a man who has just had a hand-to-hand tussle with a savage. But, to tell the plain truth, Captain Gascoyne, I would indeed rather have had to thank your worthy man John Bumpus than yourself for coming to my aid; for although I owe you no grudge, and do not count you an enemy, I had rather see your back than your face; and you know the reason why."

"You give me credit, boy, for more knowledge than I possess," replied Gascoyne, while an angry frown gathered for a moment on his brow, but passed away almost as quickly as it came. "I know not the cause of your unreasonable dislike to one who has never done you an injury."

"Never done me an injury!" cried Henry, starting and turning with a look of passion on his companion; then, checking himself by a strong effort, he added, in a milder tone, "But a truce to such talk; and I ask your forgiveness for my sharp words just after your rendering me such good service in the hour of need. You and I differ in our notions on one or two pointsthat is all; there is no need for quarreling. See, here is a note from my mother, who sent me to the bay to meet you."

During this colloquy, Dick and Bumpus had mounted guard over the wounded savage, just out of ear-shot of their captain.

Neither of the sailors ventured to hold their prisoner, because they deemed it an unmanly advantage to take of one who was so completely (as they imagined) in their power. They kept a watchful eye on him, however; and while they affected an easy indifference of attitude, held themselves in readiness to pounce upon him if he should attempt to escape. But nothing seemed farther from the mind of Keona than such an attempt. He appeared to be thoroughly exhausted by his recent struggle and loss of blood, and his body was bent as if he were about to sink down to the ground. There was, however, a peculiar glance in his dark eyes that induced John Bumpus to be more on his guard than appearances seemed to warrant.

While Gascoyne was reading the letter to which we have referred, Keona suddenly placed his left leg behind surly Dick, and, with his unwounded fist, hit that morose individual such a tremendous back-handed blow on the nose that he instantly measured his length on the ground. John Bumpus made a sudden plunge at the savage on seeing this, but the latter ducked his head, passed like an eel under the very arms of the sailor, and went off into the forest like a deer.

"Hold!" shouted Captain Gascoyne, as John turned, in a state of mingled amazement and anger, to pursue. "Hold on, Bumpus; let the miserable rascal go."

John stopped, looked over his shoulder, hesitated, and finally came back, with a rolling air of nautical indifference, and his hands thrust into his breeches pockets.

"You know best, capting," said he; "but I think it a pity to let sich a dirty varmint go clear off, to dodge about in the bushes, and mayhap treat us to a poisoned arrow, or a spear thrust on the sly. Howsomedever, it ain't no consarn wotever to Jo Bumpus. How's your beak, Dick, my boy?"

"None the better for your askin'," replied the surly mariner, who was tenderly stroking the injured member of his face with the fingers of both hands.

"Come, Dick, it is none the worse of being inquired after," said Henry, laughing. "But 'tis as well to let the fellow go. He knows best how to cure his wound, by the application of a few simples; and by thus making off has relieved us of the trouble and responsibility of trying our hands at civilized doctoring. Besides, John Bumpus (if that's your name,though I do think your father might have found you a better), your long legs would never have brought you within a mile of the savage."

"Young man," retorted Jo, gravely, "I'd have you to know that the family of the Bumpuses is an old and a honorable one. They comed over with the Conkerer to Ireland, where they picked up a deal o' their good manners, after which they settled at last on their own estates in Yorkshire. Though they have comed down in the world, and the last of the Bumpusesthat's meis takin' a pleasure-trip round the world before the mast, I won't stand by and hear my name made game of, d'ye see: and I'd have ye to know, further, my buck, that the Bumpuses has a pecooliar gift for fightin'; and although you are a strappin' young feller, you'd better not cause me for to prove that you're conkerable."

Having delivered himself of this oration, the last of the Bumpuses frowned portentously on the youth who had dared to risk his anger, and turning with a

bland smile to surly Dick, asked him "if his beak was any better now."

"There seems to be bad news in the letter, I think," observed Henry, as Captain Gascoyne perused the epistle with evident signs of displeasure.

"Bad enough in these times of war, boy," replied the other, folding the note and placing it in a pouch inside the breast of his flannel shirt. "It seems that that pestiferous British frigate, the Talisman, lies at anchor in the bay on the other side of the island."

"Nothing in that to cause uneasiness to an honest trader," said Henry, leading the way up the steep path by which he had descended from the mountain region of the interior.

"That speech only shows your ignorance of the usages of ships-of-war. Know you not that the nature of the trade in which I am engaged requires me to be strong-handed, and that the opinion of a commander in the British navy as to how many hands are sufficient for the navigation of a trading-schooner does not accord with mine?a difference of opinion which may possibly result in his relieving me of a few of my best men when I can ill afford to spare them. And, by the way," said Gascoyne, pausing as they gained the brow of an eminence that commanded a view of the rich woodland on one side and the sea on the other, "I had better take precautions against such a mischance. Here, Dick" (taking the man aside and whispering to him), "go back to the schooner, my lad, and tell the mate to send ten of the best hands ashore with provisions and arms. Let them squat where they choose on land, only let them see to it that they keep well out of sight and hearing until I want them. And now, Master Henry, lead the way; John Bumpus and I will follow at your heel like a couple of faithful dogs."

The scene through which young Henry Stuart now led his seafaring companions was of that rich, varied, and beautiful character which is strikingly characteristic of those islands of the Pacific which owe their origin to volcanic agency. Unlike the low coral islets, this island presented every variety of the boldest mountain scenery, and yet, like them, it displayed all the gorgeous beauty of a rich tropical vegetation. In some places the ground had been cracked and riven into great fissures and uncouth caverns of the wildest description, by volcanoes apparently long since extinct. In others the landscape presented the soft beauty of undulating, grove-like scenery, in which, amid a profusion of bright green herbage, there rose conspicuous the tall stems and waving plumes of the cocoanut palm; the superb and umbrageous ko-a, with its laurel-green leaves and sweet blossoms; the kukui, or candlenut tree; the fragrant sandal-wood, and a variety of other trees and shrubs for which there are no English names.

Hundreds of green paroquets with blue heads and red breasts, turtle-doves, wood-pigeons, and other birds enlivened the groves with sound, if not with melody, and the various lakelets and pools were alive with wild ducks and water-hens.

The route by which the party traveled led them first across a country of varied and beautiful aspect; then it conducted them into wild mountain fastnesses, among which they clambered, at times with considerable difficulty. Ere long they passed into a dreary region where the ancient fires that upheaved the island from the deep seemed to have scorched the land into a condition of perpetual desolation. Blackened and bare lava rocks, steep volcanic ridges and gorges, irregular truncated cones, deep-mouthed caves and fissures, overhanging arches, natural bridges, great tunnels and ravines, surrounded them on every side, and so concealed the softer features of the country that it was scarcely possible to believe in the reality of the verdant region out of which they had just passed. In another hour this chaotic scenery was left behind; the highest ridge of the mountains was crossed, and the travelers began to descend the green slopes on the other side of the island. These slopes terminated in a beach of white sand, while beyond lay the calm waters of the enclosed lagoon, the coral reef with its breakers, and the mighty sea.

"'Tis a pretty spot?" said Henry, interrogatively, as the party halted on the edge of a precipice, whence they obtained an uninterrupted view of the whole of that side of the island.

"Ay, pretty enough," replied Gascoyne, in a somewhat sad tone of voice: "I had hoped to have led a quiet life here once, but that was not to be. How say you, Bumpus; could you make up your mind to cast anchor here for a year or so?"

"Wot's that you say, capting?" inquired honest John, who was evidently lost in admiration of the magnificent scene that lay spread out before him.

"I ask if you have no objection to come to an anchor here for a time," repeated the captain.

"Objection! I'll tell ye wot it is, capting, I never seed sich a place afore in all my born days. Why, it's a slice out o' paradise. I do believe if Adam and Eve wos here they'd think they'd got back again into Eden. It's more beautifuller than the blue ocean, by a long chalk; an' if you wants a feller that's handy at a'most anything after a fashion,a jack-of-all-trades and master of-none (except seamanship, which ain't o' no use here),Jo Bumpus is your man!"

"I'm glad to hear you say that, Jo," said Henry, laughing, "for we are greatly in

need of white men of your stamp in these times, when the savages are so fierce against each other that they are like to eat us up altogether, merely by way of keeping their hands in practise."

"White men of my stamp!" remarked Bumpus, surveying complacently his deeply-bronzed hands, which were only a shade darker than his visage; "well, I would like to know what ye call black if I'm a white man."

"Blood, and not skin, is what stamps the color of the man, Jo. If it were agreeable to Captain Gascoyne to let you off your engagement to him, I think I could make it worth your while to engage with me, and would find you plenty of work of all kinds, including a little of that same fighting for which the Bumpuses are said to be so famous."

"Gentlemen," said Jo, gravely, "I am agreeable to become a good and chattel for this occasion only, as the playbills say, and hold myself up to the highest bidder."

"Nay, you are sold to me, Bumpus," said Gascoyne, "and must do as I bid you."

"Wery good, then bid away as fast as you like."

"Come, captain, don't be hard," said Henry: "what will you take for him?"

"I cannot afford to sell him at any price," replied the other, "for I have brought him here expressly as a gift to a certain Mary Stuart, queen of women, if not of Scotland,a widow who dwells in Sandy Cove"

"What, my mother?" interrupted Henry, while a shade of displeasure crossed his countenance at what he deemed the insolent familiarity with which Gascoyne mentioned her name.

"The same. On my last visit I promised to get her a man-servant who could do her some service in keeping off the savages when they take a fancy to trouble the settlement; and if Bumpus is willing to try his luck on shore, I promise him he'll find her a good mistress, and her house pleasant quarters."

"So," exclaimed the stout seaman, stopping short in his rolling walk, and gazing earnestly into his captain's face, "I'm to be sold to a woman?"

"With your own consent entirely, Master Bumpus," said Gascoyne, with a smile.

"Come, Jo," cried. Henry, gaily, "I see you like the prospect, and feel assured that you and I shall be good friends. Give us your flipper, my boy!"

John Bumpus allowed the youth to seize and shake a "flipper," which would have done credit to a walrus, both in regard to shape and size. After a short pause he said, "Whether you and me shall be good friends, young man, depends entirely on the respect which you show to the family of the Bumpusessaid family havin' comed over to Ireland with the Conkerer in the year, ah! I misremember the year, but that don't matter, bein' a subject of no consarn wotiver, 'xcept to schoolboys who'll get their licks if they can't tell, and sarve 'em right too. But if you're willin' I'm agreeable, and there's an end o' the whole affair."

So saying, John Bumpus suffered a bland smile to light up his ruddy countenance, and resumed his march in the "wake," as he expressed it, of his companions.

Half an hour later they arrived at Sandy Cove, a small native settlement and mission station, and were soon seated at the hospitable board of Widow Stuart.

CHAPTER IV.
THE MISSIONARYSUSPICIONS, SURPRISES, AND SURMISES.

Sandy Cove was a small settlement, inhabited partly by native converts to Christianity, and partly by a few European traders, who, having found that the place was in the usual track of South-Sea whalers, and frequently visited by that class of vessels as well as by other ships, had established several stores or trading-houses, and had taken up their permanent abode there.

The island was one of those the natives of which were early induced to agree to the introduction of the gospel. At the time of which we write, it was in that transition state which renders the work of the missionary one of anxiety, toil, and extreme danger, as well as one of love.

But the Rev. Frederick Mason was a man eminently fitted to fill the post which he had selected as his sphere of labor. Bold and manly in the extreme, he was more like a soldier in outward aspect than a missionary. Yet the gentleness of the lamb dwelt in his breast and beamed in his eye; and to a naturally indomitable and enthusiastic disposition was added burning zeal in the cause of his beloved Master.

Six years previous to the opening of our tale, he had come to Sandy Cove with his wife and child, the latter a girl of six years of age at that time. In one year death bereaved the missionary of his wife, and, about the same time, war broke out in the island between the chiefs who clung to the idolatrous rites and bloody practises peculiar to the inhabitants of the South Sea Islands, and those

chiefs who were inclined to favor Christianity. This war continued to rage more or less violently for several years, frequently slumbering, sometimes breaking out with sudden violence, like the fitful eruptions of the still unextinct volcanoes in those distant, regions.

During all this period of bloodshed and alarms, the missionary stuck to his post. The obstinacy of hatred was being gradually overcome by the superior pertinacity of zeal in a good cause, and the invariable practiseso incomprehensible to the savage mindof returning good for evil. The result was that the Sabbath bell still sent its tinkling sound over the verdant slopes above Sandy Cove, and the hymn of praise still arose, morning and evening, from the little church, which, composed partly of wood, partly of coral rock, had been erected under the eye, and, to a large extent, by the hands, of the missionary.

But false friends within the camp were more dangerous and troublesome to Mr. Mason than avowed enemies without. Some of the European traders, especially, who settled on the island a few years after the missionary had made it habitable, were the worst foes he had to contend with.

In the same vessel that brought the missionary to the island, there came a widow, Mrs. Stuart, with her son Henry, then a stout lad of thirteen. The widow was not, however, a member of the missionary's household. She came there to settle with her son, who soon built her a rudely-constructed but sufficiently habitable hut, which, in after years, was inclosed, and greatly improved; so that it at last assumed the dimensions of a rambling picturesque cottage, whitewashed, brilliant, and neat in its setting of bright green.

The widow, although not an official assistant to the missionary, was nevertheless a most efficient one. She taught in his schools, being familiar with the native tongue; and, when the settlement grew in numbers, both of white and black, she became known as the good angel of the place,the one who was ever ready with sympathy for the sorrowful, and comfort for the dying. She was fair and fragile, and had been exceedingly beautiful; but care had stamped his mark deeply in her brow. Neither care nor time, however, could mar the noble outline of her fine features, or equal the love that beamed in her gentle eyes.

The widow was a great mystery to the gossips of Sandy Cove; for there are gossips even in the most distant isles of the sea. Some men (we refer, of course, to white men) thought that she must have been the wife of an admiral at least, and had fallen into distressed circumstances, and gone to these islands to hide her poverty. Others said she was a female Jesuit in disguise, sent there to counteract the preaching of the gospel by the missionary. A few even ventured to hint their opinion that she was an outlaw, "or something of that

sort," and shrewdly suspected that Mr. Mason knew more about her than he was pleased to tell. But no one, either by word or look, had ever ventured to express an opinion of any kind to herself, or in the hearing of her son. The latter, indeed, displayed such uncommon breadth of shoulders, and such unusual development of muscle, that it was seldom necessary for himeven in those savage regions and wild timesto display anything else in order to make men respectful.

While our three friends were doing justice to the bacon and breadfruit set before them by Widow Stuart, the widow herself was endeavoring to repress some strong feeling, which caused her breast to heave more than once, and induced her to turn to some trifling piece of household duty to conceal her emotion. These symptoms were not lost upon her son, whose suspicions and anger had been aroused by the familiarity of Gascoyne. Making some excuse for leaving the room, towards the conclusion of the meal, he followed his mother to an outhouse, whither she had gone to fetch some fresh milk.

"Mother," said Henry, respectfully, yet with an unwonted touch of sternness in his voice; "there is some mystery connected with this man Gascoyne that I feel convinced you can clear up"

"Dear Henry," interrupted the widow, and her cheek grew pale as she spoke, "do not, I beseech you, press me on this subject. I cannot clear it up."

"Say you will not, mother," answered Henry, in a tone of disappointment.

"I would if I dared," continued the widow. "The time may come when I"

"But why not now," urged the youth, hastily. "I am old enough, surely, to be trusted. During the four visits this man has paid to us, I have observed a degree of familiarity on his part which no man has a right to exhibit towards you; and which, did I not see that you permit it, no man would dare to show. Why do you allow him to call you 'Mary?' No one else in the settlement does so."

"He is a very old friend," replied the widow, sadly. "I have known him from childhood. We were playmates long ago."

"Humph, that's some sort of reason, no doubt; but you don't appear to like him, and his presence always seems to give you pain. Why do you suffer yourself to be annoyed by him? Only say the word, mother, and I'll kick him out of the house, neck and crop"

"Hush, boy; you are too violent."

"Too violent! Why, it would make a coward violent to see his mother tormented as you are by this fellow, and not to be allowed to put a stop to it. I suspect"

"Henry," said the widow, again interrupting her exasperated son, "do you think your mother would do what is wrong?"

"Mother," exclaimed the youth, seizing her hand, and kissing her brow almost violently, "I would as soon think that the angels above would do wrong; but I firmly believe that you are suffering wrong to be done to you; andjust listen to the fellow! I do not believe he's howling for more bacon at this moment!"

There could be no doubt whatever about the fact; for just then the deep tones of Gascoyne's voice rang through the cottage, as he reiterated the name of the widow, who hastened away, followed by her son. Henry scarcely took the trouble to conceal the frown that darkened his brow as he re-entered the apartment where his companions were seated.

"Why, Mary, your bacon surpasses anything I have tasted for the last six months; let's have another rasher, like a good woman. That mountain air sharpens the appetite amazingly; especially of men who are more accustomed to mount the rigging of a ship than the hills on shore. What say you, John Bumpus?"

John Bumpus could not at that moment say anything, in consequence of his mouth being so full of the bacon referred to that there was no room for a single word to pass his lips. In the height of his good-humor, however, he did his best by signs to express his entire approval of the widow's provender, and even attempted to speak. In so doing he choked himself, and continued in convulsions for the next five minutes, to the immense delight of the captain, who vowed he had never before seen such a blue face in the whole course of his life.

While this scene was enacting, and ere Jo Bumpus had effectually wiped away the tears from his eyes, and cleared the bacon out of his windpipe, the door opened, and the commander of H.M.S. Talisman entered.

Edmund Montague was a young man to hold such a responsible position in the navy; but he was a bold, vigorous little Englishman,a sort of gentlemanly and well-educated John Bull terrier; a frank address, agreeable manners, and an utterly reckless temperament, which was qualified and curbed, however, by good sense and hard-earned experience.

"Good-day to you, Mrs. Stuart; I trust you will forgive my abrupt intrusion,

but urgent business must be my excuse. I have called to have a little further conversation with your son respecting that rascally pirate who has given me so much trouble. If he will have the good ness to take a short walk with me, I shall be much indebted."

"By all means," said Henry, rising and putting on his cap.

"Perhaps," said Gascoyne, as they were about to leave the room, "if the commander of the Talisman would condescend to take a little information from a stranger, he might learn something to the purpose regarding the pirate Durward; for he it is, I presume, of whom you are in search."

"I shall be happy to gain information from any source," replied Montague, eying the captain narrowly, "Are you a resident in this island?"

"No, I am not; my home is on the sea, and has been since I was a lad."

"Ah! you have fallen in with this pirate, then, on your native ocean, I fancy, and have disagreeable cause to remember him, perchance," said Montague, smiling. "Has he given you much trouble?"

"Aye, that he has," replied Gascoyne, with a sudden scowl of ferocity. "No one in these seas has received so much annoyance from him as I have. Any one who could rid them of his presence would do good service to the cause of humanity. But," he added, while a grim smile overspread his handsome face, "it is said that few vessels can cope with his schooner in speed, and I can answer for it that he is a bold man, fond of fighting, with plenty of reckless cut-throats to back him, and more likely to give chase to a sloop-of-war than to show her his heels. I trust you are well manned and armed, Captain Montague; for this Durward is a desperate fellow, I assure you."

The young commander's countenance flushed as he replied, "Your anxiety on my account, sir, is quite uncalled for. Had I nothing but my own longboat wherewith to attack this pirate, it would be my duty to do so. I had scarcely expected to find unmanly fears exhibited in one so stalwart in appearance as you are. Perhaps it may relieve you to know that I am both well manned and armed. It is not usual for a British man-of-war to cruise in distant seas in a less suitable condition to protect her flag. And yet, methinks, one who has spent so many years of his life on salt water might know the difference between a frigate and a sloop-of-war."

"Be not so hasty, young man," answered Gascoyne, gravely; "you are not on your own quarter-deck just now. There ought to be civility between strangers. I may, indeed, be very ignorant of the cut and rig of British war vessels, seeing that I am but a plain trader in seas where ships of war are not often wont to

unfurl their flags, but there can be no harm, and there was meant no offense, in warning you to be on your guard."

A tinge of sarcasm still lingered in Captain Montague's tone as he replied, "Well, I thank you for the caution. But to come to the point, what know you of this pirate,this Durward, as he calls himself; though I have no doubt he has sailed under so many aliases that he may have forgotten his real name."

"I know him to be a villain," replied Gascoyne.

"That much I know as well as you," said Montague.

"And yet it is said he takes fits of remorse at times, and would fain change his way of life if he could," continued Gascoyne.

"That I might guess," returned the other; "most wicked men have their seasons of remorse. Can you tell me nothing of him more definite than this, friend?"

"I can tell you that he is the very bane of my existence," said Gascoyne, the angry expression again flitting for a moment across his countenance, "He not only pursues and haunts me like my own shadow, but he gets me into scrapes by passing his schooner off for mine when he is caught."

The young officer glanced in surprise at the speaker as he uttered these words.

"Indeed," said he, "that is a strange confusion of ideas. So, then, the two schooners bear so strong a resemblance as to be easily mistaken for each other?"

"They are twins. They were built at the same time, from the same molds, and were intended for the sandal-wood trade between these islands and Calcutta, Manila, and Australia. One of them, the Avenger, was seized on her first voyage by this Durward, then mate of the schooner, and has ever since scoured the South Seas as a pirate; the other, named the Foam, which I have the misfortune to command, still continues the traffic for which she was originally built."

"Ha!" exclaimed Montague, turning suddenly round with an inquiring gaze at the stalwart figure of the sandal-wood trader; "it is most fortunate that I have met with you, Mr. Gascoyne. I doubt not that you can conduct me to this vessel of yours, so that I may know the pirate when I fall in with him. If the two vessels resemble each other so closely, a sight of the Foam will be of great service to me in my search after the Avenger."

"You are most welcome to a sight of my craft," replied Gascoyne. "The only difference between the two is, that the figurehead of the pirate is a griffin's

head, painted scarlet; that of my schooner is a female, painted white. There is also a red streak round the sides of the pirate; the hull of the Foam is entirely black."

"Will you come on board my vessel, and accompany me in one of my boats to yours?" inquired Montague.

"That is impossible," replied Gascoyne. "I came here on urgent business, which will not brook delay; but my schooner lies on the other side of the island. If you pull round, my mate will receive you. You will find him a most intelligent and hospitable man. He will conduct you over the vessel, and give you all the information you may desire. Meanwhile," added the captain of the Foam, rising and putting on his cap, "I must bid you adieu."

"Nay, but you have not yet told me when or where you last saw or heard of this remarkable pirate, who is so clever at representing other people; perhaps I should rather say misrepresenting them," said Montague, with a meaning smile.

"I saw him no longer ago than this morning," replied Gascoyne, gravely. "He is now in these waters, with what intent I know not, unless from his unnatural delight in persecuting me, or, perhaps, because fate has led him into the very jaws of the lion."

"Humph! he will find that I bite before I roar, if he does get between my teeth," said the young officer.

"Surely you are mistaken, Gascoyne," interposed Henry Stuart, who, along with John Bumpus, had hitherto been silent listeners to the foregoing conversation. "Several of our people have been out fishing among the islands, and have neither seen nor heard of this redoubted pirate."

"That is possible enough, boy; but I have seen him, nevertheless, and I shall be much surprised if you do not see and hear more of him than you desire before many days are out. That villain does not sail the seas for pastime, you may depend on it."

As Gascoyne said this, the outer door of the house was burst violently open, and the loud voice of a boy was heard in the porch or short passage that intervened between it and the principal apartment of the cottage shouting wildly"Ho! hallo! hurrah! I says Widow Stuart! Henry! here's a businesssich fun! only think, the pirate's turned up at last, and murdered half the niggers in"

There was an abrupt stoppage both of the voice and the muscular action of this juvenile tornado as he threw open the door with a crash, and, instead of the

widow or her son, met the gaze of so many strangers. The boy stood for a few seconds on the threshold, with his curly brown hair disheveled, and his dark eyes staring in surprise, first at one, then at another of the party, until at length they alighted on John Bumpus. The mouth which up to that moment had formed a round O of astonishment, relaxed into a broad grin, and, with sudden energy, exclaimed: "What a grampus!"

Having uttered this complimentary remark, the urchin was about to retreat, when Henry made a sudden dart at him, and caught him by the collar.

"Where got you the news, Will Corrie?" said Henry giving the boy a squeeze with his strong hand.

"Oh, please, be merciful, Henry, and I'll tell you all about it. But, pray, don't give me over to that grampus," cried the lad, pretending to whimper. "I got the news from a feller, that said he'd got it from a feller, that saw a feller, who said he'd heard a feller tell another feller, that he saw a black feller in the bush, somewhere or other 'tween this and the other end o' the island, with a shot-hole in his right arm, running like a cogolampus, with ten pirates in full chase. Ah! oh! have mercy, Henry; really, my constitution will break down if you"

"Silence, you chatter-box! and give me a reasonable account of what you have heard or seen, if you can."

The volatile urchin, who might have been about thirteen years of age, became preternaturally grave all of a sudden, and, looking up earnestly in his questioner's face, said, "Really, Henry, you are becoming unreasonable in your old age, to ask me to give you a reasonable account of a thing, and at the same time to be silent!"

"I'll tell you what, Corrie, I'll throttle you if you don't speak," said Henry.

"Ah! you couldn't," pleaded Corrie, in a tone of deep pathos.

"P'raps," observed John Bumpus, "p'raps if you hand over the young gen'l'm'n to the 'grampus,' he'll make him speak."

On hearing this, the boy set up a howl of affected despair, and suffered Henry to lead him unresistingly to within a few feet of Bumpus; but, just as he was within an inch of the huge fist of that nautical monster, he suddenly wrenched his collar out of his captor's grasp, darted to the door, turned round on the threshold, hit the side of his own nose a sounding slap with the forefinger of his right hand, uttered an unexpressively savage yell, vanished from the scene, and,

"Like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Left not a wreck behind,"
except the wreck of the milk-saucer of the household cat, which sagacious creature had wisely taken to flight at the first symptom of war.

The boy was instantly followed by Henry, but so light was his foot, that the fastest runner in the settlement had to penetrate the woods immediately behind his mother's house for a quarter of a mile before he succeeded in again laying hold of the refractory lad's collar.

"What do you mean, Corrie, by such conduct?" said his captor, shaking him vigorously. "I have half a mind to give you a walloping."

"Never do anything by halves, Henry," said the boy, mildly. "I never do. It's a bad habit; always go the whole length or none. Now that we are alone, I'll give you a reasonable account of what I know, if you'll remove your hand from my collar. You forget that I am growing, and that, when I am big enough, the day of reckoning between us will surely come!"

"But why would you not give me the information I want in the house. The people you saw there are as much interested in it as I am."

"Oh! are they?" returned Corrie, with a glance of peculiar meaning; "perhaps they are more interested than you are."

"How so?"

"Why, how do I know, and how do you know, that these fellows are not pirates in disguise?"

"Because," said Henry, "one of them is an old friend,that is, an acquaintanceat least a sort of intimate, who has been many and many a time at our house before, and my mother knows him well. I can't say I like him,that is to say, I don't exactly like some of his ways,though I don't dislike the man himself."

"A most unsatisfactory style of reply, Henry, for a manah, beg pardon, a boyof your straightforward character. Which o' the three are you speaking ofthe grampus?"

"No, the other big, handsome-looking fellow."

"And you're sure you've known him long?" continued the boy, while an expression of perplexity flitted over his face.

"Quite sure;why?"

"Because I have seen you often enough, and your house and your mother,not to mention your cat and your pigs, and hens; but I've never seen him before to-day."

"That's because he usually comes at night, and seldom stays more than an hour or two."

"A most uncomfortable style of acquaintance," said Corrie, trying to look wise, which was an utterly futile effort, seeing that his countenance was fat and round and rosy, and very much the reverse of philosophical. "But how do you know that the grampus is not the pirate?"

"Because he is one of Gascoyne's men."

"Oh! his name is Gascoyne, is it?a most piratical name it is. However, since he is your friend, Henry, it's all right; what's t'other's name?"

"BumpusJohn Bumpus."

On hearing this, the boy clapped both hands to his sides, expanded his eyes and mouth, showed his teeth, and finally gave vent to roars of uncontrollable laughter, swaying his body about the while as if in agony.

"Oh dear!" he cried, after a time, "John Bumpus, ha! ha! the grampuswhy, it's magnicicent, ha! ha!" and again the boy gave free vent to his merriment, while his companion looked on with a quiet grin of amusement.

Presently Corrie became grave, and said, "But what of the third, the little chap, all over gold lace? P'r'aps he's the pirate. He looked bold enough a'most for any thing."

"Why, you goose, that's the commander of his Britannic Majesty's frigate Talisman."

"Indeed? I hope his Britannic Majesty has many more like him."

"Plenty more like him. But come, boy; what have you heard of this pirate, and what do you mean about a wounded nigger?"

"I just mean this," answered the lad, suddenly becoming serious, "that when I was out on the mountain this morning, I thought I would cross the ridge, and when I did so, the first thing I saw was a schooner lying in the bay at the foot of the hill, where you and I have so often gone chasing pigs together. Well, being curious to know what sort of a craft she was, I went down the hill, intendin' to go aboard; but before I'd got half way through the cocoanut grove, I heard a horrible yell of a savage. So, thinks I, here comes them blackguard

pagans again, to attack the settlement; and before I could hide out of the way, a naked savage almost ran into my arms. He was sea-green in the face with fright, and blood was running over his right arm.

"The moment he saw me, instead of splitting me up with his knife and eating me alive, as these fellers are so fond of doin', he gave a start, and another great cry, and doubled on his track like a hare. His cry was answered by a shout from half a dozen sailors, who burst out of the thicket at that moment, and I saw they were in pursuit of him. Down I went at once behind a thick bush, and the whole lot o' the blind bats passed right on in full cry, within half an inch of my nose. And never saw sich a set o' piratical-looking villains since I was born. I felt quite sure that yon schooner is the pirate that has been doing so much mischief hereabouts; so I came back as fast as my legs could carry me, to tell you what I had seen. There, you have got all that I know of the matter now."

"You are wrong, boy. The schooner you saw is not the pirate; it is the Foam. Strange, very strange!" muttered Henry.

"What's strange," inquired the lad.

"Not the appearance of the wounded nigger," answered the other; "I can explain all about him, but the sailorsthat puzzles me."

Henry then related the morning's adventure to his young companion.

"But," continued he, after detailing all that the reader already knows, "I cannot comprehend how the pirates you speak of could have landed without their vessel being in sight; and that nothing is to be seen from the mountain-tops except the Talisman on the one side of the island and the Foam on the other, I can vouch for. Boats might lie concealed among the rocks on the shore, no doubt. But no boats would venture to put ashore with hostile intentions, unless the ship to which they belonged were within sight. As for the crew of the Foam, they are ordinary seamen, and not likely to amuse themselves chasing wounded savages, even if they were allowed to go ashore, which I think is not likely; for Gascoyne knows well enough that that side of the island is inhabited by the pagans, who would as soon kill and eat a man as they would a pig."

"Sooner,the monsters!" exclaimed the boy, indignantly; for he had, on more than one occasion, been an eyewitness of the horrible practise of cannibalism which prevails, even at the present day, among some of the South Sea islanders.

"There is a mystery here," said Henry, starting up, "and the sooner we alarm

the people of the settlement, the better. Come, Corrie, we shall return to the house, and let the British officer hear what you have told me."

When the lad had finished relating his adventure to the party in Widow Stuart's cottage, Gascoyne said quietly, "I would advise you, Captain Montague, to return to your ship and make your preparations for capturing this pirate, for that he is even now almost within range of your guns, I have not the slightest doubt. As to the men appearing piratical-looking fellows to this boy, I don't wonder at that; most men are wild enough when their blood is up. Some of my own men are as savage to look at as one would desire. But I gave strict orders this morning that only a few were to go ashore, and these were to keep well out of sight of the settlement of the savages. Doubtless they are all aboard by this time. If you decide upon anything like a hunt among the mountains, I can lend you a few hands."

"Thank you. I may perhaps require some of your hands," said Montague, with a dash of sarcasm in his tone; "meanwhile, since you will not favor me with your company on board, I shall bid you good afternoon."

He bowed stiffly, and leaving the cottage, hastened on board his ship where the shrill notes of the boatswain's whistle, and the deep hoarse tones of that officer's gruff voice, quickly announced to the people on shore that orders had been promptly given, and were in course of being as promptly obeyed.

During the hour that followed these events, the captain of the Foam was closeted with Widow Stuart and her son, and the youthful Corrie was engaged in laying the foundations of a never-to-die friendship with John Bumpus, or, as that eccentric youngster preferred to style him, Jo Grampus.

CHAPTER V.
THE PASTOR'S HOUSEHOLDPREPARATIONS FOR WAR.

When the conference in the widow's cottage closed, Henry Stuart and Gascoyne hastened into the woods together, and followed a narrow foot-path which led towards the interior of the island. Arriving at a spot where this path branched into two, Henry took the one that ran round the outskirts of the settlement towards the residence of Mr. Mason, while his companion pursued the other which struck into the recesses of the mountains.

"Come in," cried the missionary, as Henry knocked at the door of his study. "Ah, Henry, I'm glad to see you. You were in my thoughts this moment. I have come to a difficulty in my drawings of the spire of our new church, and I want your fertile imagination to devise some plan whereby we may overcome it. But of that I shall speak presently. I see from your looks that more important

matters have brought you hither. Nothing wrong at the cottage, I trust?"

"No, nothingthat is to say, not exactly wrong; but things, I fear, are not altogether right in the settlement. I have had an unfortunate rencounter this morning with one of the savages, which is likely to lead to mischief; for blood was drawn, and I know the fellow to be revengeful. In addition to this, it is suspected that Durward, the pirate, is hovering among the islands, and meditates a descent on us. How much truth there may be in the report I cannot pretend to guess; but Gascoyne, the captain of the Foam, has been over at our cottage, and says he has seen the pirate, and that there is no saying what he may venture to attempt; for he is a bold fellow, and, as you know, cannot have a good will to missionary settlements."

"I'm not so sure of that," said the pastor, in answer to the last remark. "It is well known that wherever a Christian settlement is founded in these islands, that place becomes a safe port for vessels of all sorts, pirates as well as others, if they sail under false colors and pretend to be honest traders,while in all the other islands, it is equally well known, the only safety one can count on, in landing, is superior force. But I am grieved to hear of your affray with the native. I hope that life will not be sacrificed."

"No fear of that; the rascal got only a flesh-wound."

Here the young man related his adventure of the morning, and finished by asking what the pastor advised should be done in the way of precaution.

"It seems to me," said Mr. Mason, gravely, "that our chief difficulty will be to save ourselves from our friends"

"Would friends harm us, father?" asked a sweet, soft voice at the pastor's elbow. Next moment Alice Mason was seated on her father's knee, gazing up in his face with an expression of undisguised amazement.

Alice was a fair, delicate, gentle child. Twelve summers and winters had passed over her little head without a cloud to obscure the sunshine of her life save one; but that one was a terribly dark one, and its shadow lingered over her for many years. When Alice lost her mother, she lost the joy and delight of her existence, and although six years had passed since that awful day, and a fond Christian father had done his best to impress on her young mind that the beloved one was not lost forever, but would one day be found sitting at the feet of Jesus in a bright and beautiful world, the poor child could not recover her former elasticity of spirits. Doubtless her isolated position, and the want of suitable companions, had something to do with the prolonged sadness of her little heart.

It is almost unnecessary to say that her love for her father was boundless. This was natural, but it did not seem by any means so natural that the delicate child should give the next place in her heart to a wild little boy, a black girl, and a ragged little dog! Yet so it was, and it would have been difficult for the closest observer to tell which of these three Alice liked best.

No one could so frequently draw forth the merry laugh that in former days had rung so sweetly over the hillsides of the verdant isle as our young friend Will Corrie. Nothing could delight the heart of the child so much as to witness the mad gambols, not to mention the mischievous deeds, of that ragged little piece of an old door-mat, which, in virtue of its being possessed of animal life, was named Toozle. And when Alice wished to talk quietly,to pour out her heart, and sometimes her tears,the bosom she sought on which to lay her head, next to her father's, was that of her useful nursery-maid, a good, kind, and gentle, but an awfully stupid native girl, named Kekupoopi.

This name was, of course, reduced in its fair proportions by little Alice, who, however, retained the latter part thereof in preference to the former, and styled her maid Poopy. Young Master Corrie, on the other hand, called her Kickup or Puppy, indifferently, according to the humor he chanced to be in when he met her, or to the word that rose most readily to his lips.

Mr. Mason replied to the question put by Alice, at the beginning of this somewhat lengthy digression, "No, my lamb, friends would not willingly do us harm; but there are those who call themselves friends who do not deserve the name, who pretend to be such, but who are in reality secret enemies. But go, dearest, to your room; I am busy just now talking with Henry: he, at least, is a trusty friend. When I have done, you shall come back to me."

Alice kissed her father, and, getting off his knee, went at once in search of her friend Poopy.

That dark-skinned and curly black-headed domestic was in the kitchen, seated on the bottom of an overturned iron pot, inside the dingy niche in which the domestic fire was wont to burn when anything of a culinary nature was going on. At the time when her mistress entered, nothing of the kind was in progress, and the fire had subsided to extinction.

The girl, who might have been any age between twelve and sixteen,nearer the latter, perhaps, than the former,was gazing with expressionless eyes straight before her, and thinking, evidently, ofnothing. She was clothed in a white tunic, from which her black legs, arms, neck, and head protrudedforming a startling contrast therewith.

"O Poopy! what a bad girl you are!" cried Alice, laughing, as she observed

where her maid was seated.

Poopy's visage at once beamed with a look of good-humor, a wide gash suddenly appeared somewhere near her chin, displaying a double row of brilliant teeth surrounded by red gums; at the same time the whites of her eyes disappeared, because, being very plump, it was a physical impossibility that she should laugh and keep them uncovered.

"Hee! hee!" exclaimed Poopy.

We are really sorry to give the reader a false impression, as we feel that we have done, of our friend Kekupoopi, but a regard for truth compels us to show the worst of her character first. She was not demonstrative; and the few words and signs by which she endeavored to communicate the state of her feelings to the outward world were not easily interpreted except by those who knew her well. There is no doubt whatever that Poopy waswe scarcely like to use the expression, but we know of no other more appropriatea donkey! We hasten to guard ourselves from misconstruction here. That word, if used in an ill-natured and passionate manner, is a bad one, and by no means to be countenanced; but, as surgeons may cut off legs at times, without thereby sanctioning the indiscriminate practise of amputation in a miscellaneous sort of way as a pastime, so this otherwise objectionable word may, we think, be used to bring out a certain trait of character in full force. Holding this opinion, and begging the reader to observe that we make the statement gravely and in an entirely philosophical, way, we repeat that Poopy was, figuratively speaking, a donkey!

Yet she was an amiable, affectionate, good girl for all that, with an amount of love in her heart for her young mistress which words cannot convey, and which it is no wonder, therefore, that Poopy herself could not adequately express either by word or look.

"It's all very well for you to sit there and say 'Hee! hee!'" cried Alice, advancing to the fireplace; "but you must have made a dreadful mark on your clean white frock. Get up and turn round."

"Hee! hee!" exclaimed the girl, as she obeyed the mandate.

The "Oh! oh!! oh!!!" that burst from Alice, on observing the pattern of the pot neatly printed off on Poopy's garment, was so emphatic that the girl became impressed with the fact that she had done something wrong, and twisted her head and neck in a most alarming manner in a series of vain attempts to behold the extent of the damage.

"What a figure!" exclaimed Alice, on recovering from the first shock.

"It vill vash," said Poopy, in a deprecatory tone.

"I hope it will," replied Alice, shaking her head doubtfully; for her experience in the laundry had not yet been so extensive as to enable her to pronounce at once on the eradicability of such a frightfully deep impression. While she was still shaking her head in dubiety on this point, and while Poopy was still making futile attempts to obtain a view of the spot, the door of the kitchen opened, and Master Corrie swaggered in, with his hands thrust into the outer pockets of his jacket, his shirt collar thrown very much open, and his round straw hat placed very much on the back of his head; for, having seen some of the crew of the Talisman, he had been smitten with a strong desire to imitate a man-of-war's-man in aspect and gait.

At his heels came that scampering mass of ragged door-mat Toozle, who, feeling that a sensation of some kind or other was being got up for his amusement, joined heartily in the shout of delight that burst from the youthful Corrie when he beheld the extraordinary figure in the fireplace.

"Well, I say, Kickup," cried the youth, picking up his hat, which had fallen off in the convulsion, and drying his tears, "you're a sweet-lookin' creetur, you are! Is this a new frock you've got to go to church with? Come, I rather like that pattern; but there's not quite enough of 'em. Suppose I lend a hand and print a few more all over you? There's plenty of pots and pans here to do it; and if Alice will bring down her white frock I'll give it a touch-up too."

"How can you talk such nonsense, Corrie!" said Alice, laughing. "Down, Toozle; silence, sir. Go, my dear Poopy, and put on another frock; and make haste, for I have something to say to you."

Thus admonished, the girl ran to a small apartment that opened off the kitchen, and speedily reappeared in another tunic. Meanwhile, Corrie had seated himself on the floor, with Toozle between his knees and Alice on a stool at his side. Poopy, in a fit of absence of mind, was about to resume her seat on the iron pot, when a simultaneous shriek, bark, and roar recalled her scattered faculties, produced a "hee! hee!" varied with a faint "ho!" and induced her to sit down on the floor beside her mistress.

"Now, tell me, Poopy," said Alice, "did you ever hear of friends who were not really friends, but enemies?"

The girl stared with a vacant countenance at the bright, intelligent face of the child, and shook her head slowly.

"Why don't you ask me?" inquired Corrie. "You might as well ask Toozle as

that potato Kickup. Eh? Puppy, don't you confess that you are no better than a vegetable? Come, now, be honest."

"Hee! hee!" replied Poopy.

"Humph! I thought so. But that's an odd question of yours, Alice. What do you mean by it?"

"I mean that my papa thinks there are friends in the settlement who are enemies."

"Does he, though? Now that's mysterious," said the boy, becoming suddenly grave. "That requires to be looked to. Come, Alice, tell me all the particulars. Don't omit anythingour lives may depend on it."

The deeply serious manner in which Corrie said this so impressed and solemnized the child, that she related, word for word, the brief conversation she had had with her father, and all that she had heard of the previous converse between him and Henry.

When she had concluded, Master Corrie threw a still more grave and profoundly philosophical expression into his chubby face, and asked, in a hollow tone of voice, "Your father didn't say anything against the Grampus, did he?"

"The what?" inquired Alice.

"The Grampus,the man, at least, whom I call the Grampus, and who calls hisself Jo Bumpus."

"I did not hear such names mentioned; but Henry spoke of a wounded nigger."

"Aye, they're all a set of false rascals together," said Corrie.

"Niggers ob dis here settlement is good mans, ebery von," said Poopy, promptly.

"Hallo! Kickup, wot's wrong? I never heard you say so much at one time since I came to this place."

"Niggers is good peepils," reiterated the girl.

"So they are, Puppy, and you're the best of 'em; but I was speakin' of the fellers on the other side of the island,d'ye see?"

"Hee! hee!" ejaculated the girl.

"Well, but what makes you so anxious?" said Alice, looking earnestly into the boy's face.

Corrie laid his hand on her head and stroked her fair hair as he replied:

"This is a serious matter, Alice; I must go at once and see your father about it."

He rose with an air of importance, as if about to leave the kitchen.

"Oh! but please don't go till you have told me what it is; I'm so frightened," said, Alice; "do stay and tell me about it before you go to papa."

"Well, I don't mind if I do," said the boy, sitting down again. "You must know, then, that it's reported there are pirates on the island."

"Oh!" exclaimed Alice.

"D'ye know what pirates are, Puppy?"

"Hee! hee!" answered the girl.

"I do believe she don't know nothin'," said the boy, looking at her with an air of compassion; "wot a sad thing it is to belong to a lower species of human natur! Well, I s'pose it can't be helped. A pirate, Kickup, is a sea-robber. D'ye understand?"

"Ho! ho!"

"Aye, I thought so. Well, Alice, I am told that there's been a lot of them landed on the island and took to chasin' and killin' the niggers, and Henry was all but killed by one o' the niggers this very morning, an' was saved by a big feller that's a mystery to me, and by the Grampus, who is the best feller I ever met,a regular trump, he is; and there's all sorts o' doubts, and fears, and rumors, and things of that sort, with a captain of the British navy, that you and I have read so much about, trying to find this pirate out, and suspectin' everybody he meets is him. I only hope he won't take it into his stupid head to mistake me for him,not so unlikely a thing, after all." And the youthful Corrie shook his head with much gravity, as he surveyed his rotund little legs complacently.

"What are you laughing at?" he added, suddenly, on observing that a bright smile had overspread Alice's face.

"At the idea of you being taken for a pirate," said the child.

"Hee! hee! ho! ho!" remarked Poopy.

"Silence, you lump of black putty!" thundered the aspiring youth.

"Come, don't be cross to my maid," said Alice, quickly.

Corrie laughed, and was about to continue his discourse on the events and rumors of the day, when Mr. Mason's voice was heard at the other end of the house.

"Ho! Corrie."

"That's me," cried the boy, promptly springing up and rushing out of the room.

"Here, my boy; I thought I heard your voice. I want you to go a message for me. Run down, like a good lad, to Ole Thorwald, and tell him to come up here as soon as he conveniently can. There are matters to consult about which will not brook delay."

"Ay, ay, sir," answered Corrie, sailor fashion, as he touched his forelock and bounded from the room.

"Off on pressing business," cried the sanguine youth, as he dashed through the kitchen, frightening Alice, and throwing Toozle into convulsions of delight,"horribly important business, that 'won't brook delay;' but what brook means is more than I can guess."

Before the sentence was finished, Corrie was far down the hill, leaping over every obstacle like a deer. On passing through a small field he observed a native bending down, as if picking weeds, with his back towards him. Going softly up behind, he hit the semi-naked savage a sounding slap, and exclaimed, as he passed on, "Hallo! Jackolu; important business, my boyhurrah!"

The native to whom this rough salutation was given was a tall, stalwart young fellow, who had for some years been one of the best-behaved and most active members of Frederick Mason's dark-skinned congregation. He stood erect for some time, with a broad grin on his swarthy face and a twinkle in his eye, as he gazed after the young hopeful, muttering to himself, "Ho! yesbery wicked boy dat, bery; but hims capital chap, for all dat."

A few minutes later, Master Corrie burst in upon the sturdy middle-aged merchant, named Ole Thorwald, a Norwegian, who had resided much in England, and spoke the English language well, and who prided himself on being entitled to claim descent from the old Norwegian sea-kings. This man was uncle and protector to Corrie.

"Ho! Uncle Ole; here's a business. Sich a to-dowounds, blood, and murder! or at least an attempt at it;the whole settlement in arms, and the parson sends for you to take command!"

"What means the boy!" exclaimed Ole Thorwald, who, in virtue of his having once been a private in a regiment of militia, had been appointed to the chief command of the military department of the settlement. This consisted of about thirty white men, armed with fourteen fowling-pieces, twenty daggers, fifteen swords, and eight cavalry pistols; and about two hundred native Christians, who, when the assaults of their unconverted brethren were made, armed themselvesas they were wont to do in days gone bywith formidable clubs, stone hatchets, and spears. "What means the boy!" exclaimed Ole, laying down a book which he had been reading, and thrusting his spectacles up on his broad bald forehead.

"Exactly what the boy says," replied Master Corrie.

"Then add something more to it, pray."

Thorwald said this in a mild tone; but he suddenly seized the handle of an old pewter mug which the lad knew, from experience, would certainly reach his head before he could gain the door if he did not behave; so he became polite, and condescended to explain his errand more fully.

"So, so," observed the descendant of the sea-kings, as he rose and slowly buckled on a huge old cavalry saber; "there is double mischief brewing this time. Well, we shall seewe shall see. Go, Corrie, my boy, and rouse up Terrence and Hugh, and"

"The whole army, in short," cried the boy, hastily; "you're so awfully slow, uncle, you should have been born in the last century I think."

Further remark was cut short by the sudden discharge of the pewter mug, which, however, fell harmlessly on the panel of the closing door as the impertinent Corrie sped forth to call the settlement to arms.

CHAPTER VI.
SUSPICIONS ALLAYED AND REAWAKENED.

Gascoyne, followed by his man Jo Bumpus, sped over the rugged mountains, and descended the slopes on the opposite side of the island soon after nightfall, and long before Captain Montague, in his large and well-manned boat, could pull half way round in the direction of the sequestered bay where the Foam lay quietly at anchor.

There was not a breath of wind to ruffle the surface of the glassy sea, as the captain of the sandal-wood trader reached the shore and uttered a low cry like the hoot of an owl. The cry was instantly replied to, and in a few minutes a

boat crept noiselessly towards the shore, seeming, in the uncertain light, more like a shadow than a reality. It was rowed by a single man. When within a few yards of the shore, the oars ceased to move, and the deep stillness of the night was scarcely broken by the low voice of surly Dick, demanding, "Who goes there?"

"All right, pull in," replied Gascoyne, whose deep bass voice sounded sepulchral in the almost unearthly stillness. It was one of those dark, oppressively quiet nights which make one feel a powerful sensation of loneliness, and a peculiar disinclination, by word or act, to disturb the prevailing quiescence of nature,such a night as suggests the idea of a coming storm to those who are at sea, or of impending evil to those on land.

"Is the mate aboard?" inquired Gascoyne.

"He is, sir."

"Are any of the hands on shore?"

"More than half of 'em, sir."

Nothing more was said; and in a few minutes Gascoyne was slowly pacing the quarter-deck of his little vessel in earnest consultation with his first mate. There seemed to be some difference of opinion between the captain and his officer; for their words, which, at first were low, at length became audible.

"I tell you, Manton, it won't do," said Gascoyne, sternly.

"I can only suggest what I believe to be for the good of the ship," replied the other, coldly.

"Even if you succeed in your attempt, you will be certain to lose some of our hands; for although the best of them are on, shore, the commander of the Talisman will think those that remain too numerous for a sandal-wood trader, and you are aware that we are sufficiently short-handed in such dangerous seas."

The latter part of this speech was uttered in a slightly sarcastic tone.

"What would you have me do, then?" demanded Gascoyne, whose usual decision of character seemed to have deserted him under the influence of conflicting feelings, which the first mate could plainly perceive agitated the breast of his commander, but which he could by no means account for. Certainly he had no sympathy with them, for Manton's was a hard, stern naturenot given to the melting mood.

"Do?" exclaimed the mate, vehemently, "I would mount the red, and get out the sweeps. An hour's pull will place the schooner on the other side of the reef. A shot from Long Tom will sink the best boat in the service of his Britannic Majesty, and we could be off and away with the land breeze before morning."

"What! sink a man-of-war's boats!" exclaimed Gascoyne; "why, that would make them set us down as pirates at once, and we should have to run the gauntlet of half the British navy before this time next year."

Manton received this remark with a loud laugh, which harshly disturbed the silence of the night.

"That is true," said he; "yet I scarcely expected to see Captain Gascoyne show the white feather."

"Possibly not," retorted the other, grimly; "yet methinks that he who counsels flight shows more of the white feather than he who would shove his head into the very jaws of the lion. It won't do, Manton; I have my own reasons for remaining here. The white lady must in the meantime smile on the British commander. Besides, it would be difficult, if not impossible, to do all this and get our fellows on board again before morning. The land breeze will serve to fill the sails of the Talisman just as well as those of the Foam; and they're sure to trip their anchor to-night; for, you'll scarcely believe it, this mad little fellow Montague actually suspects me to be the pirate Durward!"

Again the harsh laugh of Manton disturbed the peaceful calm, and this time he was joined by Gascoyne, who seemed at length to have overcome the objections of his mate; for their tones again sank into inaudible whispers.

Shortly after this conversation the moon broke out from behind a bank of clouds, and shone brightly down on land and sea, throwing into bold relief the precipices, pinnacles, and gorges of the one, and covering the other with rippling streaks of silver. About the same time the oars of the man-of-war's boat were heard, and in less than half an hour Captain Montague ascended the side of the Foam, where, to his great surprise, he was politely received by Gascoyne.

"Captain Gascoyne has reason to be proud of his pedestrian powers," said the young commander; "he must have had urgent reason, for making such good use of his legs since we last met."

"To do the honors of his own ship, when he expects a visit from a British officer, is surely sufficient reason to induce a poor skipper to take an extra walk of a fine evening," replied Gascoyne, blandly. "Besides, I know that men-of-war are apt to take a fancy to the crews of merchantmen sometimes,

and I thought my presence might be necessary here to-night."

"How?" exclaimed Montague, quickly. "Do you fancy that your single arm, stout though it be, could avail to prevent this evil that you dread if I think proper to act according to established usage in time of war?"

"Nay, that were extreme vanity indeed," returned the other; "but I would fain hope that the explanations which I can give of the danger of our peculiar trade, and the necessity we have for a strong crew, will induce Captain Montague to forego his undoubted privilege and right on this occasion."

"I'm not so sure of that," replied Montague; "it will depend much on your explanations being satisfactory. How many men have you?"

"Twenty-two."

"So many! That is much more than enough to work so small a vessel."

"But not more than enough to defend my vessel from a swarm of bloody savages."

"Perhaps not," returned Montague, on whom the urbanity and candor of the captain of the Foam were beginning to have a softening influence. "You have no objection to let me see your papers, and examine your ship, I suppose."

"None in the world," replied Gascoyne, smiling; "and if I had, it would make little difference, I should imagine, to one who is so well able to insist on having his will obeyed." (He glanced at the boat full of armed men as he spoke.) "Pray, come below with me."

In the examination that ensued, Captain Montague was exceedingly strict, although the strength of his first suspicions had been somewhat abated by the truthful tone and aspect of Gascoyne, and the apparent reasonableness of all he said; but he failed to detect anything in the papers, or in the general arrangements of the Foam, that could warrant his treating her otherwise than as an honest trader.

"So," said he, on returning to the deck; "this is the counterpart of the noted pirate, is it? You must pardon my having suspected you, sir, of being this same Durward, sailing under false colors. Come, let me see the points of difference between you, else if we happen to meet on the high seas I may chance to make an unfortunate hole in your timbers."

"The sides of my schooner are altogether black, as you see," returned Gascoyne. "I have already explained that a narrow streak of red distinguishes the pirate; and this fair lady" (leading Montague to the bow) "guides the Foam

over the waves with smiling countenance, while a scarlet griffin is the more appropriate figurehead of Durward's vessel."

As he spoke, the low boom of a far distant gun was heard. Montague started, and glanced inquiringly in the face of his companion, whose looks expressed a slight degree of surprise.

"What was that, think you?" said Montague, after a momentary pause.

"The commander of the Talisman ought, I think, to be the best judge of the sound of his own guns."

"True," returned the young officer, somewhat disconcerted; "but you forget that I am not familiar with the eruptions of those volcanic mountains of yours; and, at so great a distance from my ship, with such hills of rock and lava between us, I may well be excused feeling a little doubt as to the bark of my own bull-dogs. But that signal betokens something unusual. I must shorten my visit to you, I fear."

"Pray do not mention it," said Gascoyne, with a peculiar smile; "under the circumstances I am bound to excuse you."

"But," continued Montague, with emphasis, "I should be sorry indeed to part without some memorial of my visit. Be so good as to order your men to come aft."

"By all means," said Gascoyne, giving the requisite order promptly; for, having sent all his best men on shore, he did not much mind the loss of a few of those remaining.

When they were mustered, the British commander inspected them carefully, and then he singled out surly Dick, and ordered him into the boat. A slight frown rested for a moment on Gascoyne's countenance, as he observed the look of ill-concealed triumph with which the man obeyed the order. The expression of surly Dick, however, was instantly exchanged for one of dismay as his captain strode up to him, and looked in his face for one moment with a piercing glance, at the same time thrusting his left hand into the breast of his red shirt.

"Good-by," he said, suddenly, in a cheerful tone, extending his right hand and grasping that of the sailor. "Good-by, lad: if you serve the king as well as you have served me, he'll have reason to be proud of you."

Gascoyne turned on his heel, and the man slunk into the boat with an aspect very unlike that of a bold British seaman.

"Here is another man I want," said Montague, laying his hand on the shoulder of John Bumpus.

"I trust, sir, that you will not take that man," said Gascoyne, earnestly. "I cannot afford to lose him; I would rather you should take any three of the others."

"Your liberality leads me to think that you could without much difficulty supply the place of the men I take: but three are too many. I shall be satisfied with this one. Go into the boat, my lad."

Poor John Bumpus, whose heart had been captivated by the beauties of the island, obeyed the order with a rueful countenance; and Gascoyne bit his lip and turned aside to conceal his anger. In two minutes more the boat was rowed away from the schooner's side.

Not a word was spoken by any one in the boat until a mile had separated it from the schooner. They had just turned a point which shut the vessel out of view, when surly Dick suddenly recovered his self-possession and his tongue, and, starting up in an excited manner, exclaimed to Montague: "The schooner you have just left, sir, is a pirate. I tell the truth, though I should swing for it."

The crew of the boat ceased rowing, and glanced at each other in surprise on hearing this.

"Ha! say you so?" exclaimed Montague, quickly.

"It's a fact, sir. Ask my comrade there, and he'll tell you the same thing."

"He'll do nothin' o' the sort," sharply returned honest Bumpus, who, having been only a short time previously engaged by Gascoyne, could perceive neither pleasure nor justice in the idea of being hanged for a pirate, and who attributed Dick's speech to an ill-natured desire to get his late commander into trouble.

"Which of you am I to believe?" said Montague, hastily.

"W'ichever you please," observed Bumpus, with an air of indifference.

"It's no business o' mine," said Dick, sulkily; "if you choose to let the blackguard escape, that's your own lookout."

"Silence, you scoundrel!" cried Montague, who was as much nettled by a feeling of uncertainty how to act as by the impertinence of the man.

Before he could decide as to the course he ought to pursue, the report of one of

the guns of his own vessel boomed loud and distinct in the distance. It was almost immediately followed by another.

"Ha! that settles the question; give way, my lads, give way."

In another moment the boat was cleaving her way swiftly through the dark water in the direction of the Talisman.

CHAPTER VII.
MASTER CORRIE CAUGHT NAPPINGSNAKES IN THE GRASS.

The Sabbath morning which succeeded the events we have just narrated dawned on the settlement of Sandy Cove in unclouded splendor, and the deep repose of nature was still unbroken by the angry passions and the violent strife of man; although from the active preparations of the previous night it might have been expected that those who dwelt on the island would not have an opportunity of enjoying the rest of that day.

Everything in and about the settlement was eminently suggestive of peace. The cattle lay sleepily in the shade of the trees; the sea was still calm like glass. Men had ceased from their daily toil; and the only sounds that broke the quiet of the morning were the chattering of the parrots and other birds in the cocoanut groves, and the cries of sea-fowl, as they circled in the air, or dropped on the surface of the sea in quest of fish.

The British frigate lay at anchor in the same place which she had hitherto occupied, and the Foam still floated in the sequestered bay on the other side of the island. In neither vessel was there the slightest symptom of preparation; and to one who knew not the true state of matters, the idea of war being about to break forth was the last that would have occurred.

But this deceitful quiet was only the calm that precedes the storm. On every hand men were busily engaged in making preparations to break that Sabbath day in the most frightful manner, or were calmly, but resolutely, awaiting attack. On board the ship-of-war, indeed, there was little doing; for, her business being to fight, she was always in a state of readiness for action. Her signal guns, fired the previous night, had recalled Montague to tell him of the threatened attack by the savages. A few brief orders were given, and they were prepared for whatever might occur. In the village, too, the arrangements to repel attack having been made, white men and native converts alike rested with their arms placed in convenient proximity to their hands.

In a wild and densely-wooded part of the island far removed from those portions which we have yet had occasion to describe, a band of fiendish-

looking men were making arrangements for one of those unprovoked assaults which savages are so prone to make on those who settle near them.

They were all of them in a state of almost complete nudity; but the complicated tattooing on their dark skins gave them the appearance of being more clothed than they really were. Their arms consisted chiefly of enormous clubs of hard wood, spears, and bows; and, in order to facilitate their escape should they chance to be grasped in a hand-to-hand conflict, they had covered their bodies with oil, which glistened in the sunshine as they moved about their village.

Conspicuous among these truly savage warriors was the form of Keona, with his right arm bound up in a sort of sling. Pain and disappointed revenge had rendered this man's face more than unusually diabolical as he went about among his fellows, inciting them to revenge the insult and injury done to them through his person by the whites. There was some reluctance, however, on the part of a few of the chiefs to renew a war that had been terminated, or rather been slumbering, only for a few months.

Keona's influence, too, was not great among his kindred, and had it not been that one or two influential chiefs sided with him, his own efforts to relight the still smoking torch of war would have been unavailing.

As it was, the natives soon worked themselves up into a sufficiently excited state to engage in any desperate expedition. It was while all this was doing in the native camp that Keona, having gone to the nearest mountain-top to observe what was going on in the settlement, had fallen in with and been chased by some of those men belonging to the Foam, who had been sent on shore to escape being pressed into the service of the King of England.

The solitary exception to this general state of preparation for war was the household of Frederick Mason. Having taken such precautionary steps the night before as he deemed expedient, and having consulted with Ole Thorwald, the general commanding, who had posted scouts in all the mountain passes, and had seen the war-canoes drawn up in a row on the strand, the pastor retired to his study, and spent the greater part of the night in preparing to preach the gospel of peace on the morrow, and in committing the care of his flock and his household to Him who is the "God of battles" as well as the "Prince of peace."

It is not to be supposed that Mr. Mason contemplated the probable renewal of hostilities without great anxiety. For himself, we need scarcely say, he had no fears; but his heart sank when he thought of his gentle Alice falling into the hands of savages. As the night passed away without any alarms, his anxiety

began to subside, and when Sunday morning dawned, he lay down on a couch to snatch a few hours' repose before the labors of the day.

The first object that greeted the pastor's eyes on awaking in the morning was a black visage, and a pair of glittering eyes gazing at him through the half-open door with an expression of the utmost astonishment.

He leaped up with lightning speed and darted towards the intruder, but checked himself suddenly, and smiled, as poor Poopy uttered a scream, and, falling on her knees, implored for mercy.

"My poor girl, I fear I have frightened you by my violence," said he, sitting down on his couch and yawning sleepily; "but I was dreaming, Poopy; and when I saw your black face peeping at me, I took you at first for one of the wild fellows on the other side of the mountains. You have come to sweep and arrange my study, I suppose."

"Why, mass'r, you no hab go to bed yet," said Poopy, still feeling and expressing surprise at her master's unwonted irregularity. "Is you ill?"

"Not at all, my good girl; only a little tired. It is not a time for me to take much rest when the savages are said to be about to attack us."

"When is they coming?" inquired the girl, meekly.

The pastor smiled as he replied, "That is best known to themselves, Poopy. Do you think it likely that murderers or thieves would send to let us know when they were coming."

"Hee! hee!" laughed Poopy, with an immense display of teeth and gums.

"Is Alice awake?" inquired Mr. Mason.

"No; her be sound 'sleep wid her two eye shut tight up, dis fashion, and her mout' wide openso."

The representation of Alice's condition, as given by her maid, although hideously unlike the beautiful object they were meant to call up to her father's mind, were sufficiently expressive and comprehensible.

"Go wake her, my girl, and let us have breakfast as soon as you can. Has Will Corrie been here this morning?"

"Hims bin here all night," replied the girl, with a broad grin (and the breadth of Poopy's broad grin was almost appalling).

"What mean you,has he slept in this house all night?"

"Yeseh! no," said Poopy.

"Yes, no!" exclaimed Mr. Mason. "Come, Poopy, don't be stupid, explain yourself."

"Hee! hee! hee! yes, ho! ho! ho!" laughed Poopy, as if the idea of explaining herself was about the richest joke she had listened to since she was born. "Hee! hee! me no can 'xplain; but you com here an' see."

So saying, she conducted her wondering master to the front door of the cottage, where, across the threshold, directly under the porch, lay the form of the redoubted Corrie, fast asleep, and armed to the teeth!

In order to explain the cause of this remarkable apparition, we think it justifiable to state to the reader, in confidence, that young Master Corrie was deeply in love with the fair Alice. With all his reckless drollery of disposition, the boy was intensely romantic and enthusiastic; and, feeling that the unsettled condition of the times endangered the welfare of his lady-love, he resolved, like a true knight, to arm himself and guard the threshold of her door with his own body.

In the deep silence of the night he buckled on a saber, the blade of which, by reason of its having been broken, was barely eight inches long, and the hilt whereof was battered and rusty. He also stuck a huge brass-mounted cavalry pistol in his belt, in the virtue of which he had great faith, having only two days before shot with it a green-headed parrot at a distance of two yards. The distance was not great, to be sure, but it was enough for his purposeintending, as he did, to meet his foe, when the moment of action should come, in close conflict, and thrust the muzzle of his weapon down the said foe's throat before condescending to draw the trigger.

Thus prepared for the worst, he sallied out on tiptoe, intending to mount guard at the missionary's door, and return to his own proper couch before the break of day.

But alas for poor Corrie's powers of endurance! No sooner had he extended his chubby form on the door-mat, earnestly wishing, but not expecting, that Alice would come out and find him there, than he fell fast asleep, while engaged in the hopeless task of counting the starry hosta duty which he had imposed on himself in the hope that he might thereby be kept awake. Once asleep he slept on, as a matter of course, with his broad little chest heaving gently; his round little visage beaming upwards like a terrestrial moon; his left arm under his head in lieu of a pillow (by consequence of which it was fast asleep also), and his right hand grasping the hilt of the broken saber.

As for Corrie's prostrate body affording protection to Alice, the entire savage population might have stepped across it, one by one, and might have stepped back again, bearing away into slavery the fair maiden, with her father and all the household furniture to boot, without in the least disturbing the deep slumbers of the youthful knight. At least we may safely come to this conclusion from the fact that Mr. Mason shook him, first gently and then violently, for full five minutes, before he could get him to speak; and even then he only gave utterance, in very sleepy tones, and half-formed words, to the remark

"Oh! don' borer me. It ain't b'kfust-t'm' yet?"

"Ho! Corrie, Corrie," shouted Mr. Mason, giving the victim a shake that threatened to dislocate his neck, "get up, my boyrouse up!"

"Hallo! hy! murder! Come on you villeh! Mr. MasonI beg pardon, sir," stammered Corrie, as he at length became aware of his condition, and blushed deeply; "IIreally, Mr. Mason, I merely came to watch while you were all asleep, as there are savages about, you know, andha! ha! ha!oh! dear me!" (Corrie exploded at this point, unable to contain himself at the sight of the missionary's gaze of astonishment.) "Wot a sight, for a Sunday mornin' too!"

The hilarity of the boy was catching, for at this point a vociferous "hee! hee" burst from the sable Poopy; the clear laugh of Alice, too, came ringing through the passage, and Mr. Mason himself finally joined in the chorus.

"Come, sir knight," exclaimed the latter, on recovering his gravity, "this is no guise for a respectable man to be seen in on Sunday morning; come in and lay down your arms. You have done very well as a soldier for this occasion; let us see if you can do your duty equally well as a church officer. Have you the keys?"

"No; they are at home."

"Then run and get them, my boy, and leave your pistol behind, you. I dare say the savages won't attack during the daytime."

Corrie did as he was desired, and the pastor went, after breakfast, to spend a short time with Alice on a neighboring eminence, from which could be obtained a fine view of the settlement with its little church, and the calm bay, on which floated the frigate, sheltered by the encircling coral reef from the swell of the ocean.

Here it was Mr. Mason's wont to saunter with Alice every Sunday morning, to

read a chapter of the Bible to her, and converse about that happy land where one so dear to both of them now dwelt with their Saviour. Here, also, the child's maid was sometimes privileged to join them. On this particular morning, however, they were not the only spectators of the beautiful view from that hill; for, closely hidden in the bushesnot fifty yards from the spot where they satlay a band of armed savages who had escaped the vigilance of the scouts, and had come by an unguarded pass to the settlement.

They might easily have slain or secured the missionary and his household without alarming the people in the village, but their plan of attack forbade such a premature proceeding. The trio therefore finished their chapter and their morning prayer undisturbed, little dreaming of the number of glittering eyes that watched their proceedings.

CHAPTER VIII.
A SURPRISEA BATTLE AND A FIRE.

The sound of the Sabbath bell fell sweetly on the pastor's ear as he descended to his dwelling to make a few final preparations for the duties of the day; and from every hut in Sandy Cove trooped forth the native Christians, young and old, to assemble in the house of God.

With great labor and much pains had this church been built, and pastor and people alike were not a little proud of their handiwork. The former had drawn the plans and given the measurements, leaving it to Henry Stuart to see them properly carried out in detail, while the latter did the work. They cut and squared the timbers, gathered the coral, burnt it for lime, and plastered the building. The women and children carried the lime from the beach in baskets, and the men dragged the heavy logs from the mountains,in some cases for several miles,the timber in the immediate neighborhood not being sufficiently large for their purpose.

The poor natives worked with heart and soul; for love, and the desire to please and be pleased, had been awakened within them. Besides this, the work had for them all the zest of novelty. They wrought at it with somewhat of the feelings of children at play,pausing frequently in the midst of their toil to gaze in wonder and admiration at the growing edifice, which would have done no little credit to a professional architect and to more skilled workmen.

The white men of the place also lent a willing hand; for although some of them were bad men, yet they were constrained to respect the consistent character and blameless life of the missionary, who not unfrequently experienced the fulfilment of that word: "When a man's ways please the Lord, he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him." Besides this, all of them,

however unwilling they might be to accept Christianity for themselves, were fully alive to the advantages they derived from its introduction among the natives.

With so many willing hands at work, the little church was soon finished; and, at the time when the events we are describing occurred, there was nothing to be done to it except some trifling arrangements connected with the steeple, and the glazing of the windows. This latter piece of work was, in such a climate, of little importance.

Long before the bell had ceased to toll, the church was full of natives, whose dark, eager faces were turned towards the door, in expectation of the appearance of their pastor. The building was so full that many of the people were content to cluster round the door, or the outside of the unglazed windows. On this particular Sunday there were strangers there, who roused the curiosity and attracted the attention of the congregation. Before Mr. Mason arrived, there was a slight bustle at the door as Captain Montague, with several of his officers and men, entered, and were shown to the missionary's seat by Master Corrie, who, with his round visage elongated as much as possible, and his round eyes expressing a look of inhuman solemnity, in consequence of his attempt to affect a virtue which he did not possess, performed the duties of doorkeeper. Montague had come on shore to ascertain from Mr. Mason what likelihood there was of an early attack by the natives.

"Where's Alice?" whispered the boy to Poopy, as the girl entered the church, and seated herself beside a little midshipman, who looked at her with a mingled expression of disgust and contempt, and edged away.

"Got a little headache,hee! hee!"

"Don't laugh in church, you monster," said Corrie, with a frown.

"I'se not larfin," retorted Poopy, with an injured look.

Just then the boy caught sight of a gigantic figure entering the church, and darted away to usher the stranger into the pastor's seat; but Gascoyne (for it was he) took no notice of him. He passed steadily up the center of the church, and sat down beside the Widow Stuart, whose face expressed anxiety and surprise the moment she observed who was seated there. The countenance of Henry, who sat on the other side of his mother, flushed, and he turned with an angry glance towards the captain of the Foam. But the look was thrown away; for Gascoyne had placed his arms on the back of the seat in front of him, and rested his head on them; in which position he continued to remain without motion while the service was going on.

Mr. Mason began with a short, earnest prayer in English; then he read out a hymn in the native tongue, which was sung in good tune, and with great energy, by the whole congregation. This was followed by a chapter in the New Testament, and another prayer; but all the service, with the exception of the first prayer, was conducted in the native language. The text was then read out: "Though thy sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be white as wool."

Frederick Mason possessed the power of chaining the attention of an audience; and a deep, breathless silence prevailed, as he labored, with intense fervor, to convince his hearers of the love of God, and the willingness and ability of Jesus Christ to save even the chief of sinners. During one part of the service, a deep, low groan startled the congregation; but no one could tell who had uttered it. As it was not repeated, it was soon forgotten by most of the people.

While the pastor was thus engaged, a pistol-shot was heard, and immediately after, a loud, fierce yell burst from the forest, causing the ears of those who heard it to tingle, and their hearts for a moment to quail. In less than ten minutes, the church was empty, and the males of the congregation were engaged in a desperate hand-to-hand conflict with the savages, who, having availed themselves of the one unguarded pass, had quietly eluded the vigilance of the scouts, and assembled in force on the outskirts of the settlement.

Fortunately for the worshipers that morning, the anxiety of Master Corrie for the welfare of his fair Alice induced him to slip out of the church just after the sermon began. Hastening to the pastor's house, he found the child sound asleep on a sofa, and a savage standing over her with a spear in his hand. The boy had approached so stealthily that the savage did not hear him. Remembering that he had left his pistol on the kitchen table, he darted round to the back door of the house, and secured it just as Alice awoke with a scream of surprise and terror, on beholding who was near her.

Next moment Corrie was at her side, and before the savage could seize the child, he leveled the pistol at his head and fired. The aim was sufficiently true to cause the ball to graze the man's forehead, while the smoke and fire partially blinded him.

It was this shot that first alarmed the natives in church, and it was the yell uttered by the wounded man, as he fell stunned on the floor, that called forth the answering yell from the savage host, and precipitated the attack.

It was sufficiently premature to give the people of the settlement time to seize their arms; which, as has been said, they had placed so as to be available at a moment's notice.

The fight that ensued was a desperate, and almost indiscriminate, mêlée. The attacking party had been so sure of taking the people by surprise that they formed no plan of attack; but simply arranged that, at a given signal from their chief, a united rush should be made upon the church, and a general massacre ensue. As we have seen, Corrie's pistol drew forth the signal sooner than had been intended. In the rush that immediately ensued, a party dashed through the house, the boy was overturned, and a savage gave him a passing blow with a club that would have scattered his brains on the floor had it taken full effect; but it was hastily delivered; it glanced off his head, and spent its force on the shoulder of the chief, who was thus unfortunate enough to be wounded by friends as well as foes.

On the first alarm, Gascoyne sprang up, and darted through the door. He was closely followed by Henry Stuart, and the captain of the Talisman, with his handful of officers and men, who were all armed, as a matter of course.

"Sit where you are," cried Henry to his trembling mother, as he sprang after Gascoyne; "the church is the safest place you'll find."

The widow fell on her knees, and prayed to God while the fight raged without.

Among the first to leave the church was the pastor. The thought of his child having been left in the house unprotected filled him with an agony of fear. He sought no weapon of war, but darted unarmed straight into the midst of the savage host that stood between him and the object of his affection. His rush was so impetuous, that he fairly overturned several of his opponents by dashing against them. The numbers that surrounded him, however, soon arrested his progress; but he had pressed so close in amongst them, that they were actually too closely packed, for a few seconds, to be able to use their heavy clubs and long spears with effect.

It was well for the poor missionary, at that moment, that he had learned the art of boxing when a boy. The knowledge so acquired had never induced him to engage in dishonorable and vulgar strife; but it had taught him how and where to deliver a straightforward blow with effect; and he now struck out with tremendous energy, knocking down an adversary at every blow; for the thought of Alice lent additional strength to his powerful arm. Success in such warfare, however, was not to be expected. Still, Mr. Mason's activity and vigor averted his own destruction for a few minutes; and these minutes were precious, for they afforded time for Captain Montague and his officers to cut their way to the spot where he fought, just as a murderous club was about to descend on his head from behind. Montague's sword unstrung the arm that upheld it, and the next instant the pastor was surrounded by friends.

Among their number was John Bumpus, who was one of the crew of Montague's boat, and who now rushed upon the savages with a howl peculiarly his own, felling one with a blow of his fist, and another with a slash of his cutlass.

"You must retire," said Montague, hastily, to Frederick Mason, who stood panting and inactive for a few moments in order to recover breath. "You are unarmed, sir; besides, your profession forbids you taking part in such work as this. There are men of war enough here to keep these fellows in play."

Montague spoke somewhat sharply; for he erroneously fancied that the missionary's love of fighting had led him into the fray.

"My profession does not forbid me to save my child," exclaimed the pastor, wildly.

He turned in the direction of his cottage, which was full in view; and at that moment smoke burst from the roof and windows. With a cry of despair, Mr. Mason once more launched himself on the host of savages; but these were now so numerous that, instead of making head against them, the little knot of sailors who opposed them at that particular place found it was as much as they could do to keep them at bay.

The issue of the conflict was still doubtful, when a large accession to their numbers gave the savages additional power and courage. They made a sudden onset, and bore back the small band of white men. In the rush the pastor was overthrown, and rendered for a time insensible.

While this was going on in one part of the field, in another, stout Ole Thorwald, with several of the white settlers and the greater part of the native force, was guarding the principal approach to the church against immensely superior numbers. And nobly did the descendant of the Norse sea-kings maintain the credit of his warlike ancestors that day. With a sword that might have matched that of Goliath of Gath, he swept the way before him wherever he went, and more than once by a furious onset turned the tide of war in favor of his party when it seemed about to overwhelm them.

In a more distant part of the field, on the banks of a small stream, which was spanned by a bridge about fifty paces further down, Gascoyne and Henry Stuart contended, almost alone, with about thirty savages. These two had rushed forward with such impetuosity at the first onset as to have been separated from their friends, and with four Christian natives, had been surrounded. Henry was armed with a heavy claymore, the edge of which betokened that it had once seen much service in the wars of the youth's Scottish ancestors. Gascoyne, not anticipating this attack, had returned to the

settlement armed only with his knife. He had seized the first weapon that came to hand, which chanced to be an enormous iron shovel, and with this terrific implement the giant carried all before him.

It was quite unintentionally that he and Henry had come together. But the nature and power of the two men being somewhat similar, they had singled out the same point of danger, and had made their attack with the same overwhelming vehemence. The muscles of both seemed to be made of iron; for, as increasing numbers pressed upon them, they appeared to deliver their terrible blows with increasing rapidity and vigor, and the savages, despite their numbers, began to quail before them.

Just then Keonawho, although wounded, hovered about doing as much mischief as he could with his left hand (which, by the way, seemed to be almost as efficient as his right)caught sight of this group of combatants on the banks of the stream. He, with a party, had succeeded in forcing the bridge, and now uttering a shout of wild delight at the sight of his two greatest enemies within his power, as he thought, he rushed towards them, and darted his spear with unerring aim and terrible violence. The man's anger defeated his purpose; for the shout attracted the attention of Gascoyne, who saw the spear coming straight towards Henry's breast. He interposed the shovel instantly, and the spear fell harmless to the ground. At the same time, with a back-handed sweep, he brained a gigantic savage who at the moment was engaging Henry's undivided attention. Bounding forward with a burst of anger, Gascoyne sought to close with Keona. He succeeded but too well, however; for he could not check himself sufficiently to deliver an effective blow, but went crashing against his enemy, and the two fell to the ground.

In an instant a rush was made on the fallen man, but Henry leaped forward, and sweeping down two opponents with one cut of his claymore, afforded his companion time to leap up.

"Come, we are quits," said Henry, with a grim smile, as the two darted again on the foe.

At that moment Ole Thorwald, having scattered the party he first engaged, came tearing down towards the bridge, whirling the great sword round his head, and shouting "victory" in the voice of a Stentor.

"Ha! here is more work," he cried, as his eye fell on Gascoyne's figure. "Thorwald to the rescue,hurrah!"

In another moment the savages were flying pell-mell across the bridge with Gascoyne and Henry close on their heels, and the stout merchant panting after them, with his victorious band, as fast as his less agile limbs could carry him.

It was at this moment that Gascoyne and Henry noticed the attack made on the small party of sailors, and observed the fall of Mr. Mason.

"Thorwald to the rescue!" shouted Gascoyne, in a voice that rolled deep and loud over the whole field like the roar of a lion.

"Aye, aye, my noisy stranger; it's easy for your tough limbs to carry you up the hill," gasped Ole; "but the weight of ten or fifteen years will change your step. Hurrah!"

The cry of the bold Norseman, coupled with that of Gascoyne, had the double effect of checking the onset of the enemy, and of collecting their own scattered forces around them. The battle was now drawing to a point. Men who were skirmishing in various places left off and hastened to the spot on which the closing scene was now evidently to be enacted; and for a few minutes the contending parties paused, as if by mutual consent, to breathe and scan each other before making the final attack.

It must not be supposed that, during the fight which we have described, the crew of the Talisman were idle. At the first sign of disturbance on shore, the boats were lowered, and a well-armed force rowed for the landing-place as swiftly as the strong and willing arms of the men could pull. But the distance between the vessel and the shore was considerable, and the events we have recounted were quickly enacted; so that before the boats had proceeded half the distance the fight was nearly over, and the settlement seemed about to be overwhelmed.

These facts were not lost upon the first lieutenant of the Talisman, Mr. Mulroy, who, with telescope in hand, watched the progress of the fight with great anxiety. He saw that it was impossible for the boats to reach the shore in time to render efficient aid. He also observed that a fresh band of savages were hastening to reinforce their comrades, and that the united band would be so overpoweringly strong as to render the chances of a successful resistance on the part of the settlers very doubtful indeedalmost hopeless.

In these circumstances he adopted a course which was as bold as it was dangerous. Observing that the savages mustered for the final onset in a dense mass on an eminence which just raised their heads a little above those of the party they were about to attack, he at once loaded three of the largest guns with round shot and pointed, them at the mass of human beings with the utmost possible care. There was the greatest danger of hitting friends instead of foes; but Mr. Mulroy thought it his duty to incur the responsibility of running the risk.

Montague, to whom the command of the band of united settlers had been given by general consent, had thrown them rapidly into some sort of order, and was about to give the word to charge, when the savage host suddenly began to pour down the hill with frantic yells.

Mulroy did not hear the shouts, but he perceived the movement. Suddenly, as if a thunder storm had burst over the island, the echoes of the hills were startled by the roar of heavy artillery, and, one after another, the three guns hurled their deadly contents into the center of the rushing mass, through which three broad lanes were cut in quick succession.

The horrible noise and the dreadful slaughter in their ranks seemed to render the affrighted creatures incapable of action, for they came to a dead halt.

"Well done, Mulroy!" shouted Montague; "forward, boys,charge!"

A true British cheer burst from the tars and white settlers, which served further to strike terror into the hearts of the enemy. In another moment they rushed up the hill, led on by Montague, Gascoyne, Henry, and Thorwald. But the savages did not await the shock. Seized with a complete panic, they turned and fled in utter confusion.

Just as this occurred, Mr. Mason began to recover consciousness. Recollecting suddenly what had occurred, he started up and followed his friends, who were now in hot pursuit of the foe in the direction of his own cottage. Quickly though they ran, the anxious father overtook and passed them; but he soon perceived that his dwelling was wrapped in flames from end to end.

Darting through the smoke and fire to his daughter's room, he shouted her name; but no voice replied. He sprang to the bed,it was empty. With a cry of despair, and blinded by smoke, he dashed about the room, grasping wildly at objects in the hope that he might find his child. As he did so he stumbled over a prostrate form, which he instantly seized, raised in his arms, and bore out of the blazing house, round which a number of the people were now assembled.

The form he had thus plucked from destruction was that of the poor boy, who would willingly have given his life to rescue Alice, and who still lay in the state of insensibility into which he had been thrown by the blow from a gun or heavy club.

The missionary dropped his burden, turned wildly round, and was about to plunge once again into the heart of the blazing ruin, when he was seized in the strong arms of Henry Stuart, who, with the assistance of Ole Thorwald, forcibly prevented him from doing that which would have resulted in almost certain death.

The pastor's head sunk on his breast. The excitement of action and hope no longer sustained him. With a deep groan, he fell to the earth insensible.

CHAPTER IX.
BAFFLED AND PERPLEXEDPLANS FOR A RESCUE.

While the men assembled round the prostrate form of Mr. Mason were attempting to rescue him from his state of stupor, poor Corrie began to show symptoms of returning vitality. A can of water, poured over him by Henry, did much to restore him. But no sooner was he enabled to understand what was going on, and to recall what had happened, than he sprang up with a wild cry of despair, and rushed towards the blazing house. Again Henry's quick arm arrested a friend in his mad career.

"Oh! she's there!Alice is there!" shrieked the boy, as he struggled passionately to free himself.

"You can do nothing, Corrie," said Henry, trying to soothe him.

"Coward!" gasped the boy, in a paroxysm of rage, as he clenched his fist and struck his captor on the chest with all his force.

"Hold him," said Henry, turning to John Bumpus, who at that moment came up.

Bumpus nodded intelligently, and seized the boy, who uttered a groan of anguish as he ceased a struggle which he felt was hopeless in such an iron gripe.

"Now, friendsall of you," shouted Henry, the moment he was relieved of his charge: "little Alice is in that house. We must pull it down. Who will lend a hand?"

He did not pause for an answer, but, seizing an ax, rushed through the smoke and began to cut down the door-posts. The whole party there assembled, numbering about fifty, rushed forward, as one man, to aid in the effort. The attempt was a wild one. Had Henry considered for a moment, he would have seen that, in the event of their succeeding in pulling down the blazing pile, they would in all probability smother the child in the ruins.

"The shell is in the outhouse," said Corrie, eagerly, to the giant who held him.

"Wot shell?" inquired Bumpus.

"The shell that they blow like a horn to call the people to work with."

"Ah! you're sane again," said the sailor releasing him; "go, find it, lad, and blow till yer cheeks crack."

Corrie was gone long before Jo had concluded even that short remark. In another second the harsh but loud sound of the shell rang over the hillside. The settlers, black and white, immediately ceased their pursuit of the savages, and from every side they came trooping in by dozens. Without waiting to inquire the cause of what was being done, each man, as he arrived, fell to work on the blazing edifice, and, urged on by Henry's voice and example, toiled and moiled in the midst of fire and smoke until the pastor's house was literally pulled to pieces.

Fortunately for little Alice, she had been carried out of the house long before by Keona, who, being subtle as well as revengeful, knew well how to strike at the tenderest part of the white man's heart.

While her friends were thus frantically endeavoring to deliver her from the burning house in which they supposed her to be, Alice was being hurried through the woods by a steep mountain path in the direction of the native village. Happily for the feelings of her father, the fact was made known, soon after the house had been pulled down, by the arrival of a small party of native settlers bearing one of the child's shoes. They had found it, they said, sticking in the mud, about a mile off, and had tracked the little footsteps a long way into the mountains by the side of the prints made by the naked feet of a savage. At length they had lost the tracks amid the hard lava rocks, and had given up the chase.

"We must follow them up instantly," said Mr. Mason, who had by this time recovered: "no time is to be lost."

"Aye, time is precious; who will go?" cried Henry, who, begrimed with fire and smoke, and panting vehemently from recent exertion, had just at that moment come towards the group.

"Take me! oh take me, Henry!" cried Corrie, in a beseeching tone, as he sprang promptly to his friend's side.

At any other time, Henry would have smiled at the enthusiastic offer of such a small arm to fight the savages; but fierce anger was in his breast at that moment. He turned from the poor boy and looked round with a frown, as he observed that, although the natives crowded round him at once, neither Gascoyne, nor Thorwald, nor Captain Montague showed any symptom of an intention to accompany him.

"Nay, be not angry, lad," said Gascoyne, observing the frown; "your blood is young and hot, as it should be; but it behooves us to have a council of war before we set out on this expedition, which, believe me, will be no trifling one, if I know anything of savage ways and doings."

"Mr. Gascoyne is right," said Montague, turning to the missionary, who stood regarding the party with anxious looks, quite unable to offer advice on such an occasion, and clasping the little shoe firmly in both hands; "it seems to me that those who know the customs of savage warfare should give their advice first. You may depend on all the aid that it is in my power to give."

"Ole Thorwald is our leader when we are compelled to fight in self-defense," said Mr. Mason; "would God that it were less frequently we were obliged to demand his services. He knows what is best to be done."

"I know what is best to do," said Thorwald, "when I have to lead men into action, or to show them how to fight. But, to say truth, I don't plume myself on possessing more than an average share of the qualities of the terrier dog. When niggers are to be hunted out of holes in the mountains like rabbits, I will do what in me lies to aid in the work; but I had rather be led than lead if you can find a better man."

Thorwald said this with a rueful countenance, for he had hoped to have settled this war in a pitched battle; and there were few things the worthy man seemed to enjoy more than a stand-up fight on level ground. A fair field and no favor was his delight; but climbing the hills was his mortal aversion. He was somewhat too corpulent and short of wind for that.

"Come, Gascoyne," said Henry; "you know more about the savages than anybody here; and if I remember rightly, you have told me that you are acquainted with most of the mountain passes."

"With all of them, lad," interposed Gascoyne; "I know every pass and cavern on the island."

"What, then, would you advise?" asked Montague.

"If a British officer can put himself under a simple trading skipper," said Gascoyne, "I may perhaps show what ought to be done in this emergency."

"I can co-operate with any one who proves himself worthy of confidence," retorted Montague, sharply.

"Well, then," continued the other, "it is vain to think of doing any good by a disorderly chase into mountains like these. I would advise that our forces be

divided into three. One band under Mr. Thorwald should go round by the Goat's Pass, to which I will guide him, and cut off the retreat of the savages there; another party under my friend Henry Stuart should give chase in the direction in which little Alice seems to have been taken; and a third party, consisting of his Majesty's vessel the Talisman and crew; should proceed round to the north side of the island and bombard the native village."

"The Goat's Pass," growled Thorwald, "sounds unpleasantly rugged and steep in the ears of a man of my weight and years, Mister Gascoyne. But if there's no easier style of work to be done, I fancy I must be content with what falls to my lot."

"And truly," added Montague, "methinks you might have assigned me a more useful, as well as more congenial occupation, than the bombardment of a mud village full of women and children; for I doubt not that every able-bodied man has left it, to go on this expedition."

"You'll not find the Goat's Pass so bad as you think, good Thorwald," returned Gascoyne; "for I propose that the Talisman or her boats should convey you and your men to the foot of it, after which your course will be indeed rugged, but it will be short;merely to scale the face of a precipice that would frighten a goat to think of, and then a plain descent into the valley, where, I doubt not, these villains will be found in force; and where, certainly, they will not look for the appearance of a stout generalissimo of half-savage troops. As for the bombarding of a mud village, Mr. Montague, I should have expected a well-trained British officer ready to do his duty, whether that duty were agreeable or otherwise."

"My duty certainly," interrupted the young captain, hotly; "but I have yet to learn that your orders constitute my duty."

The bland smile with which Gascoyne listened to this tended rather to irritate than to soothe Montague's feelings; but he curbed the passion which stirred his breast, while the other went on:

"No doubt the bombarding of a defenseless village is not pleasant work; but the result will be important, for it will cause the whole army of savages to rush to the protection of their women and children, thereby disconcerting their planssupposing them to have anyand enabling us to attack them while assembled in force. It is the nature of savages to scatter, and so to puzzle trained forces; and no doubt those of His Majesty are well trained. But 'one touch of nature makes the whole world kin,' says a great authority; it is wonderful how useful a knowledge of various touches of nature is in the art of war.

"It may not have occurred to Mr. Montague that savages have a tendency to love and protect their wives and children, as well as civilized men, and that"

"Pray, cease your irrelevant remarks; they are ill-timed," said Montague, impatiently. "Let us hear the remainder of your suggestions. I shall judge of their value, and act accordingly. You have not yet told us what part you yourself intend to play in this game."

"I mean to accompany Captain Montague, if he will permit me."

"How! go with me in the Talisman?" said Montague, surprised at the man's coolness, and puzzled by his impudence.

"Even so," said Gascoyne.

"Well, I have no objection, of course; but it seems to me that you would be more useful at the head of a party of your own men."

"Perhaps I might," replied Gascoyne; "but the coral reefs are dangerous on the north side of the island, and it is important that one well acquainted with them should guide your vessel. Besides, I have a trusty mate, and if you will permit me to send my old shipmate John Bumpus across the hills, he will convey all needful instructions to the Foam."

This was said in so quiet and straightforward a tone that Montague's wrath vanished. He felt ashamed of having shown so much petulance at a time when affairs of so great importance ought to have been calmly discussed; so he at once agreed to allow Bumpus to go. Meanwhile, Henry Stuart, who had been fretting with impatience at this conversation, suddenly exclaimed:

"It seems to me, sirs, that you are wasting precious time just now. I, at least, am quite satisfied with the duty assigned to me; so I'm off: ho! who will join me?"

"I'm your man," cried Corrie, starting up and flourishing the broken saber above his head. At the same moment about a hundred natives ranged themselves round the youth, thus indicating that they, too, were his men.

"Well, lad, away you go," said Gascoyne, smiling; "but Master Corrie must remain with me."

"I'll do nothing of the sort," said Corrie, stoutly.

"Oh yes, you will, my boy, I want you to guide my man Bumpus over the mountains. You know the passes, and he don't. It's all for the good of the cause, you know,the saving of little Alice."

Corrie wavered. The idea of being appointed, as it were, to a separate command, and of going with his new friend, was a strong temptation, and the assurance that he would in some way or other be advancing the business in hand settled the matter. He consented to become obedient.

In about half an hour all Gascoyne's plans were in course of being carried out. Ole Thorwald and his party proceeded on board the Talisman, which weighed, anchor, and sailed, with a light breeze, towards the north end of the islandguided through the dangerous reefs by Gascoyne. Henry and his followers were toiling nimbly up the hills in the direction indicated by the little footprints of Alice; and John Bumpus, proceeding into the mountains in another direction, pushed, under the guidance of Corrie, towards the bay, where the Foam still lay quietly at anchor.

It was evening when these different parties set out on their various expeditions. The sun was descending to the horizon in a blaze of lurid light. The slight breeze, which wafted his Britannic Majesty's ship slowly along the verdant shore, was scarcely strong enough to ruffle the surface of the sea. Huge banks of dark clouds were gathering in the sky, and a hot, unnatural closeness seemed to pervade the atmosphere, as if a storm were about to burst upon the scene. Everything, above and below, seemed to presage waralike elemental and human; and the various leaders of the several expeditions felt that the approaching night would tax their powers and resources to the uttermost.

It was, then, natural that in such circumstances the bereaved father should be distracted with anxiety as to which party he should join; and it was also natural that one whose life had been so long devoted to the special service of God should, before deciding on the point, ask, on his knees, his heavenly Father's guidance.

He finally resolved to accompany the party under command of Henry Stuart.

CHAPTER X.
THE PURSUITPOOPY, LED ON BY LOVE AND HATE, RUSHES TO THE RESCUE.

The shades of night had begun to descend upon the island when Master Corrie reached the summit of the mountain ridge that divided the bay in which the Foam was anchored from the settlement of Sandy Cove.

Close on his heels followed the indomitable Jo Bumpus, who panted vehemently and perspired profusely from his unwonted exertions.

"Wot an object you are!" exclaimed Corrie, gazing at the hot giant with a look of mingled surprise and glee; for the boy's spirit was of that nature which cannot repress a dash of fun, even in the midst of anxiety and sorrow. We would not have it understood that the boy ever deliberately mingled the two thingsjoy and sorrowat one and the same time; but he was so irresistibly alive to the ludicrous, that a touch of it was sufficient at any time to cause him to forget, for a brief space, his anxieties, whatever these might be.

Jo Bumpus smiled benignantly, and said that he "was glad to hear it." For Jo had conceived for the boy that species of fondness which large dogs are frequently known to entertain for small onespermitting them to take outrageous liberties with their persons which they would resent furiously were they attempted by other dogs.

Presently the warm visage of Bumpus elongated, and his eyes opened uncommonly wide, as he stared at a particular spot in the ground; insomuch that Corrie burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter.

"O Grampus! you'll kill me if you go on like that," said he; "I can't stand it,indeed I can't. Sich a face! D'ye know what it's like?"

Jo expressed no desire to become enlightened on this point, but continued to gaze so earnestly that Corrie started up and exclaimed:

"What is it, Jo?"

"A fut," replied Jo.

"A footprint, I declare!" shouted the boy, springing forward and examining the print, which was pretty clearly defined in a little patch of soft sand that lay on the bare rock. "Why, Jo! it's Poopy's. I'd know it anywhere, by the bigness of the little toe. How can she have come up here?"

"I say, lad, hist!" said Bumpus, in a hoarse whisper; "here's another fut that don't belong towhat's her name,Puppy, did ye say?"

"Why! it's Alice's," whispered the boy, his face becoming instantly grave, while an unwonted expression of anxiety crossed it; "and here's that of a savage beside it. He must have changed his intention; or, perhaps, he came this way to throw the people who were chasing them off the scent."

Corrie was right. Finding that he was hotly pursued, Keona had taken advantage of the first rocky ground he reached to diverge abruptly from the route he had hitherto followed in his flight; and, the further to confuse his pursuers, he had taken the almost exhausted child up in his arms and carried

her a considerable distance, so that if his enemies should fall again on his track the absence of the little footprints might induce them to fancy they were following up a wrong scent.

In this he was so far successful; for the native settlers, as we have seen, soon gave up the chase, and returned with one of the child's shoes, which had fallen off unobserved by the savage.

But there was one of the pursuers who was far ahead of the others, and who was urged to continue the chase by the strongest of all motives,love. Poor Kekupoopi had no sooner heard of the abduction of her young mistress than she had set off at the top of her speed to a well-known height in the mountains, whence, from a great distance, she could observe all that went on below. On the wings of affection she had flown, rather than walked, to this point of observation, and, to her delight, saw not only the pursuers, but the fugitives in the valley below. She kept her glowing eyes fixed on them, hastening from rock to rock and ridge to ridge, as intervening obstacles hid them from view, until she saw the stratagem, just referred to, practised by Keona. Then, feeling that she had no power of voice to let the pursuers know what had occurred, and seeing that they would certainly turn back on being baffled, she resolved to keep up the chase herselftrusting to accident to afford her an opportunity of rendering aid to Alice; or, rather, trusting to God to help her in her great difficulty; for the poor child had been well trained in the missionary's house, and love had been the teacher.

Taking a short cut down into the valley,for she was well acquainted with all the wild and rugged paths of the mountains in the immediate neighborhood of the settlement,she was so fortunate as to reach a narrow pass through which Keona and Alice must needs go. Arriving there a short time before they did, she was able to take a few minutes' rest before resuming the chase.

Little did the wily savage think that a pair of eyes as dark and bright, though not so fierce, as his own, were gazing at him from behind the bushes as he sped up that narrow gorge.

Poor Alice was running and stumbling by his side; for the monster held her by the hand and dragged her along, although she was scarcely able to stand. The heart of the black girl well-nigh burst with anger when she observed that both her shoes and stockings had been torn off in the hasty flight, and that her tender feet were cut and bleeding.

Just as they reached the spot near which Poopy was concealed, the child sank with a low wail to the ground, unable to advance another step. Keona seized her in his arms, and, uttering a growl of anger as he threw her rudely over his

shoulder, bore her swiftly away.

But, quick though his step was, it could not outrun that of the poor little dark maiden who followed him like his shadow, carefully keeping out of view, however, while her mind was busy with plans for the deliverance of her young mistress. The more she thought, the more she felt how utterly hopeless would be any attempt that she could make, either by force or stratagem, to pluck her from the grasp of one so strong and subtle as Keona. At length she resolved to give up thinking of plans altogether, and take to prayer instead.

On reaching the highest ridge of the mountains, Keona suddenly stopped, placed Alice on a flat rock, and went to the top of a peak not more than fifty yards off. Here he lay down and gazed long and earnestly over the country through which they had just passed, evidently for the purpose of discovering, if possible, the position and motions of his enemies.

Poopy, whose wits were sharpened by love, at once took advantage of her opportunity. She crept on all fours towards the rock on which Alice lay, in such a manner that it came between her person and the savage.

"Missy Alice! O, Missy Alice! quick! look up! it's mePoopy," said the girl, raising her head cautiously above the edge of the rock.

Alice started up on one elbow, and was about to utter a scream of delight and surprise, when her sable friend laid her black paw suddenly on the child's pretty mouth, and effectually shut it up.

"Hush! Alice; no cry. Savage hear and come backkill Poopy bery much quick. Listen. Me all alone. You bery clibber. Dry up eyes, no cry any more. Look happy. God will save you. Poopy nebber leave you as long as got her body in her soul."

Just at this point, Keona rose from his recumbent position, and the girl, who had not suffered her eyes to move from him for a single instant, at once sunk behind the rock and crept so silently away that Alice could scarcely persuade herself she had not been dreaming.

The savage returned, took the child's hand, led her over the brow of the mountain, and began to descend, by a steep, rugged path, to the valleys lying on the other side of the island. But before going a hundred yards down the dark gorgewhich was rendered all the darker by the approach of nighthe turned abruptly aside, entered the mouth of a cavern, and disappeared.

Poopy was horrified at this unexpected and sudden change in the state of things. For a long time she lay closely hid among the rocks, within twenty

yards of the cave's mouth, expecting every moment to see the fugitives issue from its dark recesses. But they did not reappear. All at once it occurred to the girl that there might possibly be an exit from the cavern at the other end of it, and that, while she was idly waiting there, her little mistress and her savage captor might be hastening down the mountain far beyond her reach.

Rendered desperate by this idea, she quitted her place of concealment, and ran recklessly into the cavern. But the place was dark as Erebus, and the ground was so rugged that she tripped and fell before she had advanced into it more than fifty yards.

Bruised by the fall, and overawed by the gloom of her situation, the poor girl lay still for some time where she had fallen, with bated breath, and listening intently; but no sound struck her ear save the beating of her own heart, which appeared to her unnaturally loud. Under an impulse of terror, she rose, and ran back into the open air.

Here it occurred to her that she might perhaps find the other outlet to the cave,supposing that one really existed,by going round the hill and carefully examining the ground on the other side. This, however, was a matter requiring considerable time, and it was not until a full hour had expired that she returned to the mouth of the cave, and sat down to rest and consider what should be done next.

To enter the dark recesses of the place without a light she knew would be impossible as well as useless, and she had no means of procuring a light. Besides, even if she had, what good could come of her exploration? The next impulse was to hasten back to the settlement at full speed and guide a party to the place; but, was it likely that the savage would remain long in the cave? This question suggested her former idea of the possible existence of another outlet; and as she thought upon Alice being now utterly beyond her reach, she covered her face with her hands and burst into tears. After a short time she began to pray. Then, as the minutes flew past, and her hopes sank lower and lower, she commencedlike many a child of Adam who thinks himself considerably wiser than a black girlto murmur at her hard lot. This she did in an audible voice, having become forgetful of, as well as indifferent to, the chances of discovery.

"Oh! w'at for was me born?" she inquired, somewhat viciously; and not being able, apparently, to answer this question, she proceeded to comment in a wildly sarcastic tone on the impropriety of her having been brought into existence at all.

"Me should be dead. Wat's de use o'life w'en ums nothin' to live for? Alice

gone! Darling Alice! Oh, dear! Me wish I wasn't never had been born; yes, me do! Don't care for meself! Wouldn't give nuffin for meself! Only fit to tend Missy Alice! Not fit for nuffin else. And now Alice gonewhar' to' nobody nose an' nobody care, 'xcept Poopy, who's not worth a brass button!"

Having given utterance to this last expression, which she had acquired from her friend Corrie, the poor girl began to howl in order to relieve her insupportable feelings.

It was at this point in our story that Master Corrie, and his companion the Grampus, having traced the before-mentioned footprints for a considerable distance, became cognizant of sundry unearthly sounds, on hearing which, never having heard anything like them before, these wanderers stood still in attitudes of breathless attention, and gazed at each other with looks of indescribable amazement, not altogether unmixed with a dash of consternation.

CHAPTER XI.
A GHOSTA TERRIBLE COMBAT ENDING IN A DREADFUL PLUNGE.

"Corrie," said Jo Bumpus, solemnly, with a troubled expression on his grave face, "I've heer'd a many a cry in this life, both ashore and afloat; but, since I was half as long as a marlinespike, I've never heerd the likes o' that there screech nowhere."

At any other time the boy would have expressed a doubt as to the possibility of the Grampus having, at any period of his existence, been so short as "half the length of a marlinespike;" but, being very imaginative by nature, and having been encouraged to believe in ghosts by education, he was too frightened to be funny. With a face that might very well have passed for that of a ghost, and a very pale ghost too, he said, in a tremulous voice:

"Oh dear! Bumpus; what shall we do?"

"Dun know," replied Jo, very sternly; for the stout mariner also believed in ghosts, as a matter of course, although he would not admit it; and, being a man of iron mold and powerful will, there was at that moment going on within his capacious breast a terrific struggle between natural courage and supernatural cowardice.

"Let's go back," whispered Corrie. "I know another pass over the hills. It's a longer one, to be sure; but we can run, you know, to make for"

He was struck dumb and motionless at this point by the recurrence of the dreadful howling, louder than ever, as poor Poopy's despair deepened.

"Don't speak to me, boy," said Bumpus, still more sternly, while a cold sweat stood in large beads on his pale forehead. "Here's wot I calls somethin' new; an' it becomes a man, specially a British seaman, d'ye see, to inquire into new things in a reasonable sort of way."

Jo caught his breath, and clutched the rock beside him powerfully, as he continued:

"It ain't a ghost, in course; it can't be that. Cause why? there's no sich a thing as a ghost."

"Ain't there?" whispered Corrie, hopefully.

The hideous yell that Poopy here set up seemed to give the lie direct to the skeptical seaman; but he went on deliberately, though with a glazed eye and a deathlike pallor on his face

"No; there ain't no ghosts,never wos, an' never will be. All ghosts is sciencrific dolusions, nothing more; and it's only the hignorant an' supercilious as b'lieves in 'em. I don't; an', wots more," added Jo, with tremendous decision, "I won't!"

At this point, the "sciencrific dolusion" recurred to her former idea of alarming the settlement; and with this view began to retrace her steps, howling as she went.

Of course, as Jo and his small companion had been guided by her footsteps, it followed that Poopy, in retracing them, gradually drew near to the terrified pair. The short twilight of those regions had already deepened into the shades of night; so that the poor girl's form was not at first visible, as she advanced from among the dark shadows of the overhanging cliffs and the large masses of scattered rock that lay strewn about that wild mountain pass.

Now, although John Bumpus succeeded, by an almost supernatural effort, in calming the tumultuous agitation of his spirit, while the wild cries of the girl were at some distance, he found himself utterly bereft of speech when the dreadful sounds unmistakably approached him. Corrie, too, became livid, and both were rooted to the spot in unutterable horror; but when the ghost at length actually came into view, and (owing to Poopy's body being dark, and her garments white) presented the appearance of a dimly luminous creature, without head, arms, or legs, the last spark of endurance in man and boy went out. The one gave a roar, the other a shriek of terror, and both turned and fled like the wind over a stretch of country, which, in happier circumstances, they

would have crossed with caution.

Poopy helped to accelerate their flight by giving vent to a cry of fear, and thereafter to a yell of delight, as, from her point of view, she recognized the well-known outline of Corrie's figure clearly defined against the sky. She ran after them in frantic haste; but she might as well have chased a couple of wildcats. Either terror is gifted with better wings than hope, or males are better runners than females. Perhaps both propositions are true; but certain it is that Poopy soon began to perceive that the succor which had appeared so suddenly was about to vanish almost as quickly.

In this new dilemma, the girl once more availed herself of her slight knowledge of the place, and made a detour which enabled her to shoot ahead of the fugitives and intercept them in one of the narrowest parts of the mountain gorge. Here, instead of using her natural voice, she conceived that the likeliest way of making her terrified friends understand who she was, would be to shout with all the strength of her lungs. Accordingly, she planted herself suddenly in the center of their path, just as the two came tearing blindly round a corner of rock, and set up a series of yells, the nature of which utterly beggars description.

The result was, that, with one short wild cry of renewed horror, Bumpus and Corrie turned sharp round and fled in the opposite direction.

There is no doubt whatever that they would have succeeded in ultimately escaping from this pertinacious ghost, and poor Poopy would have had to make the best of her way to Sandy Cove alone, but for the fortunate circumstance that Corrie fell; and being only a couple of paces in advance of his companion, Bumpus fell over him.

The ghost took advantage of this to run forward, crying out, "Corrie! Corrie! Corrie!it's me! me! ME!" with all her might.

"Eh! I do believe it knows my name!" cried the boy, scrambling to his feet, and preparing to renew his flight; but Bumpus laid his heavy hand on his collar, and held him fast.

"Wot! Did it speak?"

"Yes; listen! Oh dear! Come,fly!"

Instead of flying, the seaman heaved a deep sigh; and, sitting down on a rock, took out a reddish brown cotton handkerchief, wherewith he wiped his forehead.

"My boy," said he, still panting; "it ain't a ghost. No ghost wos ever known to speak. They looks, an' they runs, an' they yells, an' they vanishes, but they never speaks; d'ye see? I told ye it was a sciencrific dolusion; though, I'm bound for to confess, I never heerd o' von o' them critters speakin', no more than the ghosts. Howsomedever, that's wot it is."

Corrie, who still hesitated, and held himself in readiness to bolt at a moment's notice, suddenly cried:

"Why! I do believe it'sNo; it can't beyesI say, it's Poopy."

"Wot's Poopy?" inquired the seaman, in some anxiety.

"What! don't you know Poopy, Alice's black maid, who keeps her company, and looks after her; besides' doin' her and 'undoin' her (as she calls it), night and morning, and putting her to bed? Hooray! Poopy, my lovely black darling; where have you come from? You've frightened Bumpus here nearly out of his wits. I do believe he'd have bin dead by this time, but for me!"

So saying, Corrie, in the revulsion of his suddenly relieved feelings, actually threw his arms round Poopy, and hugged her.

"O Corrie!" exclaimed the girl, submitting to the embrace with as much indifference as if she had been a lamp-post, "w'at troble you hab give me! Why you run so? sure you know me voice."

"Know it, my sweet lump of charcoal; I'd know it among a thousand, if ye'd only use it in its own pretty natural tones; but if you will go and screech like a bottle-imp, you know," said Corrie, remonstratively, "how can you expect a stupid feller like me to recognize it?"

"There ain't no sich things as bottle-imps, no more nor ghosts," observed Bumpus; "but hold your noise, you chatterbox, and let's hear wot the gal's got to say. Mayhap she knows summat about Alice?"

At this, Poopy manufactured an expression on her sable countenance which was meant to be intensely knowing and suggestive.

"Don't I? Yes, me do," said she.

"Out with it, then, at once, you pot of shoe-blacking," cried the impatient Corrie.

The girl immediately related all that she knew regarding the fugitives, stammering very much from sheer anxiety to get it all out as fast as she could, and delaying her communication very much in consequence, besides rendering

her meaning rather obscuresometimes unintelligible. Indeed, the worthy seaman could scarcely understand a word she said. He sat staring at the whites of her eyes, which, with her teeth, were the only visible parts of her countenance at that moment, and swayed his body to and fro, as if endeavoring by a mechanical effort to arrive at a philosophical conception of something exceedingly abstruse. But at the end of each period he turned to Corrie for a translation.

At length both man and boy became aware of the state of things, and Corrie started up crying:

"Let's go into the cave at once."

"Hold on, boy," cried Bumpus! "not quite so fast (as the monkey said to the barrel-organ w'en it took to playin' Scotch reels). We must have a council of war; d'ye see? The black monster Keona may have gone right through the cave and comed out at t'other end of it, in w'ich case it's all up with our chance o' finding 'em to-night. But if they've gone in to spend the night there, why we've nothing to do but watch at the mouth of it till mornin' an' nab 'em as they comes out."

"Yes; but how are we to know whether they're in the cave or not?" said Corrie, impatiently.

"Ah! that's the puzzler," replied Bumpus, in a meditative way; "but of course, we must look out for puzzlers ahead sometimes w'en we gets into a land storm, d'ye see; just as we looks out ahead for breakers in a storm at sea. Suppose now that I creeps into the cave and listens for 'em. They'd never hear me, 'cause I'd make no noise."

"You might as well try to sail into it in a big ship without making noise, you Grampus."

To this the Grampus observed, that if the cave had only three fathoms of water in the bottom of it he would have no objections whatever to try.

"But," added he, "suppose you go in."

Corrie shook his head, and looked anxiously miserable.

"Well, then," said Bumpus, "suppose we light two torches. I'll take one in one hand, and this here cutlash in the other; and you'll take t'other torch in one hand and your pistol in the other, and clap that bit of a broken sword 'tween yer teeth, and we'll give a 'orrid screech, and rush in, pell-mellall of a heap like. You could fire yer pistol straight before you on chance (it's wonderful

wot a chance shot will do sometimes); an' if it don't do nothin', fling it right into the blackguard's face: a brass-mounted tool like that ketchin' him right on the end of his peak would lay him flat over, like a ship in a white squall."

"And suppose," said Corrie, in a tone of withering sarcasm,"suppose all this happened to Alice, instead of the dirty nigger?"

"Ah! to be sure. That's a puzzler,puzzler number two."

Here Poopy, who had listened with great impatience to the foregoing conversation, broke in energetically.

"An' s'pose," said she, "dat Keona and Missy Alice come out ob cave w'en you two be talkerin' sich a lot of stuff?"

It may as well be remarked, in passing, that Poopy had acquired a considerable amount of her knowledge of English from Master Corrie. Her remark, although not politely made, was sufficiently striking to cause Bumpus to start up, and exclaim:

"That's true, gal. Come, show us the way to this here cave."

There was a fourth individual present at this council of war who apparently felt a deep interest in its results, although he took no part in its proceedings. This was no other than Keona himself, who lay extended at full length among the rocks, not two yards from the spot where Bumpus sat, listening intently, and grinning from ear to ear with fiendish malice.

The series of shrieks, howls, and yells to which reference has been made had naturally attracted the attention of that wily savage when he was in the cave. Following the sounds with quick, noiseless step, he soon found himself within a few paces of the deliberating trio. The savage did not make much of the conversation, but he gathered sufficient to assure himself that his hiding-place had been discovered, and that plans were being laid for his capture.

It would have been an easy matter for him to have suddenly leaped on the unsuspecting Bumpus and driven a knife to his heart, after which poor Corrie and the girl could have been easily dealt with; but fortunately (at least for his enemies, if not for himself) indecision in the moment of action was one of Keona's besetting sins. He suspected that other enemies might be near at hand, and that the noise of the scuffle might draw them to the spot. He observed, moreover, that the boy had a pistol, which, besides being a weapon that acts quickly and surely, even in weak hands, would give a loud report and a bright flash that might be heard and seen at a great distance. Taking these things into consideration, he thrust back the knife which he had half unsheathed, and,

retreating with the slow, gliding motion of a serpent, got beyond the chance of being detected, just as Bumpus rose to follow Poopy to the cave.

The savage entered its yawning mouth in a few seconds, and glided noiselessly into its dark recesses like an evil spirit. Soon after, the trio reached the same spot, and stood for some time silently gazing upon the thick darkness within.

A feeling of awe crept over them as they stood thus, and a shudder passed through Corrie's frame as he thought of the innumerable ghosts that mightprobably didinhabit that dismal place. But the thought of Alice served partly to drive away his fears and steel his heart. He felt that the presence of such a sweet and innocent child must, somehow or other, subdue and baffle the power of evil spirits, and it was with some show of firmness that he said:

"Come, Bumpus, let's go in. We are better without a torch; it would only show that we were coming; and as they don't expect us, the savage may perhaps kindle a light which will guide us."

Bumpus, who was not restrained by any thoughts of the supposed power or influence of the little girl, and whose superstitious fears were again doing furious battle with his natural courage, heaved a deep sigh, ground his teeth together, and clenched his fists.

Even in that dreadful hour the seaman's faith in his physical invincibility, and in the terrible power of his fists, did not altogether fail. Although he wore a cutlass, and had used it that day with tremendous effect, he did not now draw it. He preferred to engage supernatural enemies with the weapons that nature had given him, and entered the cave on tiptoe with slow, cautious steps, his fists tightly clenched and ready for instant action, yet thrust into the pockets of his coatee in a deceptively peaceful way, as if he meant to take the ghosts by surprise.

Corrie followed him, also on tiptoe, with the broken saber in his right hand, and the cocked pistol in his left, his forefinger being on the trigger, and the muzzle pointing straight at the small of the seaman's back,if one may be permitted to talk of such an enormous back having any "small" about it!

Poopy entered last, also on tiptoe, trembling violently, holding on with both hands to the waistband of Corrie's trousers, and only restrained from instant flight by her anxieties and her strong love for little Alice.

Thus, step by step, with bated breath and loudly beating hearts, pausing often to listen, and gasping in a subdued way at times, the three friends advanced from the gloom without into the thick darkness within, until their gliding

forms were swallowed up.

Now it so happened that the shouts and yells to which we have more than once made reference in this chapter attracted a band of savages who had been put to flight by Henry Stuart's party. These rascals, not knowing what was the cause of so much noise up on the heights, and being much too well acquainted with the human voice in all its modifications to fancy that ghosts had anything to do with it, cautiously ascended towards the cavern, just a few minutes after the disappearance of John Bumpus and his companions.

Here they sat down to hold a palaver. While this was going on, Keona carried Alice in his unwounded arm to the other end of the cave, and, making his exit through a small opening at its inner extremity, bore his trembling captive to a rocky eminence, shaped somewhat like a sugarloaf, on the summit of which he placed her. So steep were the sides of this cone of lava, that it seemed to Alice that she was surrounded by precipices over which she must certainly tumble if she dared to move.

Here Keona left her, having first, however, said, in a low, stern voice:

"If you moves, you dies!"

The poor child was too much terrified to move, even had she dared; for she, too, had heard the unaccountable cries of Poopy, although, owing to distance and the wild nature of these cries, she had failed to recognize the voice. When, therefore, her jailer left her with this threat, she coiled herself up in the smallest possible space, and began to sob.

Meanwhile, Keona re-entered the cavern, with a diabolical grin on his sable countenance, which, although it savored more of evil than of any other quality, had in it, nevertheless, a strong dash of ferocious joviality, as if he were aware that he had got his enemies into a trap, and could amuse himself by playing with them as a cat does with a mouse.

Soon the savage began to step cautiously, partly because of the rugged nature of the ground and the thick darkness that surrounded him, and partly in order to avoid alarming the three adventurers who were advancing towards him from the other extremity of the cavern. In a few minutes he halted; for the footsteps and the whispering voices of his pursuers became distinctly audible to him, although all three did their best to make as little noise as possible.

"Wot a 'orrid place it is!" exclaimed Bumpus, in a hoarse, angry whisper, as he struck his shins violently, for at least the tenth time, against a ledge of rock. "I do b'lieve, boy, that there's nobody here, and that we'd as well 'bout ship and

steer back the way we've comed; tho' it is a 'orrible coast for rocks and shoals."

To this, Corrie, not being in a talkative humor, made no reply.

"D'ye hear me, boy?" said Jo, aloud, for he was somewhat shaken again by the dead silence that followed the close of his remark.

"All right; I'm here;" said Corrie, meekly.

"Then why don't ye speak?" said Jo, tartly.

"I'd advise you not to speak so loud," retorted the boy.

"Is the dark 'un there?" inquired Bumpus.

"What d'ye say?"

"The dark 'un; the lump o' charcoal, you know."

"Oh! she's all safe," replied Corrie. "I only hope she won't haul the clothes right off my body; she grips at my waistband like a"

Here he was cut short by Keona, who gave utterance to a low, dismal wail that caused the blood and marrow of all three to freeze up, and their hearts for a moment to leap into their throats and all but choke them.

"Poopy's gone," gasped Corrie, after a few seconds had elapsed.

There was no doubt of the fact; for besides the relief experienced by the boy, from the relaxing of her grip on his waistband, the moment the wail was heard, the sound of the girl's footsteps, as she flew back to the entrance of the cave was distinctly heard.

Keona waited a minute or two to ascertain the exact position of his enemies, then he repeated the wail, and swelled it gradually out into a fiendish yell that awoke all the echoes of the place. At the same time, guessing his aim as well as he could, he threw a spear and discharged a shower of stones at the spot where he supposed they stood.

There is no understanding the strange workings of the human mind! The very thing that most people would have expected to strike terror to the heart of Bumpus was that which infused courage into his soul. The frightful tones of the savage's voice in such a place did indeed almost prostrate the superstitious spirit of the seaman; but when he heard the spear whiz past within an inch of his ear, and received a large stone full on his chest, and several small ones on other parts of his person, that instant his strength returned to him, like that of Samson when the Philistines attempted to fall upon him. His curiously

philosophical mind at once leaped to the conclusion that, although ghosts could yell, and look, and vanish, they could not throw spears or fling stones, and that, therefore, the man they were in search of was actually close beside them.

Acting on this belief, with immense subtlety Bumpus uttered a cry of feigned terror, and fled, followed by the panting Corrie, who uttered a scream of real terror at what he supposed must be the veritable ghost of the place.

But before he had run fifty yards, John Bumpus suddenly came to a dead halt, seized Corrie by the collar, dragged him down behind a rock, and laid his large hand upon his mouth, as being the shortest and easiest way of securing silence, without the trouble of explanation.

As he had anticipated, the soft tread of the savage was heard almost immediately after, as he passed on in full pursuit. He brushed close past the spot where Bumpus crouched, and received from that able-bodied seaman such a blow on the shoulder of his wounded arm as, had it been delivered in daylight, would have certainly smashed his shoulder-blade. As it was, it caused him to stagger, and sent him howling with pain to the mouth of the cavern, whither he was followed by the triumphant Jo, who now made sure of catching him.

But "there is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip." When Keona issued from the cave, he was received with a shout by the band of savages, who instantly recognized him as their friend by his voice. Poor Poopy was already in their hands, having been seized and gagged when she emerged before she had time to utter a cry. And now they stood in a semicircle, ready to receive all who might come forth into their arms, or on their spear-points, as the case might be.

Bumpus came out like an insane thunderbolt, and Corrie like a streak of lightning. Instantaneously the flash of the pistol, accompanied by its report and a deep growl from Bumpus, increased the resemblance to these meteorological phenomena, and three savages lay stunned upon the ground.

"This way, Corrie!" cried the excited seaman, leaping to a perpendicular rock, against which he placed his back, and raised his fists in a pugilistic attitude, "Keep one or two in play with your broken toothpick, an' I'll floor 'em one after another as they comes up. Now, then, ye black baboons, come on,all at once, if you like,an' Jo Bumpus'll show ye wot he's made of!"

Not perceiving very clearly, in the dim light caused by a few stars that flickered among the black and gathering clouds, the immense size and power of the man with whom they had to deal, the savages were not slow to accept this free and generous invitation to "come on." They rushed forward in a body,

intending, no doubt, to take the man and boy prisoners; for if they had wished to slay them, nothing would have been easier than to have thrown one or two of their spears at their defenseless breasts.

Bumpus experienced a vague feeling that he had now a fair opportunity of testing and proving his invincibility; yet the desperate nature of the case did not induce him to draw his sword. He preferred his fists, as being superior and much more handy weapons. He received the first two savages who came within reach on the knuckles of his right and left hands, rendering them utterly insensible, and driving them against the two men immediately behind with such tremendous violence that they also were put hors de combat.

This was just what Bumpus had intended and hoped for. The sudden fall of so many gave him time to launch out his great fists a second time. They fell with the weight of sledge-hammers on the faces of two more of his opponents, flattening their noses, and otherwise disfiguring their features, besides stretching them on the ground. At the same time, Corrie flung his empty pistol in the face of a man who attempted to assault his companion on the right flank unawares, and laid him prone on the earth. Another savage, who made the same effort on the left, received a gash on the thigh from the broken saber that sent him howling from the scene of conflict.

Thus were eight savages disposed of in about as many seconds.

But there is a limit to the powers and the prowess of man. The savages, on seeing the fall of so many of their companions, rushed in on Bumpus before he could recover himself for another blow. That is to say, the savages behind pushed forward those in front whether they would or no, and falling en masse on the unfortunate pair, well-nigh buried them alive in black human flesh.

Bumpus's last cry before being smothered was, "Down with the black varmints!" and Corrie's last shout was, "Hooray!"

Thus felldespite the undignified manner of their falla couple of as great heroes as were ever heard of in the annals of war; not excepting even those of Homer himself.

Now, good reader, this maybe all very well for us to describe, and for you to read, but it was a terrible thing for Poopy to witness. Being bound hand and foot, she was compelled to look on; and, to say truth, she did look on with uncommon interest. When her friends fell, however, she expressed her regrets and fears in a subdued shriek, for which she received a sounding slap on the cheek from a young savage who had chosen for himself the comparatively dangerous post of watching her, while his less courageous friends were fighting.

Strange to say, Poopy did not shed more tears (as one might have expected) on receiving such treatment. She had been used to that sort of thing, poor child. Before coming to the service of her little mistress, she had been brought up (it would be more strictly correct to say that she had been kicked, and cuffed, and pinched, and battered up) by a step-mother, whose chief delight was to pull out handfuls of her woolly hair, beat her nose flat (which was adding insult to injury, for it was too flat by nature), and otherwise to maltreat her. When, therefore, Poopy received the slap referred to, she immediately dried her eyes and looked humble. But she did not by any means feel humble. No; a regard for truth compels us to state that, on this particular occasion, Poopy acted the part of a hypocrite. If her hands had been loose, and she had possessed a knife just thenwe are afraid to think of the dreadful use to which she would have put it.

The natives spent a considerable time in securely binding their three captives, after which they bore them into the cavern.

Here they kindled a torch, and held a long palaver as to what was to be done with the prisoners. Some counseled instant death, others advised that they should be kept as hostages.

The debate was so long and fierce, that the day had begun to break before it was concluded. It was at length arranged that they should be conveyed alive to their village, there to be disposed of according to the instructions of their chiefs.

Feeling that they had already delayed too long, they placed the prisoners on their shoulders, and bore them swiftly away.

Poor Corrie and his sable friend were easily carried, coiled up like sacks, each on the shoulders of a stalwart savage; but Bumpus, who had required eight men to bind him, still remained unconvinced of his vincibility. He struggled so violently on the shoulders of the four men who bore him, that Keona, in a fit of passion, tinged no doubt with revenge, hit him such a blow on the head with the handle of an ax as caused his brains to sing, and a host of stars to dance before his eyes.

These stars were, however, purely imaginary; for at that time the dawn had extinguished the lesser lights. Ere long, the bright beams of the rising sun suffused the eastern sky with a golden glow. On passing the place where Alice had been left, a couple of the party were sent by Keona to fetch her. They took the unnecessary precaution of binding the poor child, and speedily rejoined their comrades with her in their arms.

The amazement of her friends on seeing Alice was only equaled by her surprise on beholding them. But they were not permitted to communicate with each other. Presently the whole party emerged from the wild mountain gorges, through which they had been passing for some time, and proceeded in single file along a narrow path that skirted the precipices of the coast. The cliffs here were nearly a hundred feet high. They descended sheer down into deep water; in some places even overhung the sea.

Here John Bumpus, having recovered from the stunning effects of the blow dealt him by Keona, renewed his struggles, and rendered the passage of the place not only difficult but dangerousto himself as well as to his enemies. Just as they reached a somewhat open space on the top of the cliffs, Jo succeeded, by almost superhuman exertion in bursting his bonds. Keona, foaming with rage, gave an angry order to his followers, who rushed upon Bumpus in a body as he was endeavoring to clear himself of the cords. Although John struck out manfully, the savages were too quick for him. They raised him suddenly aloft in their arms, and hurled him headlong over the cliff!

The horror of his friends on witnessing this may easily be imagined; but every other feeling was swallowed up in terror when the savages, apparently rendered bloodthirsty by what they had done, ran towards Alice, and, raising her from the ground, hastened to the edge of the cliff, evidently with the intention of throwing her over also.

Before they, had accomplished their fiendish purpose, however, a sound like thunder burst upon their ears and arrested their steps. This was immediately followed by another crash, and then came a series of single reports in rapid succession, which were multiplied by the echoes of the heights until the whole region seemed to tremble with the reverberation.

At first the natives seemed awe-stricken. Then, on becoming aware that the sounds which originated all this tumult came from the direction of their own village, they dropped Alice on the ground, fled precipitately down the rugged path that led from the heights to the valley, and disappeared, leaving the three captives, bound and helpless, on the cliffs.

CHAPTER XII.
DANGEROUS NAVIGATION AND DOUBTFUL PILOTAGEMONTAGUE IS HOT, GASCOYNE SARCASTIC.

We now turn to the Talisman, which, it will be remembered, we left making her way slowly through the reefs toward the northern end of the island, under the pilotage of Gascoyne.

The storm, which had threatened to burst over the island at an earlier period of that evening, passed off far to the south. The light breeze which had tempted Captain Montague to weigh anchor soon died away, and before night a profound calm brooded over the deep.

When the breeze fell, Gascoyne went forward, and, seating himself on a forecastle carronade, appeared to fall into a deep reverie. Montague paced the quarter-deck impatiently, glancing from time to time down the skylight at the barometer which hung in the cabin, and at the vane which drooped motionless from the masthead. He acted with the air of a man who was deeply dissatisfied with the existing state of things, and who felt inclined to take the laws of nature into his own hands. Fortunately for nature and himself, he was unable to do this.

Ole Thorwald exhibited a striking contrast to the active, impatient commander of the vessel. That portly individual, having just finished a cigar which the first lieutenant had presented to him on his arrival on board, threw the fag end of it into the sea, and proceeded leisurely to fill a large-headed German pipe, which was the constant companion of his waking hours, and the bowl of which seldom enjoyed a cool moment.

Ole having filled the pipe, lighted it; then leaning over the taffrail, he gazed placidly into the dark waters, which were so perfectly calm that every star in the vault above could be compared with its reflection in the abyss below.

Ole Thorwald, excepting when engaged in actual battle, was phlegmatic, and constitutionally lazy and happy. When enjoying his German pipe he felt impressibly serene, and did not care to be disturbed. He therefore paid no attention to the angry manner of Montague, who brushed past him repeatedly in his hasty perambulations, but continued to gaze downwards and smoke calmly in a state of placid felicity.

"You appear to take things coolly, Mister Thorwald," said Montague, half in jest, yet with a touch of asperity in his manner.

"I always do" (puff) "when the weather's not warm." (Puff, puff.)

"Humph!" ejaculated Montague; "but the weather is warm just now; at least it seems so to me,so warm that I should not be surprised if a thunder-squall were to burst upon us ere long."

"Not a pleasant place to be caught in a squall," returned the other, gazing through the voluminous clouds of smoke which he emitted at several coral reefs, whose ragged edges just rose to the level of the calm sea without breaking its mirror-like surface; "I've seen one or two fine vessels caught that

way, just here abouts, and go right down in the middle of the breakers."

Montague smiled, and the commander-in-chief of the Sandy Cove army fired innumerable broadsides from his mouth with redoubled energy.

"That is not a cheering piece of information," said he, "especially when one has reason to believe that a false man stands at the helm."

Montague uttered the latter part of his speech in a subdued, earnest voice, and the matter-of-fact Ole turned his eyes slowly towards the man at the wheel; but observing that he who presided there was a short, fat, commonplace, and uncommonly jolly-looking seaman, he merely uttered a grunt, and looked at Montague inquiringly.

"Nay: I mean not the man who actually holds the spokes of the wheel, but he who guides the ship."

Thorwald glanced at Gascoyne, whose figure was dimly visible in the fore part of the ship, and then looking at Montague in surprise, shook his head gravely, as if to say, "I'm still in the dark; go on."

"Can Mr. Thorwald put out his pipe for a few minutes, and accompany me to the cabin? I would have a little converse on this matter in private."

Ole hesitated.

"Well, then," said the other, smiling, "you may take the pipe with you, although it is against rules to smoke in my cabin; but I'll make an exception in your case."

Ole smiled, bowed, and thanking the captain for his courtesy, descended to the cabin along with him, and sat down on a sofa in the darkest corner of it. Here he smoked vehemently, while his companion, assuming rather a mysterious air, said, in an undertone:

"You have heard, of course, that the pirate Durward has been seen, or heard of, in these seas?"

Ole nodded.

"Has it ever struck you that this Gascoyne, as he calls himself, knows more about the pirate than he chooses to tell?"

"Never," replied Ole. Indeed, nothing ever did strike the stout commander-in-chief of the forces. All new ideas came to him by slow degrees, and did not readily find admission to his perceptive faculties. But when they did gain an

entrance into his thick head, nothing was ever known to drive them out again. As he did not seem inclined to comment on the hint thrown out by his companion, Montague continued, in a still more impressive tone:

"What would you say, if this Gascoyne himself turned out to be the pirate?"

The idea being a simple one, and the proper course to follow being rather obvious, Ole replied, with unwonted promptitude: "Put him in irons, of course, and hang him as soon possible."

Montague laughed. "Truly that would be a vigorous way of proceeding; but as I have no proof of the truth of my suspicions, and as the man is my guest at present, as well as my pilot, it behooves me to act more cautiously."

"Not at all; by no means; you're quite wrong, captain (which is the natural result of being young; all young people go wrong more or less); it is clearly your duty to catch a pirate anyhow you can, as fast as you can, and kill him without delay."

Here the sanguinary Thorwald paused to draw and puff into vitality the pipe which was beginning to die down, and Montague asked:

"But how d'you know he is the pirate?"

"Because you said so," replied his friend.

"Nay; I said that I suspected him to be Durward,nothing more."

"And what more would you have?" cried Ole, whose calm spirit was ruffled with unusual violence at the thought of the hated Durward being actually within his reach. "For my part, I conceive that you are justified in taking him up on suspicion, trying him in a formal way (just to save appearances) on suspicion and hanging him at once on suspicion. Quite time enough to inquire into the matter after the villain is comfortably sewed up in a hammock with a thirty-pound shot at his heels, and sent to the bottom of the sea for the sharks and crabs to devour. Suspicion is nine points of the law in these regions, Captain Montague, and we never allow the tenth point to interfere with the course of justice one way or another. Hang him, or shoot him if you prefer it, at once; that is what I recommend."

Just as Thorwald concluded this amiable piece of advice, the deep, strong tones of Gascoyne's voice were heard addressing the first lieutenant.

"You had better hoist your royals and skyscrapers, Mr. Mulroy; we shall have a light air off the land presently, and it will require all your canvas to carry the ship round the north point, so as to bring her guns to bear on the village of the

savages."

"The distance seems to me very short," replied the lieutenant, "and the Talisman sails faster than you may suppose with a light wind."

"I doubt not the sailing qualities of your good ship, though I could name a small schooner that would beat them in light wind or storm; but you forget that we have to land our stout ally Mr. Thorwald with his men at the Goat's Pass, and that will compel us to lose time,too much of which has been lost already."

Without reply, the lieutenant turned on his heel, and gave the necessary orders to hoist the additional sails, while the captain hastened on deck, leaving Thorwald to finish his pipe in peace, and ruminate on the suspicions which had been raised in his mind.

In less than half an hour the light wind which Gascoyne had predicted came off the land, first in a series of what sailors term "cat's paws," and then in a steady breeze, which lasted several hours, and caused the vessel to slip rapidly through the still water. As he looked anxiously over the bow, Captain Montague felt that he had placed himself completely in the power of the suspected skipper of the Foam; for coral reefs surrounded him on all sides, and many of them passed so close to the ship's side that he expected every moment to feel the shock that would wreck his vessel and his hopes at the same time. He blamed himself for trusting a man whom he supposed he had such good reason to doubt, but consoled himself by thrusting his hand into his bosom an grasping the handle of a pistol, with which, in the event of the ship striking, he had made up his mind to blow out Gascoyne's brains.

About an hour later, the Talisman was hove-to off the Goat's Pass, and Ole Thorwald was landed with his party at the base of a cliff which rose sheer up from the sea like a wall.

"Are we to go up there?" inquired Ole, in a rueful tone of voice, as he surveyed a narrow chasm to which Gascoyne guided him.

"That is the way. It's not so bad at it looks. When you get to the top, follow the little path that leads along the cliffs northward, and you will reach the brow of a hill from which the native village will be visible. Descend and attack it at once, if you find men to fight with; if not, take possession quietly. Mind you don't take the wrong turn; it leads to places where a wildcat would not venture even in daylight. If you attend to what I have said, you can't go wrong. Good-night. Shove off."

The oars splashed in the sea at the word, and Gascoyne returned to the ship, leaving Ole to lead his men up the Pass as best he might.

It seemed as if the pilot had resolved to make sure of the destruction of the ship that night; for, not content with running her within a foot or two of innumerable reefs, he at last steered in so close to the shore that the beetling cliffs actually seemed to overhang the deck. When the sun rose, the breeze died away; but sufficient wind continued to fill the upper sails, and to urge the vessel gently onward for some time after the surface of the sea was calm.

Montague endeavored to conceal and repress his anxiety as long as possible; but when at length a line of breakers without any apparent opening presented themselves right ahead, he went up to Gascoyne and said, in a stern undertone:

"Are you aware that you forfeit your life if my vessel strikes?"

"I know it," replied Gascoyne, coolly throwing away the stump of his cigar, and lighting a fresh one; "but I have no desire either to destroy your vessel or to lose my life; although, to say truth, I should have no objection, in other circumstances, to attempt the one and to risk the other."

"Say you so?" said Montague, with a sharp glance at the countenance of the other, where, however, he could perceive nothing but placid good humor; "that speech sounds marvelously warlike, methinks in the mouth of a sandal-wood trader."

"Think you, then," said Gascoyne, with a smile of contempt, "that it is only your fire-eating men of war who experience bold impulses and heroic desires?"

"Nay; but traders are not wont to aspire to the honor of fighting the ships that are commissioned to protect them."

"Truly, if I had sought protection from the war-ships of the King of England, I must have sailed long and far to find it," returned Gascoyne. "It is no child's play to navigate these seas, where bloodthirsty savages swarm in their canoes like locusts. Moreover, I sail, as I have told you before, in the China Seas, where pirates are more common than honest traders. What would you say if I were to take it into my head to protect myself?"

"That you were well able to do so," answered Montague, with a smile; "but when I examined the Foam, I found no arms save a few cutlasses and rusty muskets that did not seem to have been in recent use."

"A few bold men can defend themselves with any kind of weapons. My men are stout fellows, not used to flinch at the sound of a round shot passing over their heads."

The conversation was interrupted here by the ship rounding a point and suddenly opening up a view of a fine bay, at the head of which, embosomed in trees and dense underwood, stood the native village of which they were in search.

Just in front of this village lay a small but high and thickly-wooded island, which, as it were, filled up the head of the bay, sheltering it completely from the ocean, and making the part of the sea which washed the shores in front of the houses resemble a deep and broad canal. This stripe of water was wide and deep enough to permit of a vessel of the largest size passing through it; but to any one approaching the place for the first time, there seemed to be no passage for any sort of craft larger than a native canoe. The island itself was high enough to conceal the Talisman completely from the natives until she was within half gunshot of the shore.

Gascoyne still stood on the fore part of the ship as she neared this spot, which was so beset with reefs and rocks that her escape seemed miraculous.

"I think we are near enough for the work that we have to do," suggested Montague, in some anxiety.

"Just about it, Mr. Montague," said Gascoyne, as he turned towards the helm and shouted, "Port your helm."

"Port it is," answered the man at the wheel.

"Steady."

"Back the topsails, Mr. Mulroy."

The sails were backed at once, and the ship became motionless, with her broadside to the village.

"What are we to do now, Mr. Gascoyne?" inquired Montague, smiling in spite of himself at the strange position in which he found himself.

"Fire away at the village as hard as you can," replied Gascoyne, returning the smile.

"What! do you really advise me to bombard a defenseless place, in which, as far as I can see, there are none but women and children."

"Even so," returned the other, carelessly. "At the same time I would advise you to give it them with a blank cartridge."

"And to what purpose such waste of powder?" inquired Montague.

"The furthering of the plans which I have been appointed to carry out," replied Gascoyne, somewhat stiffly, as he turned on his heel and walked away.

The young captain reddened and bit his lip, as he gave the order to load the guns with blank cartridge, and made preparation to fire this harmless broadside on the village. The word to "fire" had barely crossed his lips when the rocks around seemed to tremble with the crash of a shot that came apparently from the other side of the island; for its smoke was visible, although the vessel that discharged it was concealed behind the point. The Talisman's broadside followed so quickly that the two discharges were blended in one.

CHAPTER XIII.
DOINGS ON BOARD THE "FOAM."

The nature of this part of our story requires that we should turn back, repeatedly, in order to trace the movements of the different parties which coöperated with each other.

While the warlike demonstrations we have described were being made by the British cruiser, the crew of the Foam were not idle.

In consequence of the capture of Bumpus by the savages, Gascoyne's message was, of course, not delivered to Manton, and the first mate of the sandal-wood trader would have known nothing about the fight that raged on the other side of the island on the Sunday but for the three shots, fired by the first lieutenant of the Talisman, which decided the fate of the day.

Being curious to know the cause of the firing, Manton climbed the mountains until he gained the dividing ridge,which, however, he did not succeed in doing till late in the afternoon, the way being rugged as well as long. Here he almost walked into the midst of a flying party of the beaten savages; but dropping suddenly behind a rock, he escaped their notice. The haste with which they ran, and the wounds visible on the persons of many of them, were sufficient to acquaint the mate of the Foam with the fact that a fight had taken place in which the savages had been beaten; and his knowledge of the state of affairs on the island enabled him to jump at once to the correct conclusion that the Christian village had been attacked.

A satanic smile played on the countenance of the mate as he watched the savages until they were out of sight; then, quitting his place of concealment, he hurried back to the schooner, which he reached some time after nightfall.

Immediately on gaining the deck he gave orders to haul the chain of the

anchor short, to shake out the sails, and to make other preparations to avail himself without delay of the light breeze off the land which his knowledge of the weather and the locality taught him to look for before morning.

While his orders were being executed, a boat came alongside with that part of the crew which had been sent ashore by Gascoyne to escape the eye of the British commander. It was in charge of the second mate,a short, but thick-set, and extremely powerful man, of the name of Scraggs,who walked up to his superior the moment he came on board, and, in a tone somewhat disrespectful, asked what was going to be done.

"Don't you see?" growled Manton; "we're getting ready to sail."

"Of course I see that," retorted Scraggs, between whom and his superior officer there existed a feeling of jealousy as well as of mutual antipathy, for reasons which will be seen hereafter; "but I should like to know where we are going, and why we are going anywhere without the captain. I suppose I am entitled to ask that much."

"It's your business to obey orders," said Manton, angrily.

"Not if they are in opposition to the captain's orders," replied Scraggs, firmly, but in a more respectful tone; for in proportion as he became more mutinous, he felt that he could afford to become more deferential. "The captain's last orders to you were to remain where you are; I heard him give them, and I do not feel it my duty to disobey him at your bidding. You'll find, too, that the crew are of my way of thinking."

Manton's face flushed crimson, and, for a moment, he felt inclined to seize a handspike and fell the refractory second mate therewith; but the looks of a few of the men who were standing by and had overheard the conversation convinced him that a violent course of procedure would do him injury. Swallowing his passion, therefore, as he best could, he said:

"Come, Mr. Scraggs, I did not expect that you would set a mutinous example to the men; and if it were not that you do so out of respect for the supposed orders of the captain, I would put you in irons at once."

Scraggs smiled sarcastically at this threat, but made no reply, and the mate continued:

"The captain did indeed order me to remain where we are; but I have since discovered that the black dogs have attacked the Christian settlement, as it is called, and you know as well as I do that Gascoyne would not let slip the chance to pitch into the undefended village of the niggers, and pay them off

for the mischief they have done to us more than once. At any rate, I mean to go round and blow down their log huts with Long Tom; so you can go ashore if you don't like the work."

Manton knew well, when he made this allusion to mischief formerly done to the crew of the Foam, that he touched a rankling sore in the breast of Scraggs, who in a skirmish with the natives some time before had lost an eye; and the idea of revenging himself on the defenseless women and children of his enemies was so congenial to the mind of the second mate, that his objections to act willingly under Manton's orders were at once removed.

"Ha!" said he, commencing to pace to and fro on the quarter-deck with his superior officer, while the men made the necessary preparations for the intended assault, "that alters the case, Mr. Manton. I don't think, however, that Gascoyne would have taken advantage of the chance to give the brutes what they deserve; for I must say he does seem to be unaccountably chicken-hearted. Perhaps it's as well that he's out of the way. Do you happen to know where he is, or what he's doing?"

"Not I. No doubt he is playing some sly game with this British cruiser, and I dare say he may be lending a hand to the settlers; for he's got some strange interests to look after there, you know" (here both men laughed), "and I shouldn't wonder if he was beforehand with us in pitching into the niggers. He is always ready enough to fight in self-defense, though we can never get him screwed up to the assaulting point."

"Aye, we saw something of the fighting from the hilltops; but as it is no business of ours, I brought the men down, in case they might be wanted aboard."

"Quite right, Scraggs. You're a judicious fellow to send on a dangerous expedition. I'm not sure, however, that Gascoyne would thank you for leaving him to fight the savages alone."

Manton chuckled as he said this, and Scraggs grinned maliciously as he replied:

"Well, it can't exactly be said that I've left him, seeing that I have not been with him since we parted aboard of this schooner; and as to his fightin' the niggers alone, hasn't he got ever so many hundred Christian niggers to help him to lick the others?"

"True," said Manton, while a smile of contempt curled his lip. "But here comes the breeze, and the sun wont be long behind it. All the better for the work we've got to do. Mind your helm there. Here, lads, take a pull at the

topsail halyards; and some of you get the nightcap off Long Tom. I say, Mr. Scraggs, should we show them the red, by way of comforting their hearts?"

Scraggs shook his head dubiously. "You forget the cruiser. She has eyes aboard, and may chance to set them on that same red; in which case it's likely she would show us her teeth."

"And what then?" demanded Manton, "are you also growing chicken-hearted? Besides," he added, in a milder tone, "the cruiser is quietly at anchor on the other side of the island, and there's not a captain in the British navy who could take a pinnace, much less a ship, through the reefs at the north end of the island without a pilot."

"Well," returned Scraggs, carelessly, "do as you please. It's all one to me."

While the two officers were conversing, the active crew of the Foam were busily engaged in carrying out the orders of Manton; and the graceful schooner glided swiftly along the coast before the same breeze which urged the Talisman to the north end of the island. The former, having few reefs to avoid, approached her destination much more rapidly than the latter, and there is no doubt that she would have arrived first on the scene of action had not the height and form of the cliffs prevented the wind from filling her sails on two or three occasions.

Meanwhile, in obedience to Manton's orders, a great and very peculiar change was effected in the outward aspect of the Foam. To one unacquainted with the character of the schooner, the proceedings of her crew must have seemed unaccountable as well as surprising. The carpenter and his assistants were slung over the sides of the vessel upon which they plied their screwdrivers for a considerable time with great energy, but, apparently, with very little result. In the course of a quarter of an hour, however, a long narrow plank was loosened, which, when stripped off, discovered a narrow line of bright scarlet running quite round the vessel, a little more than a foot above the water-line. This having been accomplished, they next proceeded to the figurehead, and, unscrewing the white lady who smiled there, fixed in her place a hideous griffin's head, which, like the ribbon, was also bright scarlet. While these changes were being effected, others of the crew removed the boat that lay on the deck, bottom up between the masts, and uncovered a long brass pivot-gun, of the largest caliber, which shone in the saffron light of morning like a mass of burnished gold. This gun was kept scrupulously clean and neat in all its arrangements; the rammers, sponges, screws, and other apparatus belonging to it were neatly arranged beside it, and four or five of its enormous iron shot were piled under its muzzle. The traversing gear connected with it was well greased, and, in short, everything about the gun gave proof of the care that was

bestowed on it.

But these were not the only alterations made in the mysterious schooner. Round both masts were piled a number of muskets, boarding-pikes, cutlasses, and pistols, all of which were perfectly clean and bright, and the menfierce enough and warlike in their aspect at all timeshad now rendered themselves doubly so by putting on broad belts with pistols therein, and tucking up their sleeves to the shoulders, thereby displaying their brawny arms as if they had dirty work before them. This strange metamorphosis was finally completed, when Manton, with his own hands, ran up to the peak of the mainsail a bright scarlet flag with the single word "AVENGER" on it in large black letters.

During one of those lulls in the breeze to which we have referred, and while the smooth ocean glowed in the mellow light that ushered in the day, the attention of those on board the Avenger (as we shall call the double-faced schooner when under red colors) was attracted to one of the more distant cliffs, on the summit of which human beings appeared to be moving.

"Hand me that glass," said Manton to one of the men beside him. "I shouldn't wonder if the niggers were up to some mischief there. Ah! just so," he exclaimed, adjusting the telescope a little more correctly, and again applying it to his eye. "They seem to be scuffling on the top of yonder precipice. Now there's one fellow down; but it's so far off that I can't make out clearly what they're about. I say, Mr. Scraggs, get the other glass and take a squint at them; you are further sighted than I am."

"You're right: they are killin' one another up yonder," observed Scraggs, surveying the group on the cliffs with calm indifference.

"Here comes the breeze," exclaimed Manton, with a look of satisfaction. "Now, look alive, lads; we shall be close on the nigger village in five minutes: it's just round the point of this small island close ahead. Come, Mr. Scraggs, we've other business on hand just now than squinting at the scrimmages of these fellows."

"Hold on," cried Scraggs, with a grin; "I do believe they're going to pitch a fellow over that cliff. What a crack he'll come down into the water with, to be sure. It's to be hoped the poor man is dead, for his own sake, before he takes that flight. Hallo!" added Scraggs, with an energetic shout and a look of surprise; "I say, that's one of our men; I know him by his striped flannel shirt. If he would only give up kicking for a second, I'd make out hisHumph! it's all up with him, now, poor fellow, whoever he is."

As he said the last words, the figure of a man was seen to shoot out from the cliff, and, descending with ever-increasing rapidity, to strike the water with

terrific violence, sending up a jet of white foam as it disappeared.

"Stand by to lower the gig," shouted Manton.

"Aye, aye, sir," was the hearty response of the men, as some of them sprang to obey.

"Lower away!"

The boat struck water, and its crew were on the thwarts in a moment. At the same time the point of the island was passed, and the native village opened up to view.

"Load Long Tomdouble shot!" roared Manton, whose ire was raised not so much at the idea of a fellow-creature having been so barbarously murdered as at the notion of one of the crew of his schooner having been so treated by contemptible niggers. "Away, lads, and pick up that man."

"It's of no use," remonstrated Scraggs; "he's done for by this time."

"I know it," said Manton, with a fierce oath; "bring him in, dead or alive. If the sharks leave an inch of him, bring it to me. I'll make the black villains eat it raw."

This ferocious threat was interlarded with and followed by a series of terrible oaths, which we think it inadvisable to repeat.

"Starboard!" he shouted to the man at the helm, as soon as the boat shot away on its mission of mercy.

"Starboard it is."

"Steady!"

While he gave these orders, Manton sighted the brass gun carefully, and, just as the schooner's head came up to the wind, he applied the match.

Instantly a cloud of smoke obscured the center of the little vessel, as if her powder magazine had blown up, and a deafening roar went ringing and reverberating from cliff to cliff as two of the great iron shot were sent groaning through the air and pitched right into the heart of the village.

It was this tremendous shot from Long Tom, followed almost instantaneously by the broadside of the Talisman, that saved the life of Alice,possibly the lives of her young companions also; that struck terror to the hearts of the savages, causing them to converge towards their defenseless homes from all directions, and that apprised Ole Thorwald and Henry Stuart that the assault on the

village had commenced in earnest.

CHAPTER XIV.
GREATER MYSTERIES THAN EVERA BOLD MOVE AND A NARROW ESCAPE.

We return now to the Talisman.

The instant the broadside of the cruiser burst with such violence, and in such close proximity, on Manton's ears, he felt that he had run into the very jaws of the lion; and that escape was almost impossible. The bold heart of the pirate quailed at the thought of his impending fate, but the fear caused by conscious guilt was momentary; his constitutional courage returned so violently as to render him reckless.

It was too late to put about and avoid being seen; for, before the shot was fired, the schooner had already almost run into the narrow channel between the island and the shore. A few seconds later, she sailed gracefully into view of the amazed Montague, who at once recognized the pirate vessel from Gascoyne's faithful description of her, and hurriedly gave orders to load with ball and grape, while a boat was lowered in order to slew the ship more rapidly so as to bring her broadside to bear on the schooner.

To say that Gascoyne beheld all this unmoved would be to give a false impression of the man. He knew the ring of his great gun too well to require the schooner to come in sight in order to convince him that his vessel was near at hand. When, therefore, she appeared, and Montague turned to him with a hasty glance of suspicion and pointed to her, he had completely banished every trace of feeling from his countenance, and sat on the taffrail puffing his cigar with an air of calm satisfaction. Nodding to Montague's glance of inquiry, he said:

"Aye, that's the pirate. I told you he was a bold fellow; but I did not think he was quite so bold as to attempt this!"

To do Gascoyne justice, he told the plain truth here; for, having sent a peremptory order to his mate, by John Bumpus, not to move from his anchorage on any account whatever, he was not a little surprised as well as enraged at what he supposed was Manton's mutinous conduct. But, as we have said, his feelings were confined to his breast; they found no index in his grave face.

Montague suspected, nevertheless, that his pilot was assuming a composure which he did not feel; for from the manner of the meeting of the two vessels,

he was persuaded that it was as little expected on the part of the pirates as of himself. It was with a feeling of curiosity, therefore, as to what reply he should receive, that he put the question, "What would Mr. Gascoyne advise me to do now?"

"Blow the villains out of the water," was the quick answer. "I would have done so before now, had I been you."

"Perhaps you might, but not much sooner," retorted the other, pointing to the guns which were ready loaded, while the men stood at their stations, matches in hand, only waiting for the broadside to be brought to bear on the little vessel, when an iron shower would be sent against her which must, at such short range, have infallibly sent her to the bottom.

The mate of the pirate schooner was quite alive to his danger, and had taken the only means in his power to prevent it. Close to where his vessel lay, a large rock rose between the shore of the large island and the islet in the bay which has been described as separating the two vessels from each other. Owing to the formation of the coast at this place, a powerful stream ran between the rock and this islet at low tide. It happened to be flowing out at that time like a mill-race. Manton saw that the schooner was being sucked into this stream. In other circumstances, he would have endeavored to avoid the danger; for the channel was barely wide enough to allow even a small craft to pass between the rocks; but now he resolved to risk it.

He knew that any attempt to put the schooner about would only hasten the efforts of the cruiser to bring her broadside to bear on him. He also knew that, in the course of a few seconds, he would be carried through the stream into the shelter of the rocky point. He therefore ordered the men to lie down on the deck; while, in a careless manner, he slewed the big brass gun round, so as to point it at the man-of-war.

Gascoyne at once understood the intended maneuver of his mate; and, in spite of himself, a gleam of triumph shot from his eyes. Montague himself suspected that his prize was not altogether so sure as he had deemed it; and he urged the men in the boat to put forth their utmost efforts. The Talisman was almost slewed into position, when the pirate schooner was observed to move rapidly through the water, stern foremost, in the direction of the point. At first Montague could scarcely credit his eyes; but when he saw the end of the main boom pass behind the point, he became painfully alive to the fact that the whole vessel would certainly follow in the course of a few seconds. Although the most of his guns were still not sufficiently well pointed, he gave the order to fire them in succession. The entire broadside burst in this manner from the side of the Talisman, with a prolonged and mighty crash or roar, and tore up

the waters of the narrow channel.

Most of the iron storm passed close by the head of the pirate. However, only one ball took effect; it touched the end of the bowsprit, and sent the jib-boom into the air in splinters. Manton applied the match to the brass gun almost at the same moment, and the heavy ringing roar of her explosion seemed like a prolonged echo of the broadside. The gun was well aimed; but the schooner had already passed so far behind the point that the ball struck a projecting part of the cliff, dashed it into atoms, and, glancing upwards, passed through the cap of the Talisman's mizzen-mast, and brought the lower yard, with all its gear, rattling down on the quarter-deck. When the smoke cleared away, the Avenger had vanished from the scene.

To put the ship about, and follow the pirate schooner, was the first impulse of Montague; but, on second thought, he felt that the risk of getting on the rocks in the narrow channel was too great to be lightly run. He therefore gave orders to warp the ship about, and steer round the islet, on the other side of which he fully expected to find the pirate. But time was lost in attempting to do this, in consequence of the wreck of the mizzen-mast having fouled the rudder. When the Talisman at last got under way, and rounded the outside point of the islet, no vessel of any kind was to be seen.

Amazed beyond measure, and deeply chagrined, the unfortunate captain of the man-of-war turned to Gascoyne, who still sat quietly on the taffrail smoking his cigar.

"Does this pirate schooner sport wings as well as sails?" said he; "for unless she does, and has flown over the mountains, I cannot see how she could disappear in so short a space of time."

"I told you the pirate was a bold man; and now he has proved himself a clever fellow. Whether he sports wings or no is best known to himself. Perhaps he can dive. If so, we have only to watch until he comes to the surface, and shoot him leisurely."

"Well, he is off; there is no doubt of that," returned Montague. "And now, Mr. Gascoyne, since it is vain to chase a vessel possessed of such mysterious qualities, you will not object, I dare say, to guide my ship to the bay where your own little schooner lies. I have a fancy to anchor there."

"By all means," said Gascoyne, coolly. "It will afford me much pleasure to do as you wish, and to have you alongside of my little craft."

Montague was surprised at the perfect coolness with which the other received his proposal. He was persuaded that there must be some mysterious

connection between the pirate schooner and the sandal-wood trader, although his ideas were at this point somewhat undefined and confused; and he had expected that Gascoyne would have shown some symptoms of perplexity on being thus ordered to conduct the Talisman to a spot where, he suspected, no schooner would be found, or, if found, would appear under such a changed aspect as to warrant his seizing it on suspicion. As Gascoyne, however, showed perfect willingness to obey the order, he turned away, and left his strange pilot to conduct the ship through the reefs, having previously given him to understand that the touching of a rock and the termination of his (Gascoyne's) life would certainly be simultaneous events.

Meanwhile the Avenger, alias the Foam, had steered direct for the shore, into which she apparently ran, and disappeared like a phantom-ship. The coast of this part of the island, where the events we are narrating occurred, was peculiarly formed. There were several narrow inlets in the high cliffs which were exceedingly deep, but barely wide enough to admit of the passage of a large boat or a small vessel. Many of these inlets or creeks, which in some respects resembled the narrow fiords of Norway, though on a miniature scale, were so thickly fringed with trees, and the luxuriant undergrowth peculiar to southern climes, that their existence could not be detected from the sea. Indeed, even after the entrance to any one of them was discovered, no one would have imagined it to extend so far inland.

Two of those deep, narrow inlets, opening from opposite sides of the cape which lay close to the islet above referred to, had approached so close to each other at their upper extremities that they had at last met, in consequence of the sea undermining and throwing down the cliff that separated them. Thus the cape was in reality an island; and the two united inlets formed a narrow strait, through which the Avenger passed to her former anchorage by means of four pair of powerful sweeps or oars. This secret passage was well known to the pirates; and it was with a lurking feeling that it might some day prove of use to him, that Gascoyne invariably anchored near it when he visited the island as a sandal-wood trader.

During the transit, the carpenters of the schooner were not idle. The red streak and flag and griffin's head were removed; the big gun was covered with the long-boat, and the vessel which entered the one end of the channel as the warlike Avenger issued from the other side as the peaceful Foam; and, rowing to her former anchorage, dropped anchor. The shattered jib-boom had been replaced by a spare one, and part of the crew were stored away under the cargo, in an empty space of the hold reserved for this special purpose, and for concealing arms. A few of them were also landed, not far from the cliff over which poor Bumpus had been thrown, with orders to remain concealed, and be

ready to embark at a moment's notice.

Soon after the schooner anchored, the boat which had been sent off in search of the body of our unfortunate seaman returned, having failed to discover the object for which it had been sent out.

The breeze had by this time died away almost entirely, so that three hours elapsed before the Talisman rounded the point, stood into the bay, and dropped anchor at a distance of about two miles from the suspected schooner.

CHAPTER XV.
REMARKABLE DOINGS OF POOPYEXTRAORDINARY CASE OF RESUSCITATION.

It is time now to return to our unfortunate friends, Corrie, Alice, and Poopy, who have been left long enough exposed on the summit of the cliff, from which they had expected to be tossed by the savages, when the guns of the Talisman so opportunely saved them.

The reader will observe that these incidents, which have taken so long to narrate, were enacted in a very brief space of time. Only a few hours elapsed between the firing of the broadside already referred to and the anchoring of the Talisman in the bay, where the Foam had cast anchor some time before her; yet in this short space of time many things occurred on the island which are worthy of particular notice.

As we have already remarked, Corrie and his two companions in misfortune had been bound, and in this condition were left by the savages to their fate. Their respective positions were by no means enviable. Poor Alice lay near the edge of the cliff, with her wrists and ankles so securely tied that no effort of which she was capable could set her free. Poopy lay about ten yards further up the cliff, flat on her sable back, with her hands tied behind her, and her ankles also secured; so that she could by no means attain to a sitting position, although she made violent and extraordinary efforts to do so. We say extraordinary, because Poopy, being ingenious, hit upon many devices of an unheard of nature to accomplish her object. Among others, she attempted to turn heels over head, hoping thus to get upon her knees; and there is no doubt whatever that she would have succeeded in this had not the formation of the ground been exceedingly unfavorable for such a maneuver.

Corrie had shown such an amount of desperate vindictiveness, in the way of kicking, hitting, biting, scratching, and pinching, when the savages were securing him, that they gave him five or six extra coils of the rope of cocoanut fiber with which they bound him. Consequently he could not move any of his

limbs; and now he lay on his side between Alice and Poopy, gazing with much earnestness and no little astonishment at the peculiar contortions of the latter.

"You'll never manage it, Poopy," he remarked, in a sad tone of voice, on beholding the poor girl balanced on the small of her back, preparatory to making a spring that might have reminded one of the leaps of a trout when thrown from its native element upon the bank of a river. "And you'll break your neck if you go on like that," he added, on observing that, having failed in these attempts, she recurred to the heels-over-head process; but all in vain.

"O me!" sighed Poopy, as she fell back in a fit of exhaustion. "It's be all hup wid us."

"Don't say that, you goose," whispered Corrie; "you'll frighten Alice, you will."

"Will me?" whispered Poopy, in a tone of self-reproach; then in a loud voice, "Oh, no! it's not all hup yet. Miss Alice. See, me go at it again."

And "go at it" she did in a way that actually alarmed her companions. At any other time Corrie would have exploded with laughter, but the poor boy was thoroughly overwhelmed by the suddenness and the extent of his misfortune. The image of Bumpus, disappearing headlong over that terrible cliff, had filled his heart with a feeling of horror which nothing could allay, and grave thoughts at the desperate case of poor little Alice (for he neither thought of nor cared for Poopy or himself) sank like a weight of lead upon his spirit.

"Don't try it any more, dear Poopy," said Alice, entreatingly; "you'll only hurt yourself and tear your frock. I feel sure that some one will be sent to deliver us. Don't you, Corrie?"

The tone in which this question was put showed that the poor child did not feel quite so certain of the arrival of succor as her words implied. Corrie perceived this at once, and, with the heroism of a true lover, he crushed back the feelings of anxiety and alarm which were creeping over his own stout little heart in spite of his brave words, and gave utterance to encouraging expressions and even to slightly jovial sentiments, which tended very much to comfort Alice, and Poopy too.

"Sure?" he exclaimed, rolling on his other side to obtain a view of the child (for, owing to his position and his fettered condition, he had to turn on his right side when he wished to look at Poopy, and on his left when he addressed himself to Alice). "Sure? why, of course I'm sure. D'ye think your father would leave you lying out in the cold all night?"

"No, that I am certain he would not," cried Alice, enthusiastically; "but, then, he does not know we are here, and will never think of looking for us in such an unlikely place."

"Humph! that only shows your ignorance," said Corrie.

"Well, I dare say I am very ignorant," replied Alice, meekly.

"No, no! I don't mean that," cried Corrie, with a feeling of self-reproach. "I don't mean to say that you're ignorant in a general way, you know, but only about what men are likely to do, d'ye see, when they're hard put to it, you understand. Our feelings are so different from yours, you know, andand"

Here Corrie broke down, and in order to change the subject abruptly he rolled round towards Poopy, and cried, with considerable asperity:

"What on earth d'ye mean, Kickup, by wriggling about your black body in that fashion? If you don't stop it you'll fetch way down the hill, and go slap over the precipice, carrying Alice and me along with you. Give it up now; d'ye hear?"

"No, me won't," cried Poopy, with great passion, while tears sprang from her large eyes, and coursed over her sable cheeks. "Me will bu'st dem ropes."

"More likely to do that to yourself if you go on like that," returned Corrie. "But, I say, Alice, cheer up" (here he rolled round on his other side); "I've been pondering a plan all this time to set us free, and now I'm going to try it. The only bother about it is that these rascally savages have dropped me beside a pool of half soft mud that I can't help sticking my head into if I try to move."

"Oh! then, don't move, dear Corrie," said Alice, in an imploring tone of voice; "we can lie here quite comfortably till papa comes."

"Ah! yes," said Corrie, "that reminds me that I was saying we men feel and act so differently from you women. Now it strikes me that your father will go to all the most unlikely parts of the island first; knowin' very well that niggers don't hide in likely places. But as it may be a long time before he finds us" (he sighed deeply here, not feeling much confidence in the success of the missionary's search), "I shall tell you my plan, and then try to carry it out." (Here he sighed again, more deeply than before; not feeling by any means confident of the success of his own efforts.)

"And what is your plan?" inquired Alice, eagerly; for the child had unbounded belief in Corrie's ability to do almost anything he chose to attempt, and Corrie knew this, and was proud as a peacock in consequence.

"I'll get up on my knees," said he, "and then, once on them, I can easily rise to my feet and hop to you, and free you."

On this explanation of his elaborate and difficult plan Alice made no observation for some time, because, even to her faculties (which were obtuse enough on mechanical matters), it was abundantly evident that, the boy's hands being tied firmly behind his back, he could neither cut the ropes that bound her, nor untie them.

"What d'ye think, Alice?"

"I fear it won't do; your hands are tied, Corrie."

"Oh! that's nothing. The only difficulty is how to get on my knees."

"Surely that cannot be very difficult, when you talk of getting on your feet."

"Ha! that shows you're aI mean, d'ye see, that the difficulty lies here; my elbows are lashed so fast to my side that I can't use them to prop me up; but if Poopy will roll down the hill to my side, and shove her pretty shoulder under my back when I raise it, perhaps I may succeed in getting up. What say you, Kickup?"

"Hee! Hee!" laughed the girl, "dat's fuss rate. Look out!"

Poopy, although sluggish by nature, was rather abrupt and violent in her impulses at times. Without further warning than the above brief exclamation, she rolled herself towards Corrie with such good-will that she went quite over him, and would certainly have passed onward to where Alice layperhaps over the cliff altogetherhad not the boy caught her sleeve with his teeth, and held her fast.

The plan was eminently successful. By a series of jerks on the part of Corrie, and proppings on the part of Poopy, the former was enabled to attain a kneeling position, not, however, without a few failures, in one of which he fell forward on his face, and left a deep impression of his fat little nose in the mud.

Having risen to his feet, Corrie at once hopped towards Alice, after the fashion of those country wights who indulge in sack races, and, going down on his knees beside her, began diligently to gnaw the rope that bound her with his teeth. This was by no means an easy or a quick process. He gnawed and bit at it long before the tough rope gave way. At length Alice was freed, and she immediately set to work to undo the fastenings of the other two; but her delicate fingers were not well suited to such rough work, and a considerable time elapsed before the three were finally at large.

The instant they were so, Corrie said, "Now we must go down to the foot of the cliff, and look for poor Bumpus. Oh, dear me! I doubt he is killed."

The look of horror which all three cast over the stupendous precipice showed that they had little hope of ever again seeing their rugged friend alive. But, without wasting time in idle remarks, they at once hastened to the foot of the cliff by the shortest route they could find. Here, after a short time, they discovered the object of their solicitude lying, apparently dead, on his back among the rocks.

When Bumpus struck the water, after being tossed over the cliff, his head was fortunately downward; and his skull, being the thickest and hardest bone in his body, had withstood the terrible shock to which it had been subjected without damage, though the brain within was, for a time, incapacitated from doing duty. When John rose again to the surface, after a descent into unfathomable water, he floated there in a state of insensibility. Fortunately the wind and tide combined to wash him to the shore, where a higher swell than usual launched him among the coral rocks, and left him there, with only his feet in the water.

"Oh! here he is,hurrah!" shouted Corrie, on catching sight of the prostrate form of the seaman. But the boy's manner changed the instant he observed the color of the man's face, from which all the blood had been driven, leaving it like a piece of brown leather.

"He's dead," said Alice, wringing her hands in despair.

"P'raps not," suggested Poopy, with a look of deep wisdom, as she gazed on the upturned face.

"Anyhow, we must haul him out of the water," said Corrie, whose chest heaved with the effort he made to repress his tears.

Catching up one of Bumpus's huge hands, the boy ordered Alice to grasp the other. Poopy, without waiting for orders, seized hold of the hair of his head, and all three began to haul with might and main. But they might as well have tried to pull a line-of-battle ship up on the shore. The man's bulky form was immovable. Seeing this, they changed their plan, and, all three grasping his legs, slewed him partially round, and thus drew his feet out of the water.

"Now we must warm him," said Corrie, eagerly; for, the first shock of the discovery of the supposed dead body of his friend being over, the sanguine boy began to entertain hopes of resuscitating him. "I've heard that the best thing for drowned people is to warm them: so, Alice, do you take one hand and arm, Poopy will take the other, and I will take his feet, and we'll all rub away till we bring him to; for we must, we shall bring him round."

Corrie said this with a fierce look and a hysterical sob. Without more words he drew out his clasp-knife, and, ripping up the cuffs of the man's coat, laid bare his muscular arm. Meanwhile Alice untied his neckcloth, and Poopy tore open his Guernsey frock and exposed his broad, brown chest.

"We must warm that at once," said Corrie, beginning to take off his jacket, which he meant to spread over the seaman's breast.

"Stay! my petticoat is warmer," cried Alice, hastily divesting herself of a flannel garment of bright scarlet, the brilliant beauty of which had long been the admiration of the entire population of Sandy Cove. The child spread it over the seaman's chest, and tucked it carefully down at his sides, between his body and the wet garments. Then the three sat down beside him, and, each seizing a limb, began to rub and chafe with a degree of energy that nothing could resist. At any rate it put life into John Bumpus; for that hardy mariner gradually began to exhibit signs of returning vitality.

"There he comes!" cried Come, eagerly.

"Eh!" exclaimed Poopy, in alarm.

"Who? where?" inquired Alice, who thought that the boy referred to some one who had unexpectedly appeared on the scene.

"I saw him wink with his left eye,look!"

All three suspended their labor of love, and, stretching forward their heads, gazed, with breathless anxiety, at the clay-colored face of Jo.

"I must have been mistaken," said Corrie, shaking his head.

"Go at him agin," cried Poopy, recommencing her work on the right arm with so much energy that it seemed marvelous how she escaped skinning that limb from fingers to shoulder.

Poor Alice did her best, but her soft little hands had not much effect on the huge mass of brown flesh they manipulated.

"There he comes again!" shouted Corrie.

Once more there was an abrupt pause in the process, and the three heads were bent eagerly forward watching for symptoms of returning life. Corrie was right. The seaman's left eye quivered for a moment, causing the hearts of the three children to beat high with hope. Presently the other eye also quivered; then the broad chest rose almost imperceptibly, and a faint sigh came feebly

and broken from the cold blue lips.

To say that the three children were delighted at this would be to give but a feeble idea of the state of their feelings. Corrie had, even in the short time yet afforded him of knowing Bumpus, entertained for him feelings of the deepest admiration and love. Alice and Poopy, out of sheer sympathy, had fallen in love with him too, at first sight; so that his horrible death (as they had supposed), coupled with his unexpected restoration and revival through their united exertions, drew them still closer to him, and created within them a sort of feeling that he must, in common reason and justice, regard himself as their special property in all future time. When, therefore, they saw him wink, and heard him sigh, the gush of emotion that filled their respective bosoms was quite overpowering. Corrie gasped in his effort not to break down; Alice wept with silent joy as she continued to chafe the man's limbs; and Poopy went off into a violent fit of hysterical laughter, in which her "hee, hees" resounded with terrible shrillness among the surrounding cliffs.

"Now, then, let's to work again with a will," said Corrie. "What d'ye say to try punching him?"

This question he put gravely, and with the uncertain air of a man who feels that he is treading on new and possibly dangerous ground.

"What is punching?" inquired Alice.

"Why, that," replied the boy, giving a practical and by no means gentle illustration on his own fat thigh.

"Wouldn't it hurt him?" said Alice, dubiously.

"Hurt him! hurt the Grampus!" cried Corrie, with a look of surprise; "you might as well talk of hurting a hippopotamus. Come, I'll try."

Accordingly, Corrie tried. He began to bake the seaman, as it were, with his fists. As the process went on he warmed to the work, and did it so energetically, in his mingled anxiety and hope, that it assumed the character of hitting rather than punchingto the dismay of Alice, who thought it impossible that any human being could stand such dreadful treatment.

Whether it was owing to this process, or to the action of nature, or to the combined efforts of nature and his friends, that Bumpus owed his recovery, we cannot pretend to say; but certain it is, that, on Corrie's making a severer dab than usual into the pit of the seaman's stomach, he gave a gasp and a sneeze, the latter of which almost overturned Poopy, who chanced to be gazing wildly into his countenance at the moment. At the same time he involuntarily threw

up his right arm, and fetched Corrie such a tremendous backhander on the chest that our young hero was laid flat on his back, half stunned by the violence of the fall, yet shouting with delight that his rugged friend still lived to strike another blow.

Having achieved this easy though unintentional victory, Bumpus sighed again, shook his legs in the air, and sat up, gazing before him with a bewildered air, and gasping from time to time in a quiet way.

"Wot's to do?" were the first words with which the restored seaman greeted his friends.

"Hurrah!" screamed Corrie, his visage blazing with delight, as he danced in front of him.

"Werry good," said Bumpus, whose intellect was not yet thoroughly restored; "try it again."

"Oh, how cold your cheeks are!" said Alice, placing her hands on them, and chafing them gently; then, perceiving that she did not communicate much warmth in that way, she placed her own fair, soft cheek against that of the sailor. Suddenly throwing both arms round his neck, she hugged him, and burst into tears.

Bumpus was somewhat taken aback by this unexpected explosion; but, being an affectionate man as well as a rugged one, he had no objection whatever to the peculiar treatment. He allowed the child to sob on his neck as long as she chose, while Corrie stood by, with his hands in his pockets, sailor-fashion, and looked on admiringly. As for Poopy, she sat down on a rock a short way off, and began to smile and talk to herself in a manner so utterly idiotical that an ignorant observer would certainly have judged her to be insane.

They were thus agreeably employed, when an event occurred which changed the current of their thoughts, and led to consequences of a somewhat serious nature. The event, however, was in itself insignificant. It was nothing more than the sudden appearance of a wild pig among the bushes close at hand.

CHAPTER XVI.
A WILD CHASEHOPE, DISAPPOINTMENT, AND DESPAIRTHE SANDAL-WOOD TRADER OUTWITS THE MAN-OF-WAR.

When the wild pig, referred to in the last chapter, was first observed, it was standing on the margin of a thicket, from which it had just issued, gazing, with the profoundly philosophical aspect peculiar to that animal, at our four friends,

and seeming to entertain doubts as to the propriety of beating an immediate retreat.

Before it had made up its mind on this point, Corrie's eye alighted on it.

"Hist!" exclaimed he with a gesture of caution to his companions. "Look there! We've had nothing to eat for an awful time,nothing since breakfast on Sunday morning. I feel as if my interior had been amputated. Oh, what a jolly roast that fellow would make if we could only kill him!"

"Wot's in the pistol?" inquired Bumpus, pointing to the weapon which Corrie had stuck ostentatiously into his belt.

"Nothin'," answered the boy. "I fired the last charge in the face of a savage."

"Fling it at him," suggested Bumpus, getting cautiously up. "Here, hand it to me. I've seed a heavy horse-pistol like that do great execution when well aimed by a stout arm."

The pig seemed to have an intuitive perception that danger was approaching; for it turned abruptly round just as the missile left the seaman's hand, and received the butt with full force close to the root of its tail.

A pig's tendency to shriek on the receipt of the slightest injury is well known. It is therefore not to be wondered at that this pig went off into the bushes under cover of a series of yells so terrific they might have been heard for miles around.

"I'll after him," cried Bumpus, catching up a large stone, and leaping forward a few paces almost as actively as if nothing had happened to him.

"Hurrah!" shouted Corrie; "I'll go too."

"Hold on," cried Bumpus, stopping suddenly.

"Why?" inquired the boy.

"'Cause you must stop an' take care of the gals. It won't do to leave 'em alone again, you know, Corrie."

This remark was accompanied with an exceedingly huge wink, full of deep meaning, which Corrie found it convenient not to notice, as he observed gravely:

"Ah! true. One of us must remain with 'em, poor, helpless things; soso you had better go after the squeaker."

"All right," said Bumpus, with a broad grin"Hallo! why, here's a spear, that must ha' been dropped by one o' them savages. That's a piece o' good luck, anyhow, as the man said when he f'und the fi' pun' note. Now, then, keep an eye on them gals, lad, and I'll be back as soon as ever I can; though I does feel rather stiffish. My old timbers ain't used to such deep divin', d'ye see."

Bumpus entered the thicket as he spoke, and Corrie returned to console the girls with the feeling and the air of a man whose bosom is filled with a stern resolve to die, if need be, in the discharge of an important duty.

Now, the yell of this particular pig reached other ears beside those of the party whose doings we have attempted to describe. It rang in those of the pirates, who had been sent ashore to hide, like the scream of a steam-whistle, in consequence of their being close at hand, and it sounded like a faint cry in those of Henry Stuart and the missionary, who, with their party, were a long way off, slowly tracing the footsteps of the lost Alice, to which they had been guided by the keen scent of that animated scrap of door-mat, Toozle. The effect on both parties was powerful, but not similar. The pirates, supposing that a band of savages were near them, lay close, and did not venture forth until a prolonged silence and strong curiosity tempted them to creep, with slow movements and extreme caution, towards the place whence the sounds proceeded.

Mr. Mason and Henry, on the other hand, stopped and listened with intense earnestness, expecting, yet fearing, a recurrence of the cry, and then sprang forward with their party, under the belief that they had heard the voice of Alice calling for help.

Meanwhile, Bumpus toiled up the slopes of the mountain, keeping the pig well in view; for that animal having been somewhat injured by the blow from the pistol, could not travel at its ordinary speed. Indeed, Jo would have speedily overtaken it but for the shaky condition of his own body after such a long fast, and such a series of violent shocks, as well mental as physical.

Having gained the summit of a hill, the pig, much exhausted, sat down on its hams, and gazed pensively at the ground. Bumpus took advantage of the fact, and also sat down on a stone to rest.

"Wot a brute it is" said he to himself. "I'll circumvent it yet, though."

Presently he rose, and made as if he had abandoned the chase, and were about to return the way he had come; but when he had effectually concealed himself from the view of the pig, he made a wide detour, and, coming out suddenly at a spot higher up the mountain, charged down upon the unsuspecting animal with a yell that would have done credit to itself.

The pig echoed the yell, and rushed down the hill towards the cliffs, closely followed by the hardy seaman, who, in the ardor of the chase, forgot or ignored his aches and pains, and ran like a greyhound, his hair streaming in the wind, his eyes blazing with excitement, and the spear ready poised for a fatal dart. Altogether, he was so wild and strong in appearance, and so furious in his onset, that it was impossible to believe he had been half dead little more than an hour before; but then, as we have before remarked, Bumpus was hard to kill!

For nearly half an hour did the hungry seaman keep up the chase, neither gaining nor losing distance; while the affrighted pig, having its attention fixed entirely on its pursuer, scrambled and plunged forward over every imaginable variety of ground, receiving one or two severe falls in consequence. Bumpus, being warned by its fate, escaped them. At last the two dashed into a gorge and out at the other end, scrambled through a thicket, plunged down a hill, and doubled a high rock, on the other side of which they were met in the teeth by Henry Stuart at the head of his band.

The pig attempted to double. Failing to do so, it lost its footing, and fell flat on its side. Jo Bumpus threw his spear with violent energy deep into the earth about two feet beyond it, tripped on a stump, and fell headlong on the top of the pig, squeezing the life out of its body with the weight of his ponderous frame, and receiving its dying yell into his very bosom.

"Hilloa! my stalwart chip of old Neptune," cried Henry, laughing, "you've bagged him this time effectually. Hast seen any of the niggers; or did you mistake this poor pig for one?"

"Aye, truly, I have seen them, and given a few of 'em marks that will keep 'em in remembrance of me. As for this pig," said Jo, throwing the carcass over his shoulder, "I want a bit of summat to eatthat's the fact; an' the poor children will be"

"Children," cried Mr. Mason, eagerly; "what do you mean, my man; have you seen any?"

"In course I has, or I wouldn't speak of 'em," returned Jo, who did not at first recognize the missionary; and no wonder, for Mr. Mason's clothes were torn and soiled, and his face was bruised, bloodstained, and haggard.

"Tell me, friend, I entreat you," said the pastor, earnestly, laying his hand on Jo's arm; "have you seen my child?"

"Wot! are you the father of the little gal? Why, I've seed her only half an hour

since. But hold on, lads; come arter me, an I'll steer you to where she is at this moment."

"Thanks be to God," said Mr. Mason, with a deep sigh of relief. "Lead on, my man, and, pray, go quickly."

Bumpus at once led the way to the foot of the cliffs, and went over the ground at a pace that satisfied even the impatience of the bereaved father.

While this was occurring on the mountain slopes, the pirates at the foot of the cliffs had discovered the three children, and finding, that no one else was near, had seized them and carried them off to a cave near to which their boat lay on the rocks. They hoped to have obtained some information from them as to what was going on at the other side of the island; but, while engaged in a fruitless attempt to screw something out of Corrie, who was peculiarly refractory, they were interrupted, first by the yells of Bumpus and his pig, and afterwards by the sudden appearance of Henry and his party on the edge of a cliff a short way above the spot where they were assembled. On seeing these, the pirates started to their feet and drew their cutlasses, while Henry uttered a shout and ran down the rocks like a deer.

"Shall we have a stand-up fight with 'em, Bill?" said one of the pirates.

"Not if I can help it; there's four to one," replied the other.

"To the boat," cried several of the men, leading the way; "and let's take the brats with us."

As Henry's party came pouring down the hill the more combatively disposed of the pirates saw at glance that it would be in vain to attempt a stand. They therefore discharged a scattering volley from their pistols (happily without effect), and, springing into their boat, pushed off from the shore, taking the children along with them.

Mr. Mason was the first to gain the beach. He had hit upon a shorter path by which to descend, and, rushing forward, plunged into the sea. Poor little Alice, who at once recognized her father, stretched out her arms towards him, and would certainly have leaped into the sea had she not been forcibly detained by one of the pirates, whose special duty it was to hold her with one hand, while he restrained the violent demonstrations of Corrie with the other.

The father was too late, however. Already the boat was several yards from the shore, and the frantic efforts he made, in the madness of his despair, to overtake it only served to exhaust him. When Henry Stuart reached the beach, it was with difficulty he prevented those members of his band who carried

muskets from firing on the boat. None of them thought for a moment, of course, of making the mad attempt to swim towards her. Indeed, Mr. Mason himself would have hesitated to do so had he been capable of cool thought at the time; but the sudden rush of hope when he heard of his child being near, combined with the agony of disappointment on seeing her torn, as it were, out of his very grasp, was too much for him. His reasoning powers were completely overturned; he continued to buffet the waves with wild energy, and to strain every fiber of his being in the effort to propel himself through the water, long after the boat was hopelessly beyond reach.

Henry understood his feelings well, and knew that the poor missionary would not cease his efforts until exhaustion should compel him to do so, in which case his being drowned would be a certainty; for there was neither boat nor canoe at hand in which to push off to his rescue.

In these circumstances, the youth took the only course that seemed left to him. He threw off his clothes, and prepared to swim after his friend, in order to render the assistance of his stout arm when it should be needed.

"Here, Jakolu!" he cried to one of the natives who stood near him.

"Yes, mass'r," answered the sturdy young fellow, who has been introduced at an earlier part of this story as being one of the missionary's best behaved and most active church members.

"I mean to swim after him; so I leave the charge of the party to Mr. Bumpus there. You will act under his orders. Keep the men together, and guard against surprise. We don't know how many more of these blackguards may be lurking among the rocks."

To this speech Jakolu replied by shaking his head slowly and gravely, as if he doubted the propriety of his young commander's intentions. "You no can sweem queek nuff to save him," said he.

"That remains to be seen," retorted Henry, sharply; for the youth was one of the best swimmers on the island,at least the best among the whites, and better than many of the natives, although some of the latter could beat him. "At any rate," he continued, "you would not have me stand idly by while my friend is drowning, would you?"

"Him's not drownin' yet," answered the matter-of-fact native. "Me 'vise you to let Jakolu go. Hims can sweem berer dan you. See, here am bit plank, too,me take dat."

"Ha! that's well thought of," cried Henry, who was now ready to plunge; "fetch

it me, quick; and mind, Jakolu, keep your eye on me; when I hold up both hands you'll know that I'm dead beat, and that you must come off and help us both."

So saying, he seized the small piece of driftwood which the native brought to him, and, plunging into the sea, struck out vigorously in the direction in which the pastor was still perseveringly, though slowly, swimming.

While Henry was stripping, his eye had quickly and intelligently taken in the facts that were presented to him on the bay. He had seen, on descending the hill, that the man-of-war had entered the bay and anchored there, a fact which surprised him greatly, and that the Foam still lay where he had seen her cast anchor on the morning of her arrival. This surprised him more for, if the latter was really a pirate schooner (as had been hinted more than once that day by various members of the settlement), why did she remain so fearlessly and peacefully within range of the guns of so dangerous and powerful an enemy? He also observed that one of the large boats of the Talisman was in the water alongside, and full of armed men, as if about to put off on some warlike expedition, while his pocket telescope enabled him to perceive that Gascoyne, who must needs be the pirate captain, if the suspicions of his friends were correct, was smoking quietly on the quarter-deck, apparently holding amicable converse with the British commander. The youth knew not what to think; for it was preposterous to suppose that a pirate captain could by any possibility be the intimate friend of his own mother.

These and many other conflicting thoughts kept rushing through his mind as he hastened forward; but the conclusions to which they led himif, indeed, they led him to anywere altogether upset by the unaccountable and extremely piratical conduct of the seamen who carried off Alice and her companions, and whom he knew to be part of the crew of the Foam, both from their costume and from the direction in which they rowed their little boat.

The young man's perplexities were, however, neutralized for the time by his anxiety for his friend the pastor, and by the necessity of instant and vigorous effort for his rescue. He had just time, before plunging into the sea, to note with satisfaction that the man-of-war's boat had pushed off, and that if Alice really was in the hands of pirates, there was the certainty of her being speedily rescued.

In this latter supposition, however, Henry was mistaken.

The events on shore which we have just described had been witnessed, of course, by the crews of both vessels with, as may be easily conjectured, very different feelings.

In the Foam, the few men who were lounging about the deck looked uneasily from the war vessel to the countenance of Manton, in whose hands they felt that their fate now lay. The object of their regard paced the deck slowly, with his hands in his pockets and a pipe in his mouth, in the most listless manner, in order to deceive the numerous eyes which he knew full well scanned his movements with deep curiosity. The frowning brow and the tightly compressed lips alone indicated the storm of anger which was in reality raging in the pirate's breast at what he deemed the obstinacy of his captain in running into such danger, and the folly of his men in having shown fight on shore when there was no occasion for doing so. But Manton was too much alive to his own danger and interests to allow passion at such a critical moment to interfere with his judgment. He paced the deck slowly, as we have said, undecided as to what course he ought to pursue, but ready to act with the utmost energy and promptitude when the time for action should arrive.

On board the Talisman, on the other hand, the young commander began to feel certain of his prize; and when he witnessed the scuffle on shore, the flight of the boat's crew with the three young people, and the subsequent events, he could not conceal a smile of triumph as he turned to Gascoyne and said:

"Your men are strangely violent in their proceedings, sir, for the crew of a peaceable trader. If it were not that they are pulling straight for your schooner, where, no doubt, they will be received with open arms, I would have fancied they had been part of the crew of that wonderful pirate, who seems to be able to change color almost as quickly as he changes position."

The allusion had no effect whatever on the imperturbable Gascoyne, on whose countenance good humor seemed to have been immovably enthroned; for the worse his case became, the more amiable and satisfied was his aspect.

"Surely, Captain Montague does not hold me responsible for the doings of my men in my absence," said he, calmly. "I have already said that they are a wild setnot easily restrained even when I am present; and fond of getting into scrapes when they can. You see, we have not a choice of men in these out-of-the-way parts of the world."

"Apparently not," returned Montague; "but I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you order your men to be punished for their misdeeds; for, if not, I shall be under the necessity of punishing them for you. Is the boat ready, Mr. Mulroy?"

"It is, sir."

"Then, Mr. Gascoyne, if you will do me the favor to step into this boat, I will have much pleasure in accompanying you on board your schooner."

"By all means," replied Gascoyne, with a bland smile, as he rose and threw away the end of another cigar, after having lighted therewith the sixth or seventh in which he had indulged that day. "Your boat is well manned, and your men are well armed, Captain Montague; do you go on some cutting-out expedition, or are you so much alarmed at the terrible aspect of the broadside of my small craft that"

Gascoyne here smiled with ineffable urbanity, and bowed slightly by way of finishing his sentence. Montague was saved the annoyance of having to reply by a sudden exclamation from his lieutenant, who was observing the schooner's boat through a telescope.

"There seems to be some one swimming after that boat," said he. "A manevidently a European, for he is light-colored. He must have been some time in the water, for he is already a long way from shore, and seems much exhausted."

"Why! the man is drowning, I believe," cried Montague, quickly, as he looked through the glass.

At that moment Frederick Mason's strength had given way. He made one or two manful efforts to struggle after the retreating boat, and then, tossing his arms in the air, uttered a loud cry of agony.

"Ho! shove off and save him!" shouted Montague, the moment he heard it. "Look alive, lads! give way! and when you have picked up the man, pull straight for yonder schooner."

The oars at once fell into the water with a splash, and the boat, large and heavy though it was, shot from the ship's side like an arrow.

"Lower the gig," cried the captain. "And now, Mr. Gascoyne, since you seem disposed to go in a lighter boat, I will accommodate you. Pray, follow me."

In a few seconds they were seated in the little gig, which seemed to fly over the sea under the vigorous strokes of her crew of eight stout men. So swift were her motions that she reached the side of the schooner only a few minutes later than the Foam's boat, and a considerable time before his own large boat had picked up Mr. Mason, who was found in an almost insensible condition, supported by Henry Stuart.

When the gig came within a short distance of the Foam, Gascoyne directed Montague's attention to the proceedings of the large boat, and at the same instant made a private signal with his right hand to Manton, who, still

unmoved and inactive, stood at the schooner's bow awaiting and evidently expecting it.

"Ha!" said he aloud; "I thought as much. Now, lads, show the red; make ready to slip; off with Long Tom's nightcap; let out the skulkers; take these children down below, and a dozen of you stand by to receive the captain and his friends."

These somewhat peculiar orders, hurriedly given, were hastily obeyed, and in a few seconds more the gig of the Talisman ranged up alongside of the Foam.

CHAPTER XVII.
THE ESCAPE.

The instant that Captain Montague stepped over the side of the schooner, a handkerchief was pressed tightly over his mouth and nose. At the same time, he was seized by four strongmen and rendered utterly powerless. The thing was done so promptly and silently, that the men who remained in the gig heard no unusual sound.

"I'm sorry to treat a guest so roughly, Captain Montague," said Gascoyne, in a low tone, as the unfortunate officer was carried aft; "but the safety of my vessel requires it. They will carry you to my stateroom, where you will find my steward exceedingly attentive and obliging; but, let me warn you, he is peculiarly ready with the butt end of his pistol at times, especially when men are inclined to make unnecessary noise." He turned on his heel as he said this, and went forward, looking over the side in passing and telling the crew of the gig to remain where they were till their captain should call them.

This order the men felt constrained to obey, although they were surprised that the captain himself had not given it on quitting the boat; their suspicions were further awakened by the active operations going on upon deck. The sounds apprised them of these, for the bulwarks hid everything from view. At length, when they heard the cable slipping through the hawsehole, they could stand it no longer, but sprang up the side in a body. Of course they were met by men well prepared. As they were armed only with cutlasses, the pirates quickly overcame them, and threw them into the sea.

All further attempt at concealment was now abandoned. The man-of-war's boat, when it came up, was received with a shot from Long Tom, which grazed its side, carried away four of the starboard oars, and just missed dashing it to pieces by a mere hair's-breadth. At the same time the sails of the schooner were shaken out and filled by the light breeze, which, for nearly an hour, had been blowing off shore.

As the coming up of the gig and the large boat had occurred on that side of the schooner that was furthest from the Talisman, those on board of the latter vessel could not make out clearly what had occurred. That the schooner was a pirate was now clearly evident; for the red griffin and stripe were suddenly displayed, as well as the blood-red flag; but the first lieutenant did not dare to fire on her while the boats were so near. He slipped the cable, however, and made instant sail on the ship; and when he saw the large boat and the gig drop astern of the schooner, the former in a disabled condition, he commenced firing as fast as he could load; not doubting that his captain was in his own boat.

At such short range the shot flew around the pirate schooner like hail; but she appeared to bear a charmed existence; for, although they whistled between her spars and struck the sea all around her, very few indeed did her serious damage. The shots from Long Tom, on the other hand, were well aimed, and told with terrible effect on the hull and rigging of the frigate. Gascoyne himself pointed the gun, and his bright eye flashed, and a grim smile played on his lips as the shots whistled round his head.

The pirate captain seemed to be possessed by a spirit of fierce and reckless joviality that day. His usual calm, self-possessed demeanor quite forsook him. He issued his orders in a voice of thunder and with an air of what, for want of a better expression, we may term ferocious heartiness. He generally executed these orders himself, hurling the men violently out of his way as if he were indignant at their tardiness, although they sprang to obey as actively as usual; indeed, more so, for they were overawed and somewhat alarmed by this unwonted conduct on the part of their captain.

The fact was, that Gascoyne had for a long time past desired to give up his course of life and amend his ways; but he discovered, as all wicked men discover sooner or later, that, while it is easy to plunge into evil courses, it is by no means easyon the contrary it is extremely difficultto give them up. He had formed his resolution and had laid his plans; but all had miscarried. Being a man of high temper, he had been driven almost to desperation, and sought relief to his feelings in physical exertion.

Of all the men in the Avenger, however, no one was so much alarmed by the captain's conduct as the first mate, between whom and Gascoyne there had been a bitter feeling for some time past; and Manton knew (at least he believed) that it would be certain death to him if he should chance to thwart his superior in the mood in which he then was.

"That was a good shot, Manton," said Gascoyne, with a wild laugh, as the

fore-topsail yard of the Talisman came rattling down on the deck, having been cut away by a shot from Long Tom.

"It was; but that was a better one," said Manton, pointing to the boom of the schooner's mainsail, which was cut in two by a round shot, just as the captain spoke.

"Good, very good," observed the latter, with an approving nod; "but that alters the game. Down with the helm! steady!"

"Get the wreck of that boom cleared away, Manton; we won't want the mainsail long. Here comes a squall. Look sharp. Close reef topsails."

The boom was swaying to and fro so violently that three of the men who sprang to order were hurled by it into the lee scuppers. Gascoyne darted towards the broken spar and held it fast, while Manton quickly severed the ropes that fastened it to the sail and to the deck, then the former hurled it over the side with as much ease as if it had been an oar.

"Let her away now."

"Why, that will run us right into the Long Shoal!" exclaimed Manton, anxiously, as the squall which had been approaching struck the schooner and laid her almost on her beam ends.

"I know it," replied Gascoyne, curtly, as he thrust aside the man at the wheel and took the spokes in his own hands.

"It's all we can do to find our way through that place in fine weather," remonstrated the mate.

"I know it," said Gascoyne, sternly.

Scraggs, who chanced to be standing by, seemed to be immensely delighted with the alarmed expression on Manton's face. The worthy second mate hated the first mate so cordially, and attached so little value to his own life, that he would willingly have run the schooner on the rocks altogether, just to have the pleasure of laughing contemptuously at the wreck of Manton's hopes.

"It's worth while trying it," suggested Scraggs, with a malicious grin.

"I mean to try it," said Gascoyne, calmly.

"But there's not a spot in the shoal except the Eel's Gate that we've a ghost of a chance of getting through," cried Manton, becoming excited as the schooner dashed towards the breakers like a furious charger rushing on destruction.

"I know it."

"And there's barely water on that to float us over," he added, striding forward, and laying a hand on the wheel.

"Half a foot too little," said Gascoyne, with forced calmness.

Scraggs grinned.

"You shan't run us aground if I can prevent it," cried Manton, fiercely, seizing the wheel with both hands and attempting to move it, in which attempt he utterly failed; and Scraggs grinned broader than ever.

"Remove your hands," said Gascoyne, in a low, calm voice, which surprised the men who were standing near and witnessed these proceedings.

"I won't. Ho, lads! do you wish to be sent to the bottom by a"

The remainder of this speech was cut short by the sudden descent of Gascoyne's knuckles on the forehead of the mate, who dropped on the deck as if he had been felled with a sledge-hammer. Scraggs laughed outright with satisfaction.

"Remove him," said Gascoyne.

"Overboard?" inquired Scraggs, with a bland smile.

"Below," said the captain; and Scraggs was fain to content himself with carrying the insensible form of his superior officer to his berth; taking pains, however, to bump his head carefully against every spar and corner and otherwise convenient projection on the way down.

In a few minutes more the schooner was rushing through the milk-white foam that covered the dangerous coral reef named the Long Shoal; and the Talisman lay to, not daring to venture into such a place, but pouring shot and shell into her bold little adversary with terrible effect, as the tattered sails and flying cordage showed. The fire was steadily replied to by Long Tom, whose heavy shots came crashing repeatedly through the hull of the man-of-war.

The large boat, meanwhile, had been picked up by the Talisman, after having rescued Mr. Mason and Henry, both of whom were placed in the gig. This light boat was now struggling to make the ship; but, owing to the strength of the squall, her diminished crew were unable to effect this; they therefore ran ashore, to await the issue of the fight and the storm.

For some time the Avenger stood on her wild course unharmed, passing close

to huge rocks on either side of her, over which the sea burst in clouds of foam.

Gascoyne still stood at the wheel, guiding the vessel with consummate skill and daring, while the men looked on in awe and in breathless expectation, quite regardless of the shot which flew around them, and altogether absorbed by the superior danger by which they were menaced.

The surface of the sea was so universally white, that there was no line of dark water to guide the pirate captain on his bold and desperate course.

He was obliged to trust almost entirely to his intimate knowledge of the coast, and to the occasional patches in the surrounding waste where the comparative flatness of the boiling flood indicated less shallow water.

As the danger increased, the smile left Gascoyne's lips; but the flashing of his bright eyes and his deepened color showed that the spirit boiled within almost as wildly as the ocean raged around him.

The center of the shoal was gained, and a feeling of hope and exultation began to rise in the breasts of the crew, when a terrific shock caused the little schooner to quiver from stem to stern, while an involuntary cry burst from the men, many of whom were thrown violently on the deck.

At the same time a shot from the Talisman came in through the stern bulwarks, struck the wheel, and carried it away, with part of the tackle attached to the tiller.

"Another leap like that, lass, and you're over," cried Gascoyne, with a light smile, as he sprang to the iron tiller, and, seizing it with his strong hands, steered the schooner as if she had been a boat.

"Get new tackle rove, Scraggs," said he cheerfully. "I'll keep her straight for Eel's Gate with this. That was the first bar of the gate; there are only two altogether, and the second won't be so bad."

As the captain spoke, the schooner seemed to recover from the shock, and again rushed forward on her foaming course; but before the men had time to breathe, she struck again,this time less violently, as had been predicted,and the next wave lifting her over the shoals, launched her into deep water.

"There, that will do," said Gascoyne, resigning the helm to Scraggs. "You can keep her as she goes: there's plenty of water now, and no fear of that big bully following us. Meanwhile, I will go below, and see to the welfare of our passengers."

Gascoyne was wrong in supposing that the Talisman would not follow. She

could not indeed follow in the same course; but the moment that Mulroy observed that the pirate had passed the shoals in safety, he stood inshore, and, without waiting to pick up the gig, traversed the channel by which they had entered the bay. Then, trusting to the lead and to his knowledge of the general appearance of shallows, he steered carefully along until he cleared the reefs, and finally stood out to sea.

In less than half an hour afterwards, the party on shore beheld the two vessels disappear among the black storm-clouds that gathered over the distant horizon.