

WATCHMAN-WARDER, NOVEMBER 19, '03.

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THE GRIP OF HONOR

Cyrus Townsend Brady,

Author of "The Southrons," "In the West's Neck," Etc.

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(Continued from last week.)

charge of the forecastle. Mr. Fan-
 ning, I confide the maintop to you. The
 rest of you will command the several
 divisions in the main batteries and the
 other tops. Now, young gentlemen,
 before you go to your stations I would
 like you by the hand. And so," lifting
 his cocked hat reverently, an example
 all present followed, "may God guard
 the right!" There was a suspicious
 moisture in some of the eyes looking
 upon the captain, but the midshipmen
 would have died rather than permit
 an actual tear to be seen.

"Three cheers for Commodore Jones
 and the bully Richard!" at last shouted
 Payne, breaking the insupportable sil-
 ence. The little party, somewhat for-
 getful of discipline for the moment,
 crowded around their captain, shaking
 him by the hand, and turned away.
 They had come up to the quarter deck
 a rollicking set of boys. They returned
 from it a group of grave eyed men.

"What a splendid set of youngsters!"
 said Jones to himself as he watched
 them spring lightly toward their sta-
 tions. Then he turned toward the
 sailing master. "Mr. Stacey, take the
 deck for a few moments and hold on
 as we are. Ah!" he said, pausing with
 his foot on the ladder as he saw the
 Pallas, a much swifter sailer than the
 Richard, rushing by on the starboard
 side with every breadth of canvas
 drawing, heading for the smaller of
 the two English ships before them,
 "there goes the Pallas. Cottineau at
 least is a brave man. I shall re-
 member him. Come, Dale." As he
 stepped down the ladder a hearty cheer
 rang out from the passing frigate
 which, without order, was lustily re-
 turned from the Richard, and then the
 two officers walked through the bat-
 teries.

The sun had set for some time, and
 night had long since fallen over the
 sea. The lighthouse on Flamborough

head was sending out a great beam of
 warning from that jutting point. Far
 on the horizon a silvery brightness had
 spread itself in the heavens, bespeak-
 ing the harvest moon, the burnished
 rim of which even before sunset had
 leaped into being on the edge of the
 water. Lights twinkled here and there
 on the English ships before them and
 crowned the hills of the distant town
 and harbor. Battle lanterns were
 lighted between decks on the Richard,
 the yellow flickering radiance from
 which was reflected from the sinewy,
 half naked, sweat covered bodies of
 the stalwart men at their quarters as
 the captain walked through the crew.

It was a varied assemblage of about
 300 men which manned the guns and
 filled the tops. The crew had been
 made up in France out of such ma-
 terials as came to hand. There were
 about seventy-five tried and true
 American seamen, most of them vet-
 erans of many a hard fight and bold
 adventure. These commanded the dif-
 ferent guns and filled the more im-
 portant stations. There were, per-
 haps, 150 veteran French soldiers
 —old artillerymen—some of whom had
 volunteered at the guns. A few
 of the most expert marksmen among
 them were stationed in the tops,
 but the greater portion was divided
 into two large bodies drawn up on
 the quarter deck and forecastle. The
 balance of the crew had been gathered
 from the riffraff of all nations. Perhaps
 a tougher, rougher, harder, more des-
 perate body of men never fought in a
 ship. They had but one virtue—they
 would fight.

Only a resolute hand and an indom-
 itable will like that of Jones had ever
 held the motley crew in any kind of



"Three cheers for Commodore Jones!"

discipline. He had ruled the Richard
 with an iron hand, and in spite of bit-
 ter murmurs had forced the men to do
 his will. The ship had been a slumber-
 ing volcano of incipient mutiny and
 latent rebellion, but in the presence of
 the enemy these men, whose passion it
 was to fight, forgot their personal
 grievances and, mindful of the finish-
 ed skill and superhuman courage of
 their captain, looked favorably upon
 him and eagerly anticipated the con-
 flict. Rude jests and bits of sea pleas-
 antry, usually permitted in moments like
 these, flew up and down the line be-
 tween the captain and the ruffians un-
 der his command as he passed by them
 in rapid review.

The watches had been piped to sup-
 per earlier than usual, and afterward a
 double ration of grog had been served
 out. The men were in good spirits and
 good spirits in them! The captain care-
 fully examined every part of the ship.
 The young midshipmen who filled the
 unwonted stations, evidently deeply
 impressed by their opportunities and
 responsibilities, were pacing restlessly
 up and down, eagerly scrutinizing ev-
 ery detail of their several commands.
 On the berth deck, standing before the
 hatch which led into the hold in which
 over 200 English prisoners were con-
 fined, the commodore found young
 Payne, attended by the master at
 arms, two American seamen and three
 French soldiers, keeping guard.

"Ah! I am glad to see you at your
 station," said the captain, raising his
 voice as the young midshipman, full of
 pride, saluted him. "You remember
 my orders, sir, which were to shoot the
 first man who shows his head above
 the hatch?"

There was a hoarse murmur from the
 prisoners beneath the gratings which
 covered the hatchway at this speech of
 the captain, which was, as he had in-
 tended, clearly heard by them.

"Aye, aye, sir. I'll do it; never fear,"
 answered the lad in his boyish treble.
 "Remember, sir, that I regard your
 station as one of the most important
 on the ship! Those men must not be
 allowed on deck!"

"They shall not be!" answered Payne
 resolutely. "If the ship goes down,
 they go with it!"

There was a harsh roar below.
 Gaths, curses, imprecations and cries
 were blasted up from the deck be-
 neath them.

"Silence there!" shouted Jones. "Re-
 member!" he said to the midshipman
 as he turned away.

"I shall not forget, sir," replied the
 boy, saluting proudly.
 "Do what you can," said Jones, turn-
 ing to McCollin—"do what you can
 with the old 18's."
 "They shall be fought as long as
 they exist, sir," answered the young
 officer.

"I know that, sir," said Jones, glance-
 ing approvingly from him to the little
 groups of half naked men clustered
 about the guns, the sweat streaming
 from their muscular bodies in the heat
 of the narrow, confined quarters, "and
 you have the men with you who will
 back you up."
 A hoarse cheer which resounded
 throughout the dim recesses of the
 berth deck bespoke the hearty acqui-
 escence of the men in their captain's
 shrewd estimate of their qualities.

CHAPTER XIX. TWEEN DECKS WITH THE MEN.

THE captain, not ill pleased at
 this and other manifesta-
 tions of hearty spirit which
 had met him on every hand,
 mounted the ladders and resumed his
 station on the high poop deck of the
 frigate.

Anything less like a war vessel could
 hardly be imagined. The Bon Homme
 Richard had been an old fashioned,
 high pooped East Indian man with a
 towering forecastle. This antiquated
 makeshift, formerly called the Duc de
 Duras, had been turned over to Jones
 for a ship of war through the grudging
 kindness of France. It was the best
 ship Franklin and the other com-
 missioners of the new American re-
 public could procure for their greatest
 sea captain. Jones, out of compliment
 to Franklin, author of the "Poor Rich-
 ard" papers, had renamed her. The
 name was the only thing new about
 her. She had been pierced for thirty-
 six guns, twenty-eight 12 pounders
 on the main deck and eight 9
 pounders on the quarter deck and fore-
 castle. In utter desperation at her
 entire inadequacy, Jones had recourse
 to the dangerous experiment, not
 often resorted to, of mounting six
 18 pounders in ports pierced for
 them on the berth deck, and of course
 very near the water line. The guns
 were all of an obsolete pattern and
 much worn by use, the 18 pounders
 being especially bad; as dangerous,
 in fact, to friends as foes. Bad as they
 were, they were all he could obtain,
 and, with characteristic determination,
 Jones resolved to make the best of
 them.

The ship herself was so old and rot-
 ten that she was not even fit for an
 ordinary merchant cruise, much less
 prepared for the shocks of battle.
 Through an unfortunate combination
 of circumstances, all of her senior of-
 ficers were absent except Dale, the first
 lieutenant, Stacey, the sailing master,
 and Mease, the purser. Among that

(Continued on page four)

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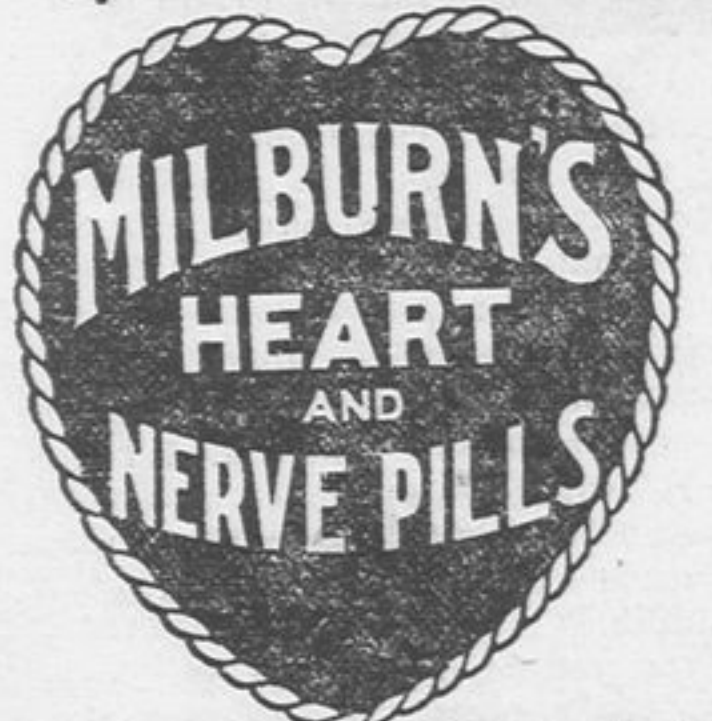
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G. T. R. TIME TABLE

ARRIVALS.	
30. From Toronto, ftg.	5.00 a.m.
32. From Haliburton	8.55 a.m.
21. From Port Hope	9.10 a.m.
22. From Toronto	10.50 a.m.
30. From Cobocok	10.10 a.m.
35. From Port Hope	2.00 p.m.
42. From I. B. & O. Jet	5.20 p.m.
23. From Port Hope	6.23 p.m.
54. From Whitby	7.30 a.m.
24. From Toronto	8.05 p.m.
24. From Whitby	8.45 p.m.
56. From Midland	8.10 p.m.
94. From Belleville	5.50 p.m.
45. From Belleville	10.20 p.m.
DEPARTURES.	
12. For Belleville	6.25 a.m.
51. For Whitby	6.30 a.m.
21. For Toronto	9.15 a.m.
21. For Port Hope	10.53 a.m.
42. For I.B.&O. Jet	11.00 a.m.
65. For Whitby	11.05 a.m.
27. For Toronto	12.05 p.m.
33. For Haliburton	2.40 p.m.
23. For Toronto	6.23 p.m.
31. For Cobocok	6.35 p.m.

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