

When You Can Buy "SATADA" TEA

Why be content with inferior tea.



CAPTAIN BLOOD

by Rafael Sabatini

CHAPTER XXIV—(Cont'd.)

Weeks passed, and every ship from home brought additional news. William had crossed to England, and in March of that year, 1689, and in March in Jamaica that he had accepted the crown and that James had thrown himself into the arms of France for rehabilitation.

To a seaman of Sunderland's this was disquieting news, indeed it was followed by letters from King William's Secretary of State informing Colonel Bishop that there was war with France, and that in view of its effect upon the Colonies a Governor-General was coming out to the West Indies in the person of Lord Willoughby, and that with him came a squadron under the command of Admiral Van der Kuylen to reinforce the Jamaica fleet against eventualities. Bishop realized that this must mean the end of his supreme authority, even though he should continue in Port Royal as Deputy-Governor.

Said he to Lord Julian: "This war with France removes all restrictions in the matter of Tortuga. We are free to invest it in the service of the Crown. A victory there and we establish ourselves in the favor of this new government."

"Ah!" said Lord Julian and pulled thoughtfully at his lip.

"I see that you understand," Bishop laughed coarsely. "We'll hunt this rascal out in his lair, right under the beard of the King of France, and we'll take him this time, if we reduce Tortuga to a heap of ashes."

On that expedition they sailed two days later—which would be three months after Blood's departure—taking every ship of the fleet, and several lesser vessels as auxiliaries.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE SERVICE OF KING LOUIS.

Meanwhile some three months before Colonel Bishop set out to reduce Tortuga, Captain Blood had blown into its reeked harbor two days ahead of the frigate in which Wolverstone had sailed from Port Royal a day before him.

In that secret anchorage he found his fleet awaiting him—the four ships which had been separated in that gale off the Lesser Antilles.

His captain, Huzthorpe, Christian, and Yverville, were on the jetty to receive him, and with them were some hundreds of his buccaneers. He cut short their greetings, and when they plighted him with questions of where he had tarried he bade them await the coming of Wolverstone, who would satisfy their curiosity to a surfeit.

When the Old Wolf cast anchor in the bay two days later, it was to him all turned for the explanation.

Now Wolverstone had only one eye; he had a deal more with that one eye than do most men with two; and despite his grizzled beard and picture-quizzed face he had the sound heart of a boy, and in that heart much love for Peter Blood.

The sight of the Arabella at anchor.

Port Royal caught that some night. But that about Bishop had passed the word, and the fort kept a sharp lookout. In the end, though it took him a fortnight, Blood bubbled him. He sent me and most of the men off in a frigate that I bought for the voyage. His game—as he'd secretly told me—was to follow and give chase. Whether that's the game he played or not I can't tell; but here he is before me as I'd expected he would be.

At last, as Blood's buccaneers were growing restive, something happened, brought about by the Captain's friend, M. d'Ogeron. One sunny morning the Governor of Tortuga came aboard the Arabella, accompanied by a chubby little gentleman, amiable of countenance, amiable and self-sufficient of manner.

"My Captain," M. d'Ogeron delivered himself, "I bring you M. de Cussy, the Governor of French Hispaniola, who desires a word with you."

"You have a good force here under your command, my Captain," said M. de Cussy.

"Some eight hundred men."

"M. de Cussy took snuff delicately. "I have something to propose," said he.

"Propose it, then," said Blood, without interest.

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"I am speaking officially, my Captain. There is war between France and Spain in Europe. It is the intention of France that this war shall be carried into the New World. A fleet is coming from Brest under the command of M. le Baron de Rivarol for that purpose. What I have come to propose to you, my Captain, at the suggestion of our good friend, M. d'Ogeron, is, in brief, that you enroll your ships and your force under M. de Rivarol's flag."

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in the bay had at first amazed him as he sailed round the rocky headland that bore the fort.

Anon when ashore he was beset by questioning buccaneers, it was from their very questions that he gathered exactly how matters stood, and perceived that, either from lack of courage or other motive Blood himself had refused to render any account of his doings since the Arabella had separated from her sister ships.

"The Captain was ever a modest man," he explained to Hagthorpe and those others who came crowding round him. "It's not his way to be sounding his own praises. We fell in with old Don Miguel, and when we'd scuttled him we took aboard a London pimp sent out by the Secretary of State to report on the King's commission if so be his kind of quit piracy and be of good behavior." The Captain damned his soul to hell for answer. And then we fell in with the Jamaica fleet and that gray old devil Bishop in command, and there was a sure end to Captain Blood and to every mother's son of us all. So I go to him, and 'accept this proxy commission,' says I; 'turn King's man and save your neck and ours.' He took me at my word, and the London pimp gave him the King's commission on the spot, and Bishop all but choked his self with rage when he was told of it. Blood would ha' slipped out o' it.

CHAPTER XXVI.

M. DE RIVAROL.

Captain Blood was still in disgruntled mood when he sailed from Tortuga. In that same mood he greeted M. le Baron de Rivarol when this nobleman with his fleet of five men-of-war at last dropped anchor alongside the buccaneer ships in the middle of February.

Summoned to wait on him, Captain Blood repaired to the Castle of Petit Gaveau, where the interview was to take place. The Baron, a tall, hawk-faced man of forty, very cold and distant of manner, measured Captain Blood with an eye of obvious disapproval.

He took up a paper. "I have here a copy of the articles into which you entered with M. de Cussy. Before going further, I have to observe that M. de Cussy has exceeded his instructions in admitting you to one-fifth of the prizes taken. His authority did not warrant his going beyond one-tenth."

"The articles we signed are the condition of our service; and the articles provide that we receive one-fifth share. Refuse us that, and you cancel the articles; cancel the articles, and you cancel our services with them. From that moment we cease to have the honor to hold rank in the navies of the King of France was Blood's reply.

The Baron glared. "I will consider the matter," he said solemnly. "You shall be advised of my resolve."

Captain Blood rose and bowed.

"M. le Baron!" said he.

The next day M. de Rivarol sent for Captain Blood.

"I have considered well," he announced. "And whilst my opinion remains unaltered, I must confess that since M. de Cussy has pledged us, it is for us to fulfill the pledges. The articles are confirmed, sir."

Blood and his officers were summoned a week later to a council which sat to determine their operations against Spain. M. de Rivarol laid before them a project for a raid upon the wealthy Spanish town of Cartagena. Captain Blood professed astonishment. Sourly invited by M. de Rivarol to state his grounds for the case of national emergency like the great strike. Thirty years ago London was full of cab yards, some of which held as many as 100 cabs and employed about fifty horsekeepers. Horse-drawn vehicles have become a worry to those responsible for traffic control. Wherever there are horse-drawn vehicles, constant traffic jams are inevitable.

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"I have considered well," he announced. "And whilst my opinion remains unaltered, I must confess that since M. de Cussy has pledged us, it is for us to fulfill the pledges. The articles are confirmed, sir."

Blood and his officers were summoned a week later to a council which sat to determine their operations against Spain. M. de Rivarol laid before them a project for a raid upon the wealthy Spanish town of Cartagena. Captain Blood professed astonishment. Sourly invited by M. de Rivarol to state his grounds for the case of national emergency like the great strike. Thirty years ago London was full of cab yards, some of which held as many as 100 cabs and employed about fifty horsekeepers. Horse-drawn vehicles have become a worry to those responsible for traffic control. Wherever there are horse-drawn vehicles, constant traffic jams are inevitable.

ing. But M. d'Ogeron nodded vigorously with pursed lips, and the Governor of Hispaniola propounded his business.

"News has reached us from France that there is war with Spain."

"That is news, is it?" wondered Blood.

"I am speaking officially, my Captain. There is war between France and Spain in Europe. It is the intention of France that this war shall be carried into the New World. A fleet is coming from Brest under the command of M. le Baron de Rivarol for that purpose. What I have come to propose to you, my Captain, at the suggestion of our good friend, M. d'Ogeron, is, in brief, that you enroll your ships and your force under M. de Rivarol's flag."

Blood looked at him with a faint kindling of interest. "You are offering to take us into the French service?" he asked. "On what terms, monsieur?"

"With the rank of Capitaine de Vaisseau for yourself, and suitable ranks for the officers serving under you. You will enjoy the pay of that rank, and you will be entitled, together with your men, to one-tenth share in all prizes taken."

Captain Blood considered. This was not piracy that was being proposed. It was honorable employment in the service of the King of France.

"I will consult my officers," he said, and he sent for them.

They came and the matter was laid before them by M. de Cussy himself. Yverville, the young French filibuster, had the honor to point out to M. de Cussy that the share offered was too small. For one-fifth of the prizes, the officers would answer for their men; not for less.

M. de Cussy finally consenting to exceed his instructions, the articles were drawn up and signed that very day. The buccaneers were at the top of the finished sleeves. The neck is bound and finished with a chic bow at the front. No. 1652 is in sizes 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. View A, size 8, requires 2 1/4 yards 39-inch, or 1 1/2 yards 54-inch material. View B, size 8, requires 1 1/4 yards 39-inch material. Price 20c the pattern.

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