

NO DEFENSE

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"The Seats of the Mighty"
"The Right of Way"

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THE BATTLE.

Synopsis.—Dyck Calhoun, gifted young Irish Gentleman of the time of the French and American revolutions, meets Sheila Linn, seven-year-old girl visiting in the neighborhood. They are mutually attracted. Sheila never knew her dissipated father, Erria Boyne, her mother having divorced him. In Dublin Leonard Mallow and Dyck fight with swords and Dyck is victor. Erria Boyne, secretly in French employ, gets Dyck drunk and tries to persuade him to join in revolt against England. They quarrel. While Dyck is overcome with drugged wine, Boyne's second wife enters the room and stabs her faithless husband to the heart. Dyck is arrested on a charge of murder. He does not know if he killed Boyne or not. Sheila begs her mother to go to Dublin with her to help Dyck. Mrs. Linn opposes the idea. A letter from Mrs. Linn's wealthy brother in America decides them to go and live with him. Dyck refuses to enter any plea except "No Defense." He might have escaped by revealing Boyne's treachery but refuses on Sheila's account. He is sent to prison for eight years. Sheila writes Dyck, assuring him of her belief in his innocence. Released after serving four years, Dyck finds himself destitute, his father dead. In London Dyck receives a letter from Sheila inviting him to come to America and sending money for the voyage. He feels he cannot in honor go to her. Dyck joins the British navy as an enlisted man. Had conditions in the fleet result in mutiny.

CHAPTER XI.

To the West Indies.

A fortnight later the mutiny at the *Nore* shook and bewildered the British Isles.

The day after Richard Parker visited the *Ariadne* the fleet had been put under the control of the seamen's Delegates, who were men of standing in the ships, and of personal popularity. Their first act was to declare that the fleet should not leave port until the men's demands were satisfied.

The government had armed the forts at Sheerness, had sent troops and guns to Gravesend and Tilbury, and had declared war upon the rebellious fleet.

At the head of the Delegates, Richard Parker, with an officer's knowledge, became a kind of bogus admiral, who, in interview with the real admirals and the representatives of the admiralty board, talked like one who, having power, meant to use it ruthlessly. The government had yielded to the Spithead mutineers, giving pardon to all except the ringleaders, and granting demands for increased wages and better food, with a promise to consider the question of prize-money; but the *Nore* mutineers refused to accept that agreement, and enlarged the Spithead demands.

The Delegates demanded a deputa-tion from the admiralty, Parker declaring that no accommodation could occur without the appearance of the lords of the admiralty at the *Nore*. Then followed threatening arrange-ments, and the Delegates decided to blockade the Thames and the Med- way.

It was at this time that Dyck Calhoun—who, by consent of Richard Parker, had taken control of the *Ariadne*—took action which was to alter the course of his own life and that of many others.

Since the beginning of the mutiny he had acted with decision, judgment and strength. He had agreed to the *Ariadne* joining the mutinous ships, and he had skillfully constructed peti-tions to the admiralty, the house of commons and the king. His habit of thought, his knowledge of life, made him a power. He believed that the main demands of the seamen were just, and he made a useful organiza-tion to enforce them. It was only when he saw the mutineers would not accept the terms granted to the Spit-head rebels that a new spirit influ-enced him.

He had determined to get control of the *Ariadne*. His gift as a speaker had conquered his fellow-sailors, and the fact that he was an ex-convict gave them confidence that he was no friend of the government.

One of the first things he did, after securing his own pre-eminence on the ship, was to get the captain and officers safely ashore. This he did with skill, and the crew of the ship even cheered them as they left.

None of the regular officers of the *Ariadne* were left upon her, except Greenock, the master of the ship, whose rank was below that of a lieutenant, and whose duties were many and varied under the order of the captain. Greenock chose to stay, though Dyck said he could go if he wished. Greenock's reply was that it was his duty to stay, if the ship was going to remain at sea, for no one else could perform his duties or do his work.

Then, by vote, Dyck became captain of the ship. He would not have accepted the doubtful honor had he not had long purposes in view. With Ferens, Michael Clones, and two others whom Ferens could trust, a plan was arranged which Dyck ex-pressed to his fellow-seamen on the *Ariadne*.

"We've come to the parting of the ways, brothers," he said. "We've all become liable to death for mutiny. The pardon offered by the king has been refused, and fresh demands are made. There, I think, a real wrong has been committed by our people. The *Ariadne* is well supplied with food and water. It is the only ship with sufficiency. And why? Because at the beginning we got provisions from the shore in time; also we got permission from Richard Parker to fill our holds from two stopped merchant ships. Well, the rest of the fleet know what our food and drink fitment is. They know how safe we are, and today orders have come to yield our provisions to the rest of the fleet. That is, we, who have taken time by the forelock, must yield up our good gettings to had receivers. I am not prepared to do it.

"The fleet hasn't the food to sail. On Richard Parker's ship, the *Sandwich*, there is food only for a week. The others are almost as bad. We are in danger of being attacked. Sir Erasmus Gower, of the *Neptune*, has a fleet of warships, gunboats, and amateur armed vessels getting ready to attack us. The *Nore* sea fleet has come to help us, but that doesn't save us. I'll say this—we are loyal men in this fleet, otherwise our ships would have joined the enemy in the waters of France or Holland. They can't go now, in any case. The men have lost heart.

"For the moment we have a majority in men and ships; but we can't renew our food or drink, or ammunition. The end is sure against us. Our original agitation was just; our present obduracy is madness. The ship is suspected. It is believed by the rest of the fleet—by ships like the *Invincible*—that we're weak-kneed, selfish and lacking in fidelity to the cause. That's not true; but we are in this position—we have either to fight or to run, and perhaps to do both.

"Make no mistake. The government are not cowards; the admiralty are gentlemen of determination. If men like Admiral Howe support the admiralty—Howe, one of the best friends the seamen ever had—what do you think the end will be? Have you heard what happened at Spithead? The seamen chivied Admiral Alan Gardner and his colleagues aboard a ship. He caught hold of a seaman Delegate by the collar and shook him. They closed in on him. They handled him roughly. He sprang on the hammock nettings, put the noose of the hanging-rope round his neck, and said to the men who advanced menacingly:

"If you will return to your duty, you may hang me at the yard-arm!"

"That's the kind of stuff our admirals are made of. We have no quarrel with the majority of our officers. They're straight, they're honest, and they're true to their game. Our quarrel is with parliament and the admiralty; our struggle is with the people of the kingdom, who have not seen to it that our wrongs are put right, that we have food to eat, water to drink and money to spend."

He waved a hand, as though to sweep away the criticisms he felt must be rising against him.

"Don't think because I've spent four years in prison under the sternest discipline the world offers, and have never been a seaman before, that I'm not fitted to espouse your cause. By Heaven, I am—I am—I am! I know the wrongs you've suffered. I've smelled the water you drink. I've tasted the rotten meat. I've seen the honest seaman who has been for years upon his back got from a brutal officer who gave him too big a job to do, and flogged him for not doing it. I know of men who, fevered with bad food, have fallen from the main masthead, or have slipped overboard, glad to go, because of the wrongs they've suffered.

"I'll tell you what our fate will be, and then I'll put a question to you. We must either give up our stock of provisions or run for it. Parker and the other Delegates proclaim their comradeship; yet they have hidden from us the king's proclamation and the friendly resolutions of the London merchants. I say our only hope is to escape from the Thames. I know that skill will be needed, but if we escape, what then? I say, if we escape, because, as we sail out, orders will be given for the other mutiny ships to attack us. We shall be fired on; we shall risk our lives. You've done that before, however, and will do it again.

"I'm not inclined to surrender, or to stand by men who have botched our business for us. I'm for making for the sea, and, when I get there, I'm for striking for the West Indies, where there's a British fleet fighting Britain's enemies, and for joining in and fighting with them. I'm for getting out of this river and away from England. It's a bold plan, but it's a good one. I want to know if you're with me. Remember, there's danger getting out, and there's danger when and if we get out. The other ships may pursue us. The Portsmouth fleet may nab us. We may be caught, and, if we are, we must take the dose prepared for us; but I'm for making a strong rush, going without fear, and asking no favor.

I won't surrender here; it's too cowardly. I want to know, will you come to the open sea with me?"

"We may have to fight when we get out; but I'm for taking the *Ariadne* into the great world battle when we can find it. This I want to ask—isn't it worth while making a great fight in our own way, and showing that British seamen can at once be mutineers and patriots? We have a pilot who knows the river. We can go to the West Indian Islands, to the British fleet there. It's doom and death to stay here; and it may be doom and death to go. If we try to break free, and are fired on, the admiralty may approve of us, because we've broken away from the rest. See now, isn't that the thing to do? I'm for getting out. Who's coming with me?"

Suddenly a burly sailor pushed forward. He had the head of a viking. His eyes were strong with enterprise. He had a hand like a ham, with long, hairy fingers.

"Captain," said he, "you've put the thing so there can be only one answer to it. As for me, I'm sick of the way this mutiny has been bungled from first to last. There's been one good thing about it only—we've got order without cruelty, we've rebelled without ravagement; but we've missed the way, and we didn't deal with the admiralty commissioners as we ought. So



Sailed Bravely Through the Leaden Storm.

I'm for joining up with the captain here—he waved a hand toward Dyck—"and making for open sea. As sure as God's above they'll try to hammer us, but it's the only way."

He held a handkerchief—a dirty, red silk thing.

"See," he continued, "the wind is right to take us out. The other ships won't know what we're going to do until we start. I'm for getting off. I'm a pressed man. I haven't seen my girl for five years, and they won't let me free in port to go and see her. Nothing can be worse than what we have to suffer now, so let's make a break for it. That's what I say. Come, now, lads, three cheers for Captain Calhoun!"

A half-hour later, on the captain's deck, Dyck gave the order to pass eastward. It was sunset when they started, and they had not gone a thousand yards before some of the mutineering ships opened fire on the *Ariadne*. The breeze was good, however, and she sailed bravely through the leaden storm. Once—twice—three she was hit, but she sped on. By daylight the *Ariadne* was well away from the land.

The first thing Dyck had done, after escaping from the river, was to study the wants of the *Ariadne* and make an estimate for the future with Greenock, the master. He calculated they had food and water enough to last for three months, even with liberal provisioning. Going among the crew, he realized there was no depression among them; that they seemed to care little where they were going. It was, however, quite clear they wished to fight—to fight the enemies of England.

Perhaps no mutineer in the history of the world ever succeeded, as did Dyck Calhoun, in holding control over fellow-mutineers on the journey from the English channel to the Caribbean sea. As a boy Dyck had been an expert sailor, had studied the machinery of a man-of-war, and his love of the sea was innate and deep-seated; but his present success was based upon more than experience. Quite apart from the honor of his nature, prison had deepened in him the hatred of injustice. In soul he was bitter; in body he was healthy, powerful and sane.

Slowly, sternly, yet tactfully, he had broken down the many customs of ship life injurious to the welfare of the men. Under his system the sailors had good coffee for breakfast, instead of a horrible mixture made of burnt biscuits cooked in foul water. He gave the men pea soup and rice instead of burgoo and the wretched oatmeal mess which was the staple thing for break-

fast. He saw to it that the meat was no longer a hateful, repulsive mass, two-thirds bone and gristle, and before it came into the cook's hands capable of being polished like mahogany. He threatened the cook with punishment if he found the meals ill-cooked.

Of the common sailors, on the whole, Dyck had little doubt. He had informed them that, whatever happened, they should not be in danger; that the ship should not join the West Indian fleet unless every man except himself received amnesty. If the amnesty was not granted, then one of two things should happen—the ship must make for a South American port, or she must fight. Fighting would not frighten these men.

It was rather among the midshipmen that Dyck looked for trouble. Sometimes, with only two years' training at Gosport, a youngster became a midshipman on first going to sea, and he could begin as early as eleven years of age. A second-rate ship like the *Ariadne* carried eighteen midshipmen; and six lieutenants were appointed from them, only twelve remained. From these twelve, in the dingy after-cockpit, where the superficial area was not more than twelve square feet; where the air was foul, and the bilges reeked with a pestilential stench; where the purser's storeroom near gave out the smell of rancid butter and poisonous cheese; where the musty taint of old ropes came to them, there was a spirit of danger.

Dyck was right in thinking that in the midshipmen's dismal berth the first flowers of revolt to his rule would bloom.

Sailors, even as low as the pig-sty men, had some idea of fair play; and as the weeks that had passed since they left the Thames had given them better food and drink, and lessened the severity of those above them, real obedience had come.

It was not strange that the ship ran well, for all the officers under the new conditions, except Dyck himself, had had previous experience. The old lieutenants had gone, but midshipmen, who in any case were trained, had taken their places. The rest of the ship's staff were the same, except the captain; and as Dyck had made a friend of Greenock the master, a man of glumness, the days were peaceful enough during the voyage to the Caribbean sea.

The majority saw that every act of Dyck had proved him just and capable. He had rigidly insisted on gun practice; he had keyed up the marines to a better spirit, and churlishness had been promptly punished. He was, in effect, what the sailors called a "rogue," or a "taut one"—seldom smiling, gaunt of face but fearless of eye, and with a body free from fatigue.

As the weather grew warmer and the days longer, and they drew near to the coast of Jamaica, a stir of excitement was shown.

"You'd like to know what I'm going to do, Michael, I suppose?" said Dyck one morning, as he drank his coffee and watched the sun creeping up the sky. "Well, in three days we shall know what's to become of us, and I have no doubt or fear. This ship's a rebel, but it's returning to duty. We've shown them how a ship can be run with good food and drink and fair dealing, and, please God, we'll have some work to do now that belongs to a man-of-war!"

"Sir, I know what you mean to do," replied Michael. "You mean to get all of us off by giving yourself up."

"Well, some one has to pay for what we've done, Michael." A dark, ruthless light came into Dyck's eyes. "Some one's got to pay." A grim smile crossed his face. "We've done the forbidden thing; we've mutilated and taken to the open sea. We were fired on by the other mutiny ships, and that will help our sailors, but it won't help me. I'm the leader. We ought, of course, to have taken refuge with the nearest squadron of the king's ships. Well, I've run my luck, and I'll have to pay."

He scratched his chin with a thumb-nail—a permanent physical trait. "You see, the government has pardoned all the sailors, and will hang only the leaders. I expect Parker is hung already. Well, I'm the leader on the *Ariadne*. I'm taking this ship straight to his majesty's West Indian fleet, in thorough discipline, and I'll hand it over well found, well manned, well officered, on condition that all go free except myself. I came aboard a common sailor, a quota man, a prison-bird, penniless. Well, have I shown that I can run a ship? Have I learned the game of control? During the weeks we've been at sea, bursting along, have I proved myself?"

Michael smiled.

"What did I say to you the first night on board, sir? Didn't I say they'd make an officer of you when they found out what brains you had? By St. Patrick, you've made yourself captain with the good-will of all, and your iron hand has held the thing together. You've got a great head, too, sir!"

Dyck looked at him with a face in which the far future shone.

"Michael, I've been lucky. I've been well served. It was a great thing, making the new lieutenants from the

midshipmen. There never was a better lot on board a ship."

Before the day was over the whole ship was alive with anticipation, for, in the far distance, could be seen the dark blue and purplish shadows which told of land; and this brought the minds of all to the end of their journey, with thoughts of the crisis near.

Word had been passed that all on board were considered safe—all except the captain who had maneuvered them to the entrance of the Caribbean sea. Had he been of their own origin, they would not have placed so much credence in the rumor; but coming as he did of an ancient Irish family, although he had been in jail for killing, the traditional respect for the word of a gentleman influenced them. When a man like Ferens, on the one hand, and a mutineer whose fingers had been mutilated by Dyck in the channel, on the other—when these agreed to bend themselves to the rule of a usurper, some idea of Calhoun's power may be got.

On this day, with the glimmer of land in the far distance, the charges of all the guns were renewed. Also word was passed that at any moment the ship must be cleared for action. Down in the cockpit the tables were got ready by the surgeon and the lobby boys; the magazines were opened, and the guards were put on duty.

To the right of the *Ariadne* was the coast of Cuba; to the left was the coast of Haiti, both invisible to the eye. Although the knowledge that they were nearing land had already given the officers and men a feeling of elation, the feeling was greatly intensified as they came through the Turk Island passage, which is a kind of gateway to the Windward passage between Cuba and Haiti. The glory of the sunny, tropical world was upon the ship and upon the sea; it crept into the blood of every man, and the sweet summer weather gave confidence to their minds. It was a day which only those who knew tropical and semi-tropical seas can understand. It had the sense of soaking luxury.

In his cabin, with the ship's chart on the table before him, Dyck Calhoun studied the course of the *Ariadne*. The wind was fair and good, the sea-birds hovered overhead. From a distant part of the ship came the sound of men's voices in song. "Well, what is it?" he asked of a marine who appeared in his doorway.

"The master of the ship begs to see you, sir," was the reply.

A moment afterward Greenock entered. He asked Dyck several questions concerning the possible fighting, the disposition of ammunition and all that, and said at last:

"I think we shall be of use, sir. The ship's all right now."

"As right as anything human can be. I've got faith in my star, master."

A light came into the other man's dour face.

"I wish you'd get into uniform, sir."

"Uniform? No, Greenock! No, I use the borrowed power, but not the borrowed clothes. I'm a common sailor, and I wear the common sailor's clothes. You've earned your uniform, and it suits you. Stick to it; and when I've earned a captain's uniform I'll wear it. I owe you the success of this voyage so far, and my heart is full of it, up to the brim. Hark, what's that?"

"By God, it's guns, sir! There's fighting on!"

"Fighting!"

Dyck stood for a minute with head thrust forward, eyes fixed upon the distant mists ahead. The rumble of the guns came faintly through the air. An exultant look came into his face.

"Master, the game's with us—it is fighting! I know the difference be-



Dyck Calhoun Could See the Struggle Going On.

tween the two sets of guns, English and French. Listen—that quick, spasmodic firing is French; the steady-as-thunder is English. Well, we've got all set on. Now, make ready the ship for fighting!"

"She's almost ready, sir."

An hour later the light mist had risen, and almost suddenly the *Ariadne* seemed to come into the field of battle. Dyck Calhoun could see the struggle going on. The two sets of enemy ships had come to close quarters, and in some cases were locked in deadly conflict. In other cases ships, still apart, fired at point-blank range, and all the horrors of slaughter were in full swing.

From the square blue flag at the mizen topgallant masthead of one of the British ships engaged, Dyck realized that the admiral's own craft was in some peril. He saw with satisfaction that the way lay open for the *Ariadne* to bear down upon the French ship, engaged with the admiral's small ship, and help to end the struggle successfully for the British cause.

While still too far away for point-blank range, the *Ariadne*'s guns began upon the French ships distinguishable by their shape and their colors. Before the first shot was fired, however, Dyck made a tour of the decks and gave some word of cheer to the men. The *Ariadne* lost no time in getting into the thick of the fight. The seamen were stripped to the waist, and black silk handkerchiefs were tightly bound round their heads and over their ears.

What the French thought of the coming of the *Ariadne* was shown by the reply they made presently to her firing. The number of French ships in action was greater than the British by six, and the *Ariadne* arrived just when she could be of greatest service. The boldness of her seamanship, and the favor of the wind, gave her an advantage which good fortune helped to justify.

As she drew in upon the action, she gave herself up to great danger; she was coming in upon the rear of the French ships, and was subject to fierce attack. To the French she seemed like a fugitive warrior returning to camp just when he was most needed, as was indeed the case. Two of her shots settled one of the enemy's vessels; and before the others could converge upon her, she had crawled slowly up against the off side of the French admiral's ship, which was closely engaged with the *Beatitude*, the British flagship, on the other side.

The canister, chain-shot and langrel of the French foe had caused much injury to the *Ariadne*, and her canvas was in a sore plight. Fifty of her seamen had been killed, and a hundred and fifty were wounded by the time she reached the starboard side of the *Aquitaine*. She would have lost many more were it not that her onset demoralized the French gunners, while the cheers of the British sailors aboard the *Beatitude* gave confidence to their mutineer comrades.

On his own deck, Dyck watched the progress of the battle with the joy of a natural fighter. He had carried the thing to an almost impossible success. There had only been this in his favor, that his was an unexpected entrance—a fact which had been worth another ship at least. He saw his boarders struggle for the *Aquitaine*. He saw them discharge their pistols, and then resort to the cutlass and the dagger; and the marines bringing down their victims from the masts of the French flag-ship.

Presently he heard the savagely buoyant shouts of the *Beatitude* men, and he realized that, by his coming, the admiral of the French fleet had been obliged to yield up his sword, and to signal to his ships—such as could—to get away. That half of them succeeded in doing so was due to the fact that the British fleet had been heavily handed in the fight, and would have been defeated had it not been for the opportune arrival of the *Ariadne*.

Never, perhaps, in the history of the navy, had British ships clamped the enemy as the *Aquitaine* was clamped by the *Beatitude* and the *Ariadne*. Certain it is that no admiral of the British fleet had ever to perform two such acts in one day as receiving the submission of a French admiral and offering thanks to the captain of a British man of war whom, while thanking, he must at once place under arrest as a mutineer.

What might have chanced further to Dyck's disadvantage can never be known, because there appeared on the deck of the *Beatitude*, as its captain under the rear admiral, Captain Ivy, who, five years before, had visited Dyck and his father at Playmore, and had gone with them to Dublin.

The admiral had sent word to the *Ariadne* for its captain to come to the *Beatitude*. When the captain's gig arrived, and a man in seaman's clothes essayed to climb the side of the flagship, he was at first prevented. Captain Ivy, however, immediately gave orders for Dyck to be admitted, but without honors.

"You've done quite well Mr. Calhoun, but my instructions were to hang you."

TO BE CONTINUED