

FIGHT WITH PIRATES

How a Captain's Wife Saved Her Husband's Vessel.

ONE NEW YEAR'S ADVENTURE

RIF PIRATES ATTACK AN AMERICAN YACHT—PART OF THE CREW IN SYMPATHY WITH THEM.

BY GEORGE WESTLEY.

January 1, 1894, is remembered in my memory as the day on which occurred the most exciting experience of my adventurous life. I was at that time master of the Bertha May, a staunch little brig of some hundred and thirty tons, which had sailed from Boston a month before, bound for Naples, with a general cargo.

Our vessel was commanded by Capt. John Perry. She carried a crew of eight, besides the cook, and there was on board also the captain's wife, a good-looking lass of some twenty-six summers.

On the 25th of December we found ourselves in a perfect hurricane off the coast of Spain. When it had abated we were minus our bowsprit and fore-top, besides incurring other minor damages. So the captain put into Cadix for temporary repairs.

But that was only the beginning of our troubles. We had managed, in picking up our Boston crew, to get together the worst lot of rascals it has ever been my lot to encounter. Nothing seemed to please them, and when five of them deserted the brig at Cadix we were neither surprised nor sorry.

But as they were, however, we soon wished them back again, for when we undertook to supply their places, we had on board such a rabble of out-throats that for a long time the captain hesitated to select a single one of them. However, knowing the best was had enough, but finally four Spaniards and a Portuguese were chosen, and at daybreak on New Year's morning we set sail again for Naples.

At twilight of the same day we entered the straits of Gibraltar, with a spanking breeze and a choppy sea running. We had by this time, short as it was, begun to discover something of the quality of our new recruits. There was a sort of insolence in their manner which looked very like the first stages of mutiny. Knowing that they numbered about half the men on board this was far from a pleasant state of affairs for the mind to dwell upon. Moreover, it seemed that they had somehow procured liquor with which they were celebrating New Year's on their own account.

We were as yet six to five, counting the cook on our side, but one of the old crew was very unreliable. Jim Dalton was a heavy drinker, and under the influence of bad whisky had done many unmanly and disgraceful things. Jim had picked up a smattering of Spanish and conversed freely with the new hands. At all hazards this man must be kept sober, lest they win him over to any murderous scheme they might propose to capture



"YOU MUST SHOOT AND SHOOT TO KILL."

the ship. He stood as the balance of power. "Dalton," cried the captain, sternly, "come aft and take the wheel."

Jim looked longingly at the whisky-bottle, hesitated a moment, and then sulkily obeyed the captain's order. Bidding me keep a sharp eye on him, the skipper then went below.

Along about eight o'clock in the evening we were off Tarifa, a little this side of Gibraltar. The tide swirled around this cape with the velocity of a mill-race. Suddenly the brig gave a lurch, and instantly fell off several points from her course.

"Jim, you confounded lubber, keep your head up!" I shouted.

"Can't do it, sir!"

"Why, what's the matter?"

"Matter enough, sir, the rudder's jammed, and won't work."

I stamped on the deck for the captain, and ran aft. It was indeed so. It seemed as if the lower hook had snapped, allowing the rudder post to twist and catch in the case, where it had fitted.

The tremendous current around the cape now had us at its mercy, and we began to drift towards the coast of Barbary. What with the wind and tide the sea was something frightful, and, to make our predicament worse, the villainous-looking fellows forward seemed to be hatching some devilish plot or other under cover of the darkness.

"This is a terrible business, Tom," said the captain.

"Ay, sir! had enough in the open sea, were we could run before the wind, but here it is worse than land. Before an hour we shall be on the Riffs, sir, just as sure as you're born."

drifting surely into their clutches and half-manned with fellows as villainous as themselves, and willing to share the spoil.

"For mercy on our souls we had been pitching and rolling and drifting, until now we could discern through the darkness the breakers toasting their white foam not more than a quarter of a mile away, and beyond them the threatening cliffs."

"Let go the drag!" yelled the captain, and the anchor shot over the bow, at full cable length, and failed to touch bottom.

"By George!" he exclaimed, "I've been in tough places before, but this beats them all. We're a goner, sure."

"Nearer and nearer we drifted, with nothing but the chance of our anchor gripping between us and death. Presently the captain, pointing shoreward, shouted: "Look there!"

The moon shining out for a moment between the scudding clouds, revealed the shore swarming with Riff savages, eagerly awaiting our destruction.

"Tom," said he, "lean below and see what you can raise in the way of firearms, and bring them on deck at once."

"Little use, I'm afraid, sir, against these rocks."

"Well, there's a bare chance of our anchor biting yet, and, besides, I don't like the looks of that lot of fellows forward."

"Down, Jennie! Down beneath the bulwarks!" It was getting rather hot for the little woman and she quickly did as she was bid. The captain and I stood together to draw our assailants' fire. Bang! bang! bang! bang!

With no more damage, however, than a hole through the skipper's cap. It was no place for long, clumsy firearms. Dalton and our old crew were now at the side of our ship.

Just then there came the sweetest sound I ever heard. Horses on the gale came the "boom" of an approaching vessel. Our vessel had been seen and answered.

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comers, the Portuguese had crept silently up behind the captain and was about to crush his skull with a belaying pin.

The warning was just in time, and the blow descended harmlessly on the rail. The next minute, however, the second man stepped upon the deck with a blow from the butt of his musket. He was bound securely and carried below to await further punishment, should we be fortunate enough to escape.

In the excitement of this incident we had forgotten about the second boat, and when a yell from Dalton brought us to the other side of the brig, the Rifians were almost upon us. When the cutthroat Spaniards saw this they gave a shout of encouragement. One of them, more enthusiastic than the rest, leaped upon the rail and beckoned them on excitedly, whereupon Dalton, seizing the captain's ear, gave the villain such a clip that the fellow lay on his back with a scream into the raging waves.

Meantime, we had loaded our muskets and blazed away. As good luck would have it, the two savages who were rowing on one side were hit, one so badly that he let his sweep go, and it was carried away by the waves. The other ceased rowing, but held his grip, while the unbalanced boat yawed dangerously into the trough of the sea. Before they had time to regain their lost ground we had loaded again.

"Bang! Bang! Bang!" All three went wide of the mark, and the riflemen came speeding up to the side of our ship.

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crack; the stern of the long boat had dropped from the diving planks into the galley of our assailant, crushing one of them into insensibility, and as disconcerting the others that they gave their hold of the brig's side, and in half a minute are bounding far astern. Jennie had played another trump card. God bless her!

"Hurrah, lady!" yelled the captain, grabbing his brave little wife in his arms and kissing her.

"Three cheers for Admiral Jennie!" cried Dalton, though, poor devil, he was pale as a ghost from loss of blood.

"Load, Tom—quick, now! We must give these fellows a parting shot and at the same time let the approaching vessel know our whereabouts."

The words had scarcely passed his lips when there was a sharp crack on of fifty rifles, a scream of pain, and the pirate's galley drifted helplessly from our sight into the darkness. Our row was nearer than we had supposed. He proved to be the Albat, a British cruiser of ten good guns and some half a hundred sharpshooters.

That was the way in which I passed the New Year of 1894.

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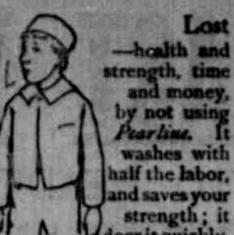
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