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THE FAIR AND THE BRAVE.

A Tale of the Sea.

BY CAPTAIN ROBERT BARNACLE.

CHAPTER I.

"Watche, his air, his gesture, and his face,
And thinks she never saw such manly grace."

It was at a late hour one dark evening that a young couple issued from the door of a stately mansion in Broadway, New York, and walked hurriedly up the street. The lady, who was very beautiful, gathered her cloak around her nervously as she faced the chilling autumn blast that swept the dust from the streets in whirling eddies. The other, a gentleman of slight figure, sporting mustachios and whiskers of the blackest dye, thrust his hand beneath his fur-lined coat, whilst he cast fearful glances into every corner unvisited by the pale and waning light of the street lamps. This couple hurried along in silence for a few minutes, but soon the lady said with a voice of exceeding sweetness:

"I really did not think of staying so late, but I had so much to say to Charlotte, whom I had not seen since we were at Saratoga, in June, that the hours flew unawares. I wish now, that I had told John to come for us with the carriage; it is quite cold."

"Yes, it is quite cwold; besides, Miss Gweyson, it is dangerous—it is, vewy," replied mustachios, looking around with an alarmed air.

"Dangerous? what, Charles, you don't apprehend danger! what could possibly befall us in the street if we walk along peaceably?" said his fair companion, with the slightest possible tone of irony.

"Aw, I hear—I'm twold—hem—that is, I've no dwoubt there is many dwevlish dwespewadoes in this cwity."

At this instant, the sound of a number of voices singing and talking in loud tones, approaching from another street leading into Broadway, somewhat in advance of them, arrested their attention.

"Gwood gwacious! I hope we shan't mweet wowdies. Oh, gwacious, what can we do?" continued mustachios.

"Haste Charles; let us hasten and pass the street," said the lady slightly alarmed.

The next moment a party of half intoxicated young men of the genus "rowdy," issued from the street near them, singing in maudlin accents, "Whar did you come from?—knock a nigger down."

"Hello! Bill Sandy, look'ee here; here's game—fun alive;" said one of the rowdies in advance, to his companions; 'here's a g'hal in tow of a monkey—Lizzy, my dear, who yer got dere—say, is it der Count de Banwhang or Van Amburg the lion tamer." The couple endeavored to hurry along, but the gang had gathered around and barred their way.

"Aw, fwellow, let me pwass; do gwood men, and I'll give you a dollar; I will 'pon honor,' whined the whiskered gentleman.

"Ha! ha! say, Bill, shake der feller away; he can't go home wid the g'hal no how," said one, while another caught the gentleman by the arm, and jerked him away from his fair companion, causing him several pirouettes with the agility of a dancing-master. The moment mustachios found himself at liberty, he ran up the street crying, "Watch, watch," quite lustily, leaving his companion to the tender mercies of the rowdies.

"Ah! Lizzy, my g'hal; you're a trump—hain't yer say?"

"For heaven's sake, let me pass—I beg—beseech you, let me go."

"She's a comin' the high flown; duz it up brown, duzn't yer old gal; yer couldn't come the high-strikes, (hysterics) could yer, that would be high," said one in a jeering tone.

"Run, boys, run—der Charlies is comin'," cried another, as the rapid tread of footsteps were heard near by.

"Not before I have a pull at this lush," (plunder) said one, as he snatched at a valuable chain around the lady's neck, "and not before I have a buss, pretty one," he continued, catching her in his arms.—The next moment a severe blow, dealt by an agile young man, prostrated the miscreant in the gutter, a similar service for the nearest companion of the reffian. A few vigorous and skilfully applied raps put the cowardly gang to flight, and the watchman who had arrived at this moment, followed in pursuit.

"Are you hurt, madam?" asked the young man, in a modest and respectful tone, as he assisted the lady in arranging her bonnet and cloak; "shall I see you home or to a place of safety?"

"Thank you," was all the frightened lady could reply as she took her defender's arm, who, she now perceived, was dressed in the garb of a sailor. After proceeding up the street for a few minutes, they met the valiant knight of the whiskers and mustachios, with a huge club, and accompanied by several of the watch whom he had collected.

"Why! Miss Gweyson! how did you escawpe from the wobbers?" he asked.

"They all ran, as cowards usually do, at the approach of danger," replied the lady, a little coldly. For a moment this cutting reply discomfitted the valiant man, but his assurance was not so easily overthrown, and he again said:

"It's well for them they wan, overwise they would have been sewerely chastwised by me; I was detwerminded—but who is this fwellow? one of the wowdies, eh?"

"A *gentleman*, who seeing me unprotected, kindly came to my rescue," replied the lady, emphasizing the word gentleman.

"Vewy kwind, here fwellow, here's a half dwollar for your swervices," said mustachios, at the same moment offering his arm to the lady. The sailor drew himself up, disdaining an answer.

"No, Charles, I shall not allow you to reward this gentleman who so kindly protected me, and *who will see me safe home*; that would be encroaching upon my rights," so saying, the lady continued her way, still holding the sailor's arm, leaving the gentleman, purse in hand, aghast. They soon arrived in front of one of those palaces that skirt the upper part of Broadway, whose white marble portico and columns reflected the light of the gate lamp. Here the lady turned, and as she met the glance of a pair of beautiful and eloquent blue eyes that seemed to speak every noble sentiment, she blushed and looked down for a moment. Again she scanned, with a glance ere she could speak, the youthful yet manly beauty before her, the soft, sun-browned skin, the rounded cheek, the finely formed mouth and chin, the pearly teeth, the proud forehead and curling locks, the agile yet beautifully moulded form, clad in the neatest, lace-trimmed blue suit.

"I cannot express myself satisfactorily to-night, sir," she said, "I cannot tell you how grateful I am—how much I am your debtor, and shall have to beg you to favor me with a call to-morrow, when perhaps I can present my thanks in a more satisfactory manner."

"No thanks, fair lady, are due me; I have but done what every true sailor or gentleman would do in a similar position, and were it otherwise, your kind glance has amply repaid me for all my services, as you are pleased to term them," replied the sailor, gazing with modest admiration upon the lady.

"Oh, sir, you are very kind, but I cannot permit you to go unrewarded, therefore, you must promise me ere I go, that you will call; I—my father would rejoice in seeing one who has thus nobly assisted me; he would be grieved to miss thanking you suitably—or stay," continued she, blushing deeply as she again met his glance, and presenting him at the same moment her card, 'if you will be kind enough to give me your address my father will call on you.'

"Fair lady, you value too highly my poor services, the offspring of chance as much as design," replied the sailor, as he turned to leave.

"But your address—or your name—surely you will let me have the satisfaction of knowing to whom I am indebted," said the lady, slightly reproachful.

"To Arthur Burton," said he, while his eye lingered for a moment upon her form, then turning he walked slowly down the street. A few moments after, he paused in the light of a street lamp and read on the card in his hand, 'Emily Greyson.'—This act was not unobserved by the lady who still lingered on the portico, watching his receding figure through the gloom of the night, and listening to the sound of his departing footsteps. 'Arthur Burton,' said the lady to herself, 'what a very pretty name.'

CHAPTER II.

"So soft, so delicate, so sweet she came,
Youth's damask glow just dawning on her cheek."

'Why that sigh, sister mine? art wearied with disappointments? O, he's a naughty, *cruel* knight, that valiant sailor of thine; he deserves no thought, thus easily to forego the bright smiles of reward that await him; nay, nay, Emma dear, no frowns; ah, cast that shadow from thy brow,' said, or rather sang the lovely Alice Greyson, as she looked up from her embroidery and glanced archly at her sister Emily who was seated near the window viewing the crowds that hurried up and down Broadway.

'Well, Ally, I will confess that I am disappointed, for I hoped at least to have had an opportunity of presenting him with this little watch which I purchased purposely for him—see, Ally, is it not pretty?'

'Beautiful, and does credit to your taste, sister; and this is his name here engraved, 'Arthur Burton,' 'tis very pretty,' said Alice.

'Yes, and father feels such an interest and curiosity about him!'

'A perfect shame, it is; I have a great curiosity, myself to see this Adonis of thine, notwithstanding Charley says——'

'Charles Randolph is a fool.'

'Tut, tut, softly, sister; know you not what the good book says about calling such names; 'Whosoever calleth his brother—''

'He is no brother of mine, thank heaven! the coxcombical coward that fled at the first intimation of danger—I would disown him.'

'But, Emily, he's to be nearer than a brother, you should not forget that.'

'Never! never,' cried the impassioned Emily, as she arose from her seat and drew herself proudly up, 'father loves me too well to force me to marry Charles Randolph, the fop, against my will, merely because his estates join ours.'

Emily and Alice Greyson were daughters of Col. Greyson, a branch of one of the oldest and most aristocratic families of South Carolina. They had been enjoying the season at Saratoga, Niagara and Newport, and were now spending a few weeks in New York, previous to taking their departure homeward for the winter. Emily was her father's pet, on account of her resemblance to her deceased mother, and well worthy was this pure daughter of the south of being a pet. Above the middling height, yet not tall, and with a rounded figure, and queen like grace, which won the admiration of every beholder. Although she was a brunette, there was a freshness and softness in her complexion, the result of perfect health, that gave her the rosy hue of a New England girl, and her full, black eyes beaming with the openness of a guileless soul contrasted beautifully with her complexion. In mind she was no less lovely than in figure; brilliant, yet substantial; enthusiastic, yet cautious, and with a depth of thought far beyond her years or sex. Springing from a family proud of their name and ancestry, she inherited pride, but from many accidental circumstances combined, working upon a youthful enthusiastic and reasonable mind, she had early learned to look upon pride of birth and riches with distrust. She saw that a false feeling, termed pride, boasted of by many, very frequently hid beneath its surface arrogance, superciliousness, selfishness and ignorance. 'True pride,' she said, 'weighs the moral and intellectual worth only, it views deeds, not names, titles or lands,' and this pride she endeavored to cultivate in her mind. She and her sister Alice differed essentially on these points, and held many spirited discussions, in all of which she was sure to conquer. Her father would frequently be forced to yield her the field in argument, usually retiring from the controversy by pleasantly chucking her under the chin and calling her his 'little democrat.'

A week after the conversation, as related in the first part of this chapter, a large ship was hauling out of the slip at the foot of Pine street. The ship was to sail in an hour bound for Charleston, and the captain, mates and crew were bustling about in the hurry usual at the sailing hour of a large ship. In the midst of this bustle a splendid carriage drove rapidly down the pier, and threading its way among drays and boxes was soon alongside the ship.—Two gentlemen alighted and assisted out two young ladies. The tall, elderly gentleman attended the two ladies to the gangway, while the other remained to attend to the servants and baggage.

'Wook out, Tom,' said he to his negro servant, 'wook out faw that bwox on top; it cwontains all my sea stwores.'

'Yes, massa Randolph, I looks out for um.'

'And my pistol kwase in the carriage—wook out for the hair twiggers, Tom; I may require them.'

'Yes, massa, I looks out; ki, ki, massa Randolph look'ee here; here's sumfin broke for sartin,' and his ebony phiz looked horror struck as he pointed at a stream of black liquid issuing from the bottom of a box.

'O, destwuction! my bwacking bottles have bwoken and wuined my stwores—my linen will wook like the dwevil and my cigwas are pwobably saturated—O, gwacious what will the wadies say to my linen?'

Meanwhile, the ladies, assisted by the captain, had ascended the ship's side and were stepping down a plank to the deck, the gangway steps having been removed in hauling the ship.

'There Emmy, I am down safe,' said one, as she reached the deck and turned. As she spoke, the other who was following, slipped on the plank. She uttered a faint scream and sprang forward, but ere she could reach her falling companion, a sailor who had been standing by the main rigging unobserved, sprang forward and caught the falling lady.

'Do not be frightened, lady, you are safe,' said he, as he released the fair form. Instantly the lady turned at the sound of the voice, and as her eye met his, the rich blood mantled her brow and cheek with a scarlet hue. The sailor reddened, bowed low, and hurried forward.

'O, I was so frightened, Emmy, I tho't you would fall!' said one.

'How odd, how strange, Alice, said the other, absently, as she turned aft.

'Odd! strange! what's odd & strange, Emmy?' asked the other, opening her eyes wonderingly.

'Why Ally, that is he—the sailor who protected me the evening that I called on Charlotte Butler.'

'Ah! that is the Adonis, is it? how romantic—well, really, sister,' said Alice, turning and looking forward among the crew where the sailor was busy, 'he is fine, I may say noble looking—what a fine figure—O, Emmy, you will have to fall in love with him.'

'Why, sister Alice, how can you talk so foolish,' said Emily, reddening with anger and pride.

'O, you will, I know you will—you must—it would be cruel, unnatural not to—all the romance would be destroyed otherwise,' and the laughing girl ran away to join her father and relate to him the curious incident. The fair Emily replied not to the thoughtless bantering of her sister, but walked slowly into the cabin with burning cheek and throbbing heart to calm her excited feelings. 'Good heavens! how strange that I should meet him again, and again receive a favor at his hands,' communed Emily with herself.—'If I was the least superstitious or believed in the affinity of spirits, I should be tempted to believe that the better half of my spirit hovered around me in his shape.—But it cannot be! no, no—love!—no.—Doubtless he is, as I know he must be, a noble spirited young man, he looks it in every lineament and acts it in every motion; *but he is a sailor*. Still I may be gracious as I will—as I ought—and thank him for his favors; but love! no, no,' and for a few minutes the proud blood of Greysons throbbed through her veins.

CHAPTER III.

'There's a sweet little cherub sits smiling aloft,
To keep watch o'er the life of poor Jack."

A few days had elapsed, and favoring winds had wafted the ship far on her course. Hatteras had been left astern, the rough waters of the 'Frying Pan' had been sailed over, and all were expecting soon to be greeted with the heart stirring cry of 'land ho!' The Misses Greyson, not being troubled much with sea sickness, had passed much of their time on deck, enjoying the beauties of their voyage.—First watching the receding land as it sank like bright visions of the poet into dim obscurity, then enjoying the sublimity of the desert sea; inhaling with delight the pure, bracing air, and interesting themselves in every ship manœuvre. The furling and setting of the sails, the bracing of the yards, the merry sailors' 'yo heave ho,' were all objects of interest to them. When the sun arose they were up, to see him spring with dignity and majesty mingled with delight, from his watery bed, and at eve watch his last lingering look as he sank beneath the west; they threw crumbs with a childish glee to little flocks of 'mother Careys' following in the wake, and shouted at the gambols of the porpoises under the bow. But Emily's thoughts frequently wandered far from those little amusements. She threw many anxious glances towards the young sailor who had been of such invaluable service to her. She watched every movement as he walked around the deck performing his duty, and when she saw him, to fulfil some order, run up the ratlines with the agility of a squirrel and balance himself over the deep waters, upheld by a single rope only, her heart throbbed wildly with fear. But when he took his position at the wheel, to steer the ship, then she had opportunities for conversing with him, and if she had been before pleased with his appearance, she was doubly interested by his conversation. There was a modesty in his reception of the thanks expressed by herself and her father, a brevity, yet comprehensiveness in his remarks, a sweetness in his tone and a manliness in his bearing, that enchanted her as well as interested her father, and she exclaimed to herself, 'why was he not nobly born?' While Col. Greyson and his daughters were holding a conversation regarding this young sailor, the captain of the ship drew near, and Col. Greyson turned to him, saying—

"You shipped your crew in New York?"

"Yes, sir; all but one," was the captain's reply.

"Ah! which one is an exception on that point?"

"Young Burton; the young man at the wheel: he is a townsman of mine."

"Indeed! he seems a superior young man. I am surprised to see one so intelligent among sailors."

"Sailors are generally a very intelligent class, Colonel Greyson," replied the captain, smilingly, "though it is seldom one can boast of as liberal an education as he can."

"Liberally educated as a sailor! What chance threw him into a martime life? for it could hardly have been his choice!" with much surprise in his look as well as his tone.

"Yes it was his choice. His parents are very respectably and comforatably situated. They gave Arthur a superior education, and intended him for the bar, but he early conceived a strong predilection for the sea, and as he grew old that feeling grew to strength as well as his disgust for a professional life. His father wisely determined him to follow his inclination in that respect, and intrusted him to my care, and such has been his proficiency during the two year's voyages he has made, that I shall make an officer of him soon, and I doubt not that he will walk the quarter deck as master, ere the lapse of two years, as proud and responsible a position as an honest man need wish." The preceding conversation surprised as well as pleased Emily. She had never for a moment dreamed that Arthur Burton could be any other than an adventurer—a sailor; and now that she learned that he was of good family, perhaps equal to her own, he appeared much dearer to her, and if the knowledge served to detract from the romance, it deepened the interest; for it was interest only that she would admit to herself that she felt for him.

As was said at the commencement of this chapter, all on board were anxiously expecting soon to catch a glimpse of the land. The sea-afflicted passengers, inspired with courage as they approached terra firma, had left their state-rooms and ventured upon deck. Even the exquisite Charles Randolph managed to sit up while his valet made his toilet and the weakly gentleman, odorous with cologne, issued from the cabin.

"Why Miss Gweyson," said Randolph, as he met Alice, "I am very happy to see you—weally, I did not antwispate the pweasure of meeting you on deck but I bewieve you genwally had an ambwition for manly spworts."

"Manly sports! you do not suppose me so *very* delicate as to keep my state-room while there is such air and scenery to be enjoyed? ha, ha, not I. I leave such invalid duty to the noble lords of creation; but come and see them catching 'men o' war,' said the laughing girl, as she seized his arm and led him to the lee-gangway, where Emily stood, dip-net in hand watching the nautilus as they sailed by.

"See, see—is not that a beautiful 'man o' war'" cried Emily, with enthusiasm, as she brushed the curls that shaded her face back beneath her broad leghorn, and pointed to a nautilus that was riding on the waves near the bow of the ship, "what brilliant colors! O, if it would but sail a little nearer," continued she, as she prepared to throw her net, "come a little nearer—do little mariner." The next instant a piercing shriek rang in the ears of every soul on board. The fair girl had reached out to throw her net, and a lurch of the ship had pitched her headforemost into the briny deep!

"Sister—sister—Em—*overboard!*" shrieked Alice, as she fell fainting to the deck.

"Overboard!" cried the captain, as every one, with blanched cheeks, rushed to the lee side, where the gril disappeared—"hard down the helm—*hard* down—raise tacks and sheets—jump aft the weather main braces—let go to leeward—let go the weather fore brace the booms—come, jump, jump, heroes. Clear away the starboard quarter boat, some of ye, while others throw over the hen coops and other dunnage."

"Great God! She's gone!" cried several, horror struck, as they looked to leeward and astern in vain.

"Seize him!" cried the captain, pointing to Colonel Greyson, who at that moment had rushed from the cabin and was preparing to leap overboard frantic with grief and fright; "let me die with my daughter?—shrieked the despairing father, as he struggled to escape, "O God have mercy!"

"Cut, cut the lashings!" said the captain, rapidly, to the men engaged in clearing the boat, "meet her with the helm, there—*steady*"

"My gwacious! another spwecimen of my luck—I'v lost my intwest in the Gweyson estate," said Randolph, as he hid himself in his state room.

In a few minutes the boat was cleared of its lashings, and the mate with six sturdy seamen, leaped into it, and meanwhile the ship had rounded rapidly up into the wind, and had lost all headway.

"Are you all ready?" asked the captain, anxiously.

"In a moment," replied the mate as he shipped the rudder!

"Let me go—for heaven's sake; captain, let me go in the boat!" implored Colonel Greyson, as he struggled with those around him.

"You had better not, sir—no—you will but retard them.,'

"All ready, sir," said the mate.

"Lower away and God speed you—hold on—wait for the next sea—there, now is your time—let go by the run."

"Thousands—a fortune—my all, to the man that saves my daughter!" cried the father with outstretched arms; the boat shot astern and turned her prow to windward. This scene which I have endeavored to describe briefly, completely paralyzed a majority of the passengers for a moment; but as soon as the boat was dispatched all seemed to recover their thought and energies, and each looked eagerly round upon the waste of waters, to discern, if possible, some traces of the unfortunate. Many had ascended the rigging in various places, to enable them to obtain better views.

"O, heavens! she must be gone!" groaned one, after all had gazed for a moment in silence.

"No, no—look there—directly to windward—there she rises on the breast of the sea!" cried one.

"Yes—I see, I see!" replied several, speaking in one breath; "and look—a sailor is swiming to her—brave fellow—look, look, now he sinks—alas!—no—no there he rises on the next sea, and strikes out nobly—he will save her yet." The captain looked around upon his crew to see which one of them was thus risking his life for the maiden, and his searching eye met the afflicted father's turned in the direction, making the same inquiry—they understood each other instantly, and arrived at the same conclusion—it was Arthur Burton who was missing from the forecastle.

"God in heaven bless him!" ejaculated the father, while the captain's brow seemed clouded with deeper anxiety.

When the first cry had arisen, Arthur Burton turned his eyes instantly towards the spot where he had last seen Emily, and the awful truth flashed upon his mind, and while all others ran to the leeward, the spot where Emily fell, he leaped into the weather rail, knowing she must appear to windward if she arose, and after pausing a moment, for her appearance, he dashed overboard and swam towards her.

"Miss Greyson, keep your hands under water—I'll be with you in one moment—cheer up," said Arthur in cheering tones as he approached unperceived by her. She turned her head at the sound of his voice, and as her eye met his, approaching, it lost its wild and dispairing look, and assumed a more hopeful glance.

"O, heaven! O, Arthur, O—" murmered she.

"One moment more—do not be frightened and we will be saved—do not seize me thus—be cool, miss Emily, and all will be well."

"Save me—O, save me, Arthur."

"I will, or die!" cried he, proudly, while he upheld her sinking form, and strove to reach a hen coop that was floating near. After a few minutes struggling, during which he endeavored to calm the fears of the half drowned girl, and unite her efforts systematic with his, he reached the coop. "Here, Miss Emily, seize this and it will surely save us," saying which he buoyed her up and placed the floating wood securely under her, and watched the coming seas with a practised eye.

Meanwhile on board the ship, conflicting hopes and fears filled every breast, and every cheek was alternately flushed and pale. The captain alone preserved upon his embrowned features the unvarying deepest cloud of anxiety. Colonel Greyson ascended the mizen rigging to the round-top, and there kneeling beneath the boatswain's locker, he viewed the progress of every life saving effort—he saw Arthur's gallant efforts to save his daughter—he saw them rise triumphant over the waves, and his heart beat quick; again he saw the angry waves dash over and envelope them, and his heart's current ceased for a moment, until they reappeared; he saw the boat gradually breasting the waves, and the hardy crew bending with strained sinews to the oars, and he bent his body and knit his nerves as if to assist their efforts.

"Oh, Father—Father in heaven!" he cried, with upraised hands and streaming eyes, "save them—O, in mercy save them!"

"See—see—the boat draws near them, Heaven speed the boat; but no they sink, they're gone alas!—that monster wave has engulphed them never more to rise!" the boat's crew look around in dispair! and a groan, loud, deep, and heartfelt, arose in every heart. The father dashed his hands upon his head and tore his hair in wild despairing agony. "O, my heart! my daughter," he cried. The next instant a wild, startling shout arose from the boat, and was borne on the breeze to the ship.

"What can it be?" said one.

Again that shout arose, and louder, manlier than before, and the sound thrilled like an electric shock upon every nerve. A moment of startling stillness followed, and each looked at the other.

"Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!—*they are safe!*" arose from every mouth, with a shout that rivalled the tempest's roar.

'God in heaven I thank thee!' murmured the exhausted father, as he sank sensless on the locker before him.

* * * *

After the lapse of one year from the day that the young sailor saved by his daring the fairest form of South Carolina's daughters, the following notice was very generally copied throughout the Union:

"Married, on the 27th ult., at 'Oakland, Captain Arthur Burton, to Miss Emily, daughter of Colonel Greyson, M. C." We hear that the fair lady, the reigning belle of the South, was bravely wooed and won by Yankee gallantry—success attend them.

None but the brave deserve the fair.

It was whispered for a time in the scandal-loving circles of Charleston, that Charles Randolph, Esq. of Randolph Lodge had been supplanted in the fair lady's affections, and was intending to call out the lucky Yankee captain; but on being interrogated upon the point, by some of his friends he replied—

"No—I twought of the mwatter, but I am fwearful if I should chwallenge him, that he would'nt know wenough to refuse."

The total amount of the [illegible] from the Girard Estate [illegible] year, was $1[illegible] sists of one [illegible] buildings, [illegible] mount to [illegible] annually.