

McIntosh, the Scotch seadog, leaped across the deck and severed the man's head from his body with one sweep of his cutlass. A black mass, grinning horribly, flew over the rail and fell in the starlit water with a hideous gurgle.

"Follow your head!" exclaimed the infuriated seaman, and, seizing the tottering trunk ere it fell, he hurled it overboard, too.

The prize proved to be the *Tigress*. All her officers had been wounded. Such had been the fury of the British onslaught that several of the defenders were pinned, writhing, to the deck, by the fixed bayonets of the Newfoundlanders, and the latter fought the rest of the fight with clubbed muskets. So crowded was the fighting space that only one dead body was found, the others having been forced overboard. The British loss was two seamen killed and Lieutenant Bulger and seven soldiers wounded. The enemy had four killed and as many wounded.

"And so the *Nancy's* avenged," laughed Midshipman Dobson, wiping the sweat-caked powder from his face.

"Not quite," said Worsley, "there's the other schooner yet."

Next day the boats, loaded with prisoners, were sent back to MacKinac, and the captured *Tigress* lay quietly at anchor. There was every likelihood that her consort had not heard the firing, so the American pennant flying from her truck when captured—although the rule says "Sun down, colours down"—was left aloft. Livingston, the indefatigable, paddled off in a canoe, returning with the information that the other schooner, which had been anchored fifteen miles away, was beating up to them. The wind was light and it was dusk before she came in sight. The elementary precaution of exchanging signals was not taken—as a matter of fact the vessels had no material for doing so; and all unsuspecting, the second schooner, Lieutenant

Turner's *Scorpion*, anchored within a mile and a half of her consort, now held by the foe. She was the larger and smarter of the two, and had she suspected what had happened might have escaped. Worsley waited for the dawn, and with the first light slipped his cable, hoisted the jib and foresail, and stood down under easy sail, with the American colours flying, and his soldiers in the hold and cabin, only a dozen men in American greatcoats being visible.

The gunner was in charge of the *Scorpion's* crew, washing down the decks.

"The *Tigress* is standing towards us," was the word passed below, but no comment was made, and no officer came up until the crash of the *Tigress's* twenty-four-pounder rent the morning air. The soldiers rushed from her hold and amid a sharp fire of musketry she ranged alongside and her exulting crew tumbled over the rail of the craft that had destroyed the *Perseverance* and helped send the *Nancy* to the bottom. The bare-legged deck swabbers were in no condition for defence, and the first rays of the September sun flamed upon the British ensign proudly floating above the Stars-and-Stripes on both the *Tigress* and the *Scorpion*.

The latest prize yielded thirty-six more prisoners. She mounted a long twenty-four-pounder with a long twelve on a disabled carriage in the hold. Worsley had only one man wounded. Two of the Americans were killed and two wounded.

To quote Sinclair: Worsley in turn had succeeded in "the destruction of the enemy's whole naval force on this lake," and in addition had provided King George III. with two serviceable warships.

With a thoroughness which had a touch of humour in it, Worsley completed the avenging of the *Nancy* by sending her captured destroyers back to the Nottawasaga, where they disembarked some members of their former crews, and loaded enough pro-