

MILES WALLINGFORD

By JAMES FERRELL COOPER

CHAPTER XXV

"O I have chosen to lay me on, if kindly fields were once my ain; W! the moor-cook on the mountain-bree, But hardship na'er can daunt me."

There was an air of cool deliberation about Lord Harry Dermont, which satisfied me I should have to pass through a trying ordeal; and I prepared myself for the occasion.

Nothing was said until all three of us were in the after-cabin, when Clements and his visitor took seats on the sofa, and a motion was made to me to occupy a chair. Then Lord Harry Dermont commenced the discourse, in a manner more serious than I could have wished.

"Mr. Wallingford," he said, "there is little need of preliminaries between you and me. I recollect your ship, when the Black Prince and Speedy were in the act of closing with the Frenchmen, three months since; and I need scarcely say that the manner in which she got back to the place where I then saw her, requires an explanation at your hands."

"It shall be given to you, my lord. Being your man, I have no right to send in the Dawn, and knowing that a detention of any length would prove my ruin, I regained possession of my own by the best means that offered."

"This is at least frank, sir. You mean to be understood that you rose on my people in the night, murdered them, and that you afterwards lost your vessel from a want of force to take care of her."

"This is partly true, and partly a mistake. I certainly should not have lost my ship had I been as strong-handed in the gale in which she was destroyed, as she was the day she left home; and she would have been as strong in that gale had we never fallen in with the Speedy."

"Which is an indirect manner of saying that the wreck was owing to us?"

"I shall very directly say, that I think it was; though by indirect means."

"Well, sir, on that point it is not probable we shall ever agree. You cannot suppose that the servants of the King of Great Britain will submit to your American mode of construing public law; but will easily understand that we leave such matters to our own admiralty judges. It is a matter of more moment to me, just now, to ascertain what has become of the officers and men that were put in charge of your ship. I saw the vessel, some time after I put Mr. Sennit and his party on board you, in your possession; and that ascertained by means of our glasses; and you now admit that you retook your vessel from these men. What has become of the prize crew?"

"I briefly related the manner in which we had regained the possession of the Dawn. The two English officers listened attentively, and I could discern a smile of incredulity on the countenance of Clements; while the captain of the Speedy seemed far from satisfied—though he was not so much disposed to let his real opinion be known."

"This is a very well-concocted and well-told tale, my lord," said the first, with a sneer; "but I doubt whether it will find many believers in the British service."

"The British service, sir," I coldly retorted, "is, like all others, liable to reverses and accidents."

"Not exactly of this nature, Mr. Wallingford, you will yourself admit, on reflection. But I beg pardon, my lord; this is your affair—not mine; and I have been indiscreet in speaking."

Lord Harry Dermont looked as if he concurred in this sentiment. He had the pride of official rank, and that of private rank, to the same degree; and did not exactly like the notion that one so much his inferior in both should take an affair so peculiarly his own out of his hands. He made a cold acknowledgment, however, in reply, and paused a moment, like a man who reflected, ere he continued the discourse.

"You must be aware, Mr. Wallingford, it is my duty to inquire closely into this matter," he at length resumed. "I am just out of port, where my ship has been lying to reef, several weeks, and it is not probable that either of my officers would be in England without reporting himself, had he reached home."

"It is quite probable my lord, that neither has reached home. I saw them picked up, with my own eyes, and what appeared to me to be an outward-bound West Indian. In that case, they have, most probably, all been carried to one of the West India Islands."

Here Clements handed Lord Harry Dermont a paper with something written on it, in pencil, which the latter read. After a few moments he handed it to the captain, who nodded his head, and the lieutenant quitted the cabin. While he was absent, my companion, in a polite manner, gave me the particulars of the combat I had witnessed, going so far as to direct my attention to a paper he had brought on board, to show to Captain Rowley, and which contained the English official account of the whole affair. On glancing at it, I saw that the presence of the Dawn, on that occasion, was mentioned in the report; the name of the ship being given, with an allusion that was not very clear to the general reader, but which was plain enough to me. It was not long, however, before Clements returned, and, without much ceremony, he informed me that the gun-room mess waited my appearance to sit down to dinner. On this hint, I rose and took my leave, though I had time to see Marble enter the cabin, and Neb standing by the scuttle-but, under the charge of the sentinel, ere I dipped my head under hatches.

and your own, do not agree in a single particular. Her is the statement, taken down by myself from his own words; if you are disposed to hear it, I will read you what he says."

"I do not well see how Mr. Marble can contradict me and tell the truth, my lord—but it were better I should hear his statement."

"I was first mate of the Dawn, of New York, Miles Wallingford master and owner, captured and ordered in by Speedy, as known. Three days after parting company with the frigate, with Mr. Sennit as prize master, Captain Wallingford and I commenced reasoning with that gentleman on the impropriety of sending in a neutral and breaking up a promising voyage, which so overcame the said Lieutenant Sennit, in his mind, that he consented to take ship's yawl, with a suitable stock of provisions and water, and give us up the ship. Accordingly, the boat was lowered, properly stowed, the most tender anxiety manifested for the party that was to go in her, when the English took their leave with tears in their eyes, and hearty good wishes for our safe arrival at Hamburg."

"Am I to understand you seriously, Lord Harry Dermont, that my mate has actually given you this account of the affair, for fact?"

"Most seriously, sir. I believe he even offered to swear to it, though I dispensed with his oath. Here is the statement of the black. Perhaps you would wish to hear that also?"

"Anything, my lord, it is your pleasure to communicate."

"Nebuchadnezzar Clawbonny says, 'he belonged to the Dawn—was left in her, when captured by Speedy, and was in her when wrecked. Captain Wallingford ordered Mr. Sennit to quit his ship, or he would make him; and Mr. Sennit obeyed Master Miles, of course. But I will read no more of this, as a slave's statement can hardly be relied on. Perhaps we ought not to have received it, Mr. Clements?'"

"Your pardon, my lord; it is our duty to protect his majesty's subjects, in the best mode we can."

"That may be true, sir; but certain great principles ought never to be overlooked, even when doing our duty. You perceive, Mr. Wallingford, that your companions contradict your own account of this affair; and the most unpleasant suspicions are awakened. I should never justly myself to my superior, or to neglect putting you under arrest, and carrying you all in for trial."

"If my companions have been so ill-judging as to make the statement you say, I can only regret it. I have told you the truth; and I can add no more. As for the future, I do not suppose any representation mine will induce you to change your decision."

"You carry it off well, sir; and I hope you will maintain the same appearance of innocence to the end. The lives of the king's subjects are not to be taken with impunity, nevertheless."

Nor is the property of an American citizen. I trust, my lord, I need not repeat to you, that I had I thrown the prize crew into the sea, I conceive I would have been doing no more than was my duty."

"This is well, sir; and I hope, for your sake, that an English jury will view the affair in the same light. At present, I prepare to go on board the Speedy, and to be separated from the important testimony we can find in that ship. As for the citizens you mention, they are bound to submit to the decision of the admiralty courts, and not to take the law into their own hands."

"We shall see, my lord. When this case reaches my own country, we shall probably see more of it."

"I am not satisfied with this in a sufficiently magnificent manner; and, to own the truth, I felt a little magnificently at the time. I was then young, not three-and-twenty; and I thought of my country, her independence, her justice, her disposition to do right, her determination to submit to no wrongs, and her disregard of the opinions of other nations, were considered—much as young people think of the immaculate qualities of their own parents. According to the decision of judges of this latter class, there would not be a liar, a swindler, a cheat, or a mercenary scoundrel living; but the earth would be filled with so many suffering sinners that are persecuted for their virtues. According to the notions of most American citizens of my age, the very name they bore ought to be a protection to them in any part of the world, under the penalty of incurring the republic's just indignation. How far my anticipations were realized, will be seen in the sequel; and I beg the reader, in particular, to restrain his natural impetuosity, until he can learn the facts in the regular order of the narrative. I can safely promise him, that should he receive them in the proper spirit, with a desire to ascertain the truth only, and not to uphold bloated and untenable theories, he will be a wiser, and probably a more modest man, for the instruction that is to be thus gleaned from the incidents it will be my painful office to record. As for Lord Harry Dermont, the threatened indignation of the great American nation gave him very little concern. He probably cared a vast deal more for one from the admiral who commanded at Plymouth, than for the virtuous resentment of the President and Congress of the United States of America. I am writing of the close of the year 1803, it will be remembered; a remote period in the history of the great republic; though I will not take it on myself to say things have materially altered, except to be in the new papers, in this particular interest. The order to prepare to quit the Briton was repeated, and I was dismissed to the outer cabin, where was Marble, while Mr. Clements attempted to shut the door that separated us, though from some cause or other, he did not exactly effect his object. In consequence of this neglect, I overheard the following dialogue:

"I hope, my lord," said Clement, "you will not think of taking away the mate and the black. They are both first-rate men, and both well affected to his majesty's service. The negro was of great use aloft during the late action, while the mate fought at gun, like a tiger, for the better part of an hour. We are somewhat short of hands, and I have counted on inducing both of these

men to enter. There is the prize money for the Frenchman under our lee, you know, my lord, and I have little doubt of succeeding."

"I'm sorry duty compels me to take all three, Clements but I'll bear what you say in mind; perhaps we can get them to enter on board the Speedy. You know it."

Here Mr. Clements discovered that the door was not shut, and he closed it tight, prevented my hearing any more. I now turned to Marble, whose countenance betrayed the self-reproach he endured, at ascertaining the injury he had done by his ill-judged artifice. I made no reproaches, however, but squeezed his hand in token of my forgiveness. The poor fellow, I plainly saw, had great difficulty in forgiving himself, though he said nothing at the moment.

The conference between Lord Harry Dermont and Mr. Clements lasted half an hour. At the end of that time both appeared in the forward cabin, and I saw by the countenance of the last that he had fallen in his object, as for as, my mate transferred, with the articles we possessed, to the Speedy, on board which ship our arrival made as much of sensation as the discipline of a man-of-war would permit. I was put in irons, the moment we reached the quarter-deck, and placed under the charge of a sentinel near the cabin door. Some little attention was paid to my comfort, it is true, and a canvas screen was fitted for me, behind which I ate and slept, with some sort of retirement. My irons were of so large a sort that I found means to take them off and put them on at pleasure. I was disposed to think that the officers were aware of the fact, and that the things were used as much for the sake of appearance as anything else. Apart from the confinement and the injury done my affairs, I had no especial cause of complaint, though this imprisonment lasted until the month of April, 1804, or quite five months. During this time this Speedy arrived as far south as the line, then she hoisted the ensigns of the Azores on her way homeward. I was permitted to take exercise twice a day, once in the gangway, and once on the gun-deck, and my table was actually supplied from the cabin. On no head had I any other cause to complain than the fact that my ship had been wrongfully seized in the first place, and that I was now suffering imprisonment for a crime of which I was innocent. It would have been—that I certainly had not been obliged to commit.

During the five months I thus remained a prisoner on the gun-deck of the Speedy, I never exchanged a syllable with either Marble or Neb. I saw them both occasionally, and they exchanged significant looks, but never any words. Occasionally I had a visit from an officer—these gentlemen sitting down and conversing with me on general topics, evidently to relieve the tedium of my confinement, without making any allusion to the cause which cannot say that my health suffered, a circumstance that was probably owing to the cleanliness of the ship, and the admirable manner in which she was ventilated.

At length we went into port, carrying with us a French ship from one of the islands to the eastward of it. A prize was taken, the Speedy captured, the vessel after a smart chase to the northward of the Azores, and Marble and Neb, having volunteered to do so, were sent on board her, as two of the prize crew. That day I got a visit from the purser, who was the most attentive of all my acquaintances, and I took the liberty of asking him, if possible, if my two shipmates had entered into the British service.

"Why, not exactly that," he said, "though they seem to like us, and we think both will ship rather than lose their services in the Briton. Your old mate, but my lord, fancying you might meet some French cruiser in the chops of the Channel, thought it better to send these two chaps in the prize, lest they should take the studs and refuse to fight at the pinch. They have done duty, they say, to keep themselves in good health; and we humor them, to be frank with you, as so well as not to wish to quit us."

This gave me an insight into the true state of the case, and I felt much easier on the subject. That Marble ever intended to serve under the British flag, I had not supposed for a moment; but I was not sure that regret for the blunder he had already made, might not lead him to some other equally serious import, under the impression that he was correcting the evil. As for Neb, I knew he would never desert me; and I had not, from the first, felt any other concern on his account, than any apprehension his ignorance might be imposed on.

The day we anchored in Plymouth Sound, a thick and drizzling, with a fresh breeze at southwest. The ship came to just at sunset, her prize bringing up a short distance in-shore of her, as I could see from the port, that formed a sort of window to my little canvas state-room. Just as the ship was secured, Lord Harry Dermont passed into his cabin, accompanied by his first lieutenant, and I overheard him say to the latter—

"By the way, Mr. Powlett, this prisoner must be removed to some other place in the morning. Now we are so near the land, it is not quite safe to trust him at a port."

I was still musing on the purport of this remark, when I heard the noise of a boat coming alongside. Putting my head out of the port, I could just see that the prize master of the French ship had come on board, and that Marble and Neb were two of the four men who pulled the oars. Marble saw me, and gave me a sign of recognition, though it was so dark as to render it difficult to distinguish objects at a trifling distance. This sign I returned in a significant manner. It was this answering signal from me that induced my mate not to quit the boat, and to keep Neb with him. The other two men were so accustomed to do duty with the Americans, that they did not scruple to run up the frigate's side, after their officer, eager to get a gossip with their old messmate on the berth-deck. Almost as the instant the officer on the deck called out—

"Drop Le Minerve's boat astern, out of the way of the captain's gig, which will be hauling up in a minute."

This was on the larboard side, it is true; but a smart sea slapping against the starboard, Lord Harry was willing to dispense with ceremony, in order to escape a wet jacket. I cannot tell the process of reasoning that induced me to take the step I did; it was, however, principally owing to the remark I had so lately heard, and which brought all the danger of my position vividly to my mind. Whatever may have been the moving cause, I acted as follows:

My irons were slipped, and I squeezed myself between the gun and the side of the port, where I hung by my hands against the ship's side. I might be seen, or I might not, caring little for the result. I was not seen by any but Marble and Neb, the former of whom caught me by the legs, as he passed beneath, and, whispering to me to lie down in the bottom of the boat, he assisted me into the center. We actually rubbed against the captain's gig; it was hauling up to the gangway; but no one suspected what had just taken place. This gig was the only one of the Speedy's boats that was in the water at that hour, it having just been lowered to carry the captain's sabre. In another minute we had dropped astern, Neb holding on by a boat-hook on the side of the ship. Here we lay, until the gig pulled round, close to us, taking the direction toward the usual landing, with the captain of the Speedy in her.

In two minutes the gig was out of sight, and Marble whispered to Neb to let go his hold. This was promptly done, when the boat of the prize began to drift away, and Marble was put in a stiff breeze, and impelled by a stiff breeze. No one paid any heed to us, everybody's thoughts being occupied with the shore and the arrival at such a moment. The time was fortunate in another particular; Lord Harry Dermont was a vigilant and good officer; but his first lieutenant in what is called on board ship "a poor devil"; a phrase that is sufficiently significant; and the moment a vigilant captain's back is turned, there is a certain ease and neglect in a vessel that has an indifferent first lieutenant. Everyone feels at liberty to do more as he pleases, than has been his wont; and where there is a divided responsibility of his nature, he is apt to become more duty than they can help. When "the cat is away, the mice come out to play."

At all events, our boat continued to drop astern unobserved, until the ship itself became very faintly visible to us. I arose as soon as we were fifty feet from the rudder, and I assumed the direction of affairs as soon as my feet. There was a mast and a lug-sail in the boat, and we stepped the former, and set the last as soon as we were some more duty than they can help. When "the cat is away, the mice come out to play."

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undertakings, without any direct agency of this own.

Our next adventure was of a more pleasing character. A good-sized ship was made astern, coming up channel before the wind, and carrying topmast studding-sails. She was an American I placing ourselves in her track, we ran off on her nose, knowing that she must be going quite two feet to our one. In twenty minutes she passed close to us, her officers and crew manifesting the greatest curiosity to learn who and what we were. So dexterously did Marble manage the boat, that we got a rope, and hauled alongside without lessening the ship's way, though she nearly towed us under water in the attempt. The moment we could, we leaped on deck, abandoning the boat to its fate.

We had not mistaken the character of the vessel. It was a ship from James River, loaded with tobacco, and bound to Amsterdam. Her master heard our story, believed it, and felt for us. We only remained with him a week, however, quitting his vessel of the coast of Holland, to go to Hamburg, where I fancied my letters would have been sent, and whence I knew it would be equally in our power to reach home. At Hamburg, I was fated to meet with disappointments. There was not a line for me, and we found ourselves without money in a strange place. I did not deem it prudent to tell our story, but we agreed to ship together in some American, and work our way home in the best manner we could. After looking about us a little, necessity compelled us to enter in the first vessel that offered. This was a small one, called the Sohykill, on board which I shipped as second mate, while Marble and Neb took the berths of foremast Jacks. No one questioned us as to the past, and we had decided among ourselves, to do our duty and keep mum. We used our own communication on the subject of our true characters.

I found it a little hard to descend so much on the ladder of life, but an early and capital training enabled me to act drolly over again, with some credit; and before the ship went to sea, our chief mate was discharged for drunkenness, and I got a lift. Marble was put in my place, and from that time, for the next five months, things went on smoothly enough; I say five months, for instead of sailing for home direct, the ship went to Spain, within the Straits, for a cargo of barilla, which she took up to London, where she got a freight for Philadelphia. We were all a little uneasy at finding that our story, with sundry perversion and exaggerations, was in the English papers; but by the time we reached England, it was forgotten; having been crowded out by the occurrence of new events of interest, at a moment when every week was teeming with incidents that passed into history.

Nevertheless, I was glad when we left England, and I once more found myself on the high seas, homeward bound. My wages enabled me, as well as Marble and Neb, to get new outfits, suited to our present stations, and we sailed for Philadelphia with as good a stock of necessities as usually falls to the lot of men in our respective positions. These were all that remained to me of a ship and cargo that was worth between \$80,000 and \$90,000.

The passage proved to be very long, but we reached the capes of the Delaware at last. On the 7th of September 1804, or when wanted a few weeks of being three-and-twenty, I landed on the wharves of what was then the largest town in America, a ruined and disappointed man. Still I kept up my spirit leaving my companions in ignorance of the extent of my misfortunes. We remained a few days to discharge the cargo, when we were all three paid off. Neb, who had passed on board the Sohykill for a free black, brought me his wages, and when we had thrown our joint stock into a common bag, it was found to amount to the sum of \$132. With this money, then, we prepared to meet his mother and little Katty, Neb's dearest of again, seeing Calos, and I to meet my principal creditor, John Wallingford, and to gain some tidings of Mr. Hardings and Lucy.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE BROTHER'S CONVERSION

A TRUE STORY

We were assembled at our evening recreation. Outside it was cold and stormy, but within everything was warmth and good cheer. We had been teaching in the Catholic High School, and although the work was congenial, after the day's little worries we found great relief and consolation in this community gathering.

There were eight of us in all, including good old Brother Edward, who, although retired from active life, rendered himself useful in many ways. He was a father, a monitor, a model to us all. He seemed to us younger members aside with us. This evening he surprised us all, for he rarely spoke of his past life, by asking: "Brothers, did I ever tell you how I was converted?" We urged him to tell us, and this was his story:

"I was born in Germany, in that part known as the Black Forest. I was a mischievous lad, and disliked very much to go to school. However, I succeeded in getting a fairly good knowledge of my religion. At the age of thirteen I received my First Communion, and the following year I left home for America. My parents were very much opposed to it, but I was determined to see what the new world had in store for me. My good mother made me promise that I would be faithful to my religious duties."

"Landing in this country without money or friends, ignorant of the language, and with but little education, I had a hard struggle for existence. Many times did I wish to back to Germany. I was thrown among all sorts of the nearest Catholic church, I soon began to neglect my religion, and in many things became as careless and reckless as the rest. Would you believe it, for the period of eighteen years, I attended

Mass only once, and that was more out of human respect than out of devotion. However, I managed to say my prayers pretty well, and occasionally to think of my religion. When war broke out I joined the army, and was in some rather fierce engagements. I was taken prisoner once, and suffered untold hardships. After the war I enlisted in the Quartermaster Department, under General Porter, who was engaged in building forts throughout Texas, which was at that time infested by Indians. We pitched camp about noon one day at Mountain Pass. The mules were turned out to graze in the valley, and it was my turn to herd them. I saw that they were eating quietly, and were not likely to give me any trouble, so I tethered the mule I had been riding and scaled a near-by mountain. When I reached the summit, merely out of fancy, I cut off two small trees with my large soldier's knife, and by means of buckskin thongs made a cross, which I planted on the highest peak."

"Then my thoughts turned towards God. I sang 'Holy God' in German, and all the other songs I knew. In the distance I saw something that looked like an Indian camp. I noticed also that some of the mules were at least three miles down the valley. So I hurried down, but it took me much longer to go down than it had taken me to come up. Before very long I had the mules in camp, but there was one large gray mising, for which I received a severe reprimand from Brown, the wagon-master, who scored me for neglecting my work. Six men, including the wagon-master and myself, were sent out to recover the mule. When we came within a mile of the camp I had sighted from the mountain, we saw about twenty-five Comanche Indians, and there also was the mule. Some of us were for charging on them, for we had the carbines and the rifles, but we were told to wait. The Indians saw us likewise, and the two parties stood facing each other for a moment. Brown, who was trembling from head to foot, shouted 'They're Indians. Ride for your lives,' and turning about, put spurs to his mule and fled. The Indians, seeing us retreat, set up a wild whoop, and pursued us. My mule had a trick of trying to throw me whenever I wanted him to run, so taking the bit in his teeth he bucked and jerked the reins from my hand. I then clenched his mane with my left hand and got my right arm around his neck. In so doing I dropped my rifle. Hanging on in this manner I gave the spurs without mercy. He plunged forward at a terrific rate, up and down hills, over rocks, through underbrush. It was all I could do to keep from being thrown off as we dashed through the tangled thickets. My arms and legs were terribly torn and ached. The Indians had almost overtaken me before I got well started, and they kept in hot pursuit. It was indeed a race for life. Bullets whizzed within an inch of my head. Twice the mule, an adept at dodging a lasso, dashed through the loop. You can imagine how I felt with those bloodthirsty Indians so close I could almost feel their breath. I thought it was all up with me. Strange, to say, I did not think of a word, or of making an act of contrition. One rarely does in such extreme danger. When I think of it now, I realize that someone—you will soon know who it was—must have been interceding for me before the throne of God. On and on we sped, at length my mule flew rather than ran down a steep hill at the edge of our camp. The Indians dared not venture farther, and beat a hasty retreat, taking with them some of the mules that had thrown their riders and were easily captured. All of us reached camp, but some who had been thrown and had been hiding in the underbrush, did not return until two hours later. I was near collapsing. My nerves were unstrung, and I suffered severe pains all over my body. My faithful mule also was foaming and exhausted. I did not want any supper, but stole off to my bunk in the wagon. Being nervous I did not sleep well. So what happened might have been a dream, or it might have been a vision. I will tell you just what did occur."

"At all once I was conscious that my mother, who had died several years before, was standing beside me. She was dressed in black, just as I used to see her at home."

"Why, mother, how did you get here?" I exclaimed, although without fear.

"You are dead."

"No, I'm not dead, mother. The Indians did not kill me."

"But your soul is dead. You did not keep your promise. I have been praying for you or you'd now be dead, body and soul. I was praying for you this afternoon, or you would have been killed. I will send your little brother to you."

"And sure enough, my little brother, who had died at the age of eleven, before I left Germany, was standing beside me, looking just as he did when we used to play together. He put something—cannot say what it was,—into my mouth."

"Mother, I will do whatever 'you wish,' I said fully resolved."

"Go at once to Austin and make your peace with God, and henceforth be faithful to your religious duties."

"I promised and immediately both disappeared. I cannot express how I felt the remainder of the night, but the next morning the mule found me in a trance, and all gave me up for dead. For several hours I remained in this state, conscious of everything that was going on, but unable to move a muscle. By degrees, to the astonishment of all, I revived, and after a little medical attention was myself again. The events of the previous night, however, were not to keep my promise. I told the Quartermaster that I wanted to resign. He tried to persuade me to remain, so I told him the whole story. Seeing I was determined to go at any cost, he at length gave me an honorable discharge and my pay to date. I bought a pony and after a short preparation set out alone through the wild prairie, a distance of three hundred miles, to Austin, Texas. I reached Austin without any serious mishap, after several days of wearisome travelling. At this time it was a town of about two thousand inhabitants. I sought the priest, and told him I wanted to settle my spiritual account. It was only when

making my confession of a lifetime spent in deadly sin that I realized in what an awful state my soul had been. My sorrow was in proportion to my guilt. After so many years estrangement from God, I again experienced the great joy of receiving my loving Saviour into my heart. I was now a real Catholic, and a friend of God. Thereafter I made it a point to live near the church, and endeavored to make up for my past life, but I felt that interior force urging me on to a more perfect life. Several years later I chanced to meet some of the Brothers of Holy Cross at Austin and their peaceful and devoted life appealed to me as representing the ideal for which my soul yearned. So I came to Notre Dame. It was a long trip to Indiana in those days, but, Brothers, the peace I have enjoyed since, repays me for all I ever suffered. God has been very good to me, and I trust I have at least in part made amends for my past life."

"Indeed you have," we replied.