

the masts, the crew of the "Elizabeth" were going down one by one. Surprised and weaponless, but asking no quarter, like the wharf-rats that they were they fought with hands and teeth, or with capstan-bar and belaying-pin met pistol, pike, and cutlass. The odds were strong against them; keen, hardy fishermen were meeting waterside brawlers, righteous anger was against ruffianly courage, and discipline was pitted against disorder. In the midst of the fight, Captain Manly was directing his men, not one of whom had fallen; and of the crew of the "Elizabeth" half were already dying.

Then Sotheran vindicated his title to the sword. He sprang into the fight, and the first that turned against him fell. Another drew back his pike to dart it against the captain's breast, but the sword, like a snake, thrust instantly. Blood spurted to the hilt; the man cried choking, and reeled back; his lungs were pierced. A third man, running with a cutlass, saw but could not stop the blade that cut his thread of life.

Into the fight pressed Sotheran's resplendent figure. The sun, piercing the fog, lighted his regimentals, and amid the dingy groups of fighters he gleamed heroic. Above his head death flapped her dusky wings, and with lightning sword he dealt her messages. A rebel, ignorant of his coming, was crying "Surrender!" to the last strugglers of the "Elizabeth." Sotheran pierced his back, and he fell upon his face.

Then Manly saw, and while here and there on the deck the Tories were throwing down their arms, he beckoned to the nearest of his men and sent them against the Englishman. Two sailors, with pike and cutlass, met him from either side. But the pike was whirled aside, the cutlass slipped along a parrying