

to be pretty well along in the evening, they would sometimes get pretty merry. Sometimes they said they had come right from England, and hadn't been out but twenty days when they arrived here; and sometimes they said they had been cruising on the coast of Africa three months, to get a load of niggers, but couldn't catch 'em. And then one of 'em says, "how many times d'ye think old Hodges has looked over the ship news to find out our latitude and longitude?" and then he looked at the others and winked, and then they all laughed.

"And one time it was a pretty dark evening, they had drank up all the liquor there was in the cabin, and Captain Bird told Hanson to go into the hold and bring up a bottle of wine. Hanson kind o' hesitated a little, and looked as if he didn't want to go poking down in the hold in the night. At that Captain Bird called him a pretty baby, and asked him what he was afraid of; and wanted to know if he was afraid he should see Connor there. And then Captain Bird ripped out a terrible oath, and swore he'd have some wine, if the d—l was in the hold! And he went and got a bottle, and gave us all another drink. When he came back again, Hanson asked him if he seen any thing of Connor there. And Captain Bird swore he'd throw the bottle of wine at his head, if he didn't shut up.

"Another time I was aboard in the day time, and I seen a parcel of red spots on the cabin floor, and up along the gang way, that looked as if there'd been blood there; and I asked them what that was, and they said it wasn't nothin', only where they butchered a whale. And then they all laughed again, and looked at each other, and winked. And that's pretty much all I know about the matter, may it please your honour," said Robert, bowing to the judge.

William Dyer, being examined and questioned, his testimony agreed with that of Robert Jordan, in every particular, with the addition of one other fact. He said, "when he was on board the Rover one day, he noticed a little round hole in a board, in the after part of the cabin, that looked as if it might have been by a bullet from a gun; and there was a parcel of smaller holes spattered round it, that looked like shot holes: and he took his pen-knife and dug out a shot from one of them. And when I asked 'em," said William, "what they'd been shooting there, Hanson said, that was where Captain Bird shot a porpoise, when they were on the Coast of Africa. And then they looked at each other and laughed."

These circumstances, related so distinctly and minutely, by two witnesses, were adjudged by the court to be of sufficient importance to warrant the apprehension and examination of the crew of the Rover. Accordingly measures were immediately taken to have them brought before the court. An officer was despatched, with proper authority, to arrest them: and taking with him assistants, well armed with muskets, he put off in a yawl boat to board the schooner. The officer stood at the helm, and had command of the boat, while two of the men were placed at the oars, and six stood with their guns all loaded and primed, and ready to give battle in case resistance should be offered.

When the crew of the Rover beheld the boat approaching, and observed the formidable appearance of the armed men they were perfectly panic struck. The thought flashed across their minds, with the rapidity and vividness of lightning, that by some unaccountable secret means or other, their guilt had become known, and they were about to be brought to a just retribution for their crimes. They stood a moment, gazing, first at the boat, and then at each other, with a vacant and irresolute stare.—The captain then sprang hastily to the capstan and ordered the men to help to get the anchor on board. They flew to their handspikes and gave two or three rapid heaves at the capstan, but a moment's thought told them there would not be time to get the anchor on board, before the boat would be alongside.—Captain Bird then caught an axe, and cutting the cable at a single blow, ordered the men to run up the foresail. The foresail and gib were immediately set, and the schooner began to move, before a slight breeze, down the harbor. Her speed, however, was slow, compared to that of the pursuing boat; for as soon as the officer perceived the schooner was making sail, he directed two more of his men to lay down their guns, and put out a couple of extra oars. The four oarsmen now buckled down to their work, and the boat was leaping over the water at a rate that struck terror into the heart of Bird and his companions.

"Hist that mainsail!" cried Bird to his men, as soon as the schooner was fairly heading on her course; "spring for your lives! Get on all sail, as fast as possible! If we can get round that point so as to take the wind before they overhaul us, we'll show 'em that we can make longitude faster than they can!"

The men redoubled their exertions; every sail was made to draw the utmost of its power;