

The Mangled Folk; or, the Wreck on the Spanish Main.

By GEO. MARVILLE PECK.

He was always a great scholar, was Bill, and known a power of stuff...

her way to England, and make a lady of her. "And how about me?" I said.

Tessie—that was the girl's name—had told him that in an out-of-the-way part of the shore, about eight miles away...

I understood to do that, and I got besides a sling keg, that held about a couple of quarts of rum and water...

The spade was the hardest thing to get hold of. I knew there was some in the cargo, but couldn't tell where it was...

"Fortunately, we had not a very hard day, as it had been hot, and the skipper was very fresh in the evening...

I had got a lantern and candles, matches, and the rest of them slung over my shoulder, so that with the keg, the axe, spade, and cutlass, too...

Bill chirruped again, and I could just make out a slight dark figure come bounding along to be caught in his net...

"The girl started away again on making me out, but on a word or two from Bill, she put her little hand in mine...

"Let's go, Bill," I says, as soon as I could get my breath; and not feeling that I should like to go back the way I came...

"It's a very strange," says Bill, "I should not have believed it if anyone had told me."

"Yes," he says, "I says, as soon as I could get my breath; and not feeling that I should like to go back the way I came..."

"It was not so dark here, for the sand was light-colored, and the stars shone brightly, as the Indian girl laid one hand upon Bill's arm...

"Well," says Bill, "they used to get back to their ships and sail off, and some used to get away while others were to be wrecked in the hurricane...

"Hard lines for them," I says. "The voice," said Bill, in a whisper, and his voice grew very deep, while the water in the harbor seemed, as it beat softly against the sides of the ship...

"Where is she?" I says, eagerly. "What a bit," says Bill, "you know, Jack, I've scraped acquaintance with a pretty little native lass..."

for that, and he started slowly off in a careful way, keeping along by the jagged wood stumps that had supported the bulwark; so of course I followed.

"What's that, stupid?" he says, in a whisper. "Nothing," you ain't afraid of ghosts, are you? Jack, Jack, look!" he says...

He saw it now as plainly as I did, that was a curious old light shining out from that part of the ship...

I was puzzled at first to make out what he was sitting on, but I saw directly that it was a long bright brass cannon, and that four more of his companions were sitting out of the sides...

It seemed so curious, too, that wherever the scrouge light fell, the deck looked sound, and there were rods coiled up, though where we stood it was rotten as so much tinder.

"We stood there as if turned to stone, and as for me I fell a cold strange chill running down my back; while to my remarking, I could not have stirred to save my life."

"The man on the gun nodded and stroked his mustache, and the others looked on, while the man with the keg put in the head again, and rolled it to a hole in the deck, down where he seemed to hand it to some one else."

"The girl started away again on making me out, but on a word or two from Bill, she put her little hand in mine, and then going in front, she led the way through the woods."

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swivel piece, upon which the Spanish Deck had seemed to sit, was sticking out of the wreck, and seemed about three feet below where I stood.

It was very strange, for we had no idea before of those guns being there, and as Bill said, if one part of what we saw was true, why the other part was sure to be.

We had a good look over the ship, to see what a grand vessel it must have been—clumsily built, according to our notions, though the heaviness of her bulwarks had made her hold together perhaps two hundred and fifty years.

Then, helping him up, we both went to the poop, and stood looking down at the sand below the guns.

I expect we both felt about the same—a sort of shiver of dread, but I would not show it; and, taking the spade from Bill's hand, I was about to plunge it down into the sand, when a warning cry from the Indian girl made us hurry off the deck and run to her side.

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