

## CHAPTER XXVI.

## HOW THEY TOOK THE GREAT GALLEON.

"When captains courageous, whom death could not daunt,  
Did march to the siege of the city of Gaunt,  
They muster'd their soldiers by two and by three,  
But the foremost in battle was Mary Ambree.  
When brave Sir John Major was slain in her sight,  
Who was her true lover, her joy and delight,  
Because he was murder'd most treacherously,  
Then vow'd to avenge him fair Mary Ambree."

*Old Ballad. A. D. 1584.*

ONE more glance at the golden tropic sea, and the golden tropic evenings, by the shore of New Granada, in the golden Spanish Main.

The bay of Santo Martha is rippling before the land-breeze one sheet of living flame. The mighty forests are sparkling with myriad fire-flies. The lazy mist which lounges round the inner hills shines golden in the sunset rays; and, nineteen thousand feet aloft, the mighty peak of Horqueta cleaves the abyss of air, rose red against the dark-blue vault of heaven. The rosy cone fades to a dull leaden hue; but only for awhile. The stars flash out one by one, and Venus, like another moon, tinges the eastern snows with gold, and sheds across the bay a long yellow line of rippling light. Everywhere is glory and richness. What wonder if the earth in that enchanted land be as rich to her inmost depths as she is upon the surface? The heaven, the hills, the sea, are one sparkling garland of jewels—what wonder if the soil be jeweled also? if every watercourse and bank of earth be spangled with emeralds and rubies, with grains of gold and feathered wreaths of native silver?

So thought, in a poetic mood, the Bishop of Carthagena, as he sat in the state cabin of that great galleon, The City of the True Cross, and looked pensively out of the window towards the shore. The good man was in a state of holy calm. His stout figure rested on one easy-chair, his stout ankles on another, beside a table spread with oranges and limes, guavas and pineapples, and all the fruits of Ind.

An Indian girl, bedizened with scarfs and gold chains, kept off the flies with a fan of feathers; and by him, in a pail of ice from the Horqueta (the gift of some pious Spanish lady, who had "spent" an Indian or two in bringing down the precious offering), stood more than one flask of virtuous wine of Alicant. But he was not so selfish, good man, as to enjoy either ice or wine alone; Don Pedro, colonel of the soldiers on board, Don Alvarez, Intendant of His Catholic Majesty's Customs at Santa Martha, and Don Paul, captain of mariners in The City of the True Cross, had, by his especial request, come to his assistance that evening, and with two friars, who sat at the lower end of the table, were doing their best to prevent the good man from taking too bitterly to heart the present unsatisfactory state of his cathedral town, which had just been sacked and burnt by an old friend of ours, Sir Francis Drake.

"We have been great sufferers, Señors,—ah, great sufferers," snuffled the bishop, quoting Scripture, after the fashion of the day, glibly enough, but often much too irreverently for me to repeat, so boldly were his texts travestied, and so freely interlarded by grumblings at Tita and the mosquitoes. "Great sufferers, truly; but there shall be a remnant,—ah, a remnant like the shaking of the olive tree and the gleanings of the vintage are done.—Ah! Gold? Yes, I trust Our Lady's mercies are not shut up, nor her arms shortened.—Look, Señors!"—and he pointed majestically out of the window. "It looks gold! it smells of gold, as I may say, by a poetical license. Yea, the very waves, as they ripple past us, sing of gold, gold, gold!"

"It is a great privilege," said the Intendant, "to have comfort so gracefully administered at once by a churchman and a scholar."

"A poet, too," said Don Pedro. "You have no notion what sweet sonnets——"

"Hush, Don Pedro—hush! If I, a mateless bird, have spent an idle hour in teaching lovers how to sing, why, what of that? I am a churchman, Señors; but I am a man and I can feel, Señors; I can sympathize; I can palliate; I can excuse. Who knows better than I how much human nature lurks in us fallen sons of Adam? Tita!"

"Um?" said the trembling girl, with a true Indian grunt. "Fill his Excellency the Intendant's glass. Does much more treasure come down, illustrious Señor? May the



poor of Mary hope for a few more crumbs from their Mistress' table?"

"Not a pezo, I fear. The big white cow up there"—and he pointed to the Horqueta—"has been milked dry for this year."

"Ah!" And he looked up at the magnificent snow peak. "Only good to cool wine with, eh? and as safe for the time being as Solomon's birds."

"Solomon's birds? Explain your recondite allusion, my lord."

"Enlighten us, your Excellency, enlighten us."

"Ah! thereby hangs a tale. You know the holy birds who run up and down on the Prado at Seville among the ladies' pretty feet,—eh? with hooked noses and cinnamon crests? Of course. Hoopoes—Upupa, as the classics have it. Well, Señors, once on a time, the story goes, these hoopoes all had golden crowns on their heads; and, Señors, they took the consequences—eh? But it befell on a day that all the birds and beasts came to do homage at the court of His Most Catholic Majesty King Solomon, and among them came these same hoopoes; and they had a little request to make, the poor rogues. And what do you think it was? Why, that King Solomon would pray for them that they might wear any sort of crowns but these same golden ones; for—listen, Tita, and see the snare of riches—mankind so hunted, and shot, and trapped, and snared them, for the sake of these same golden crowns, that life was a burden to bear. So Solomon prayed, and instead of golden crowns, they all received crowns of feathers; and ever since, Señors, they live as merrily as crickets in an oven, and also have the honor of bearing the name of His Most Catholic Majesty King Solomon. Tita! fill the Señor Commandant's glass. Fray Gerundio, what are you whispering about down there, sir?"

Fray Gerundio had merely commented to his brother on the bishop's story of Solomon's birds with an—

"O si sic omnia!—would that all gold would turn to feathers in likewise!"

"Then, friend," replied the other, a Dominican, like Gerundio, but of a darker and sterner complexion, "corrupt human nature would within a week discover some fresh bauble, for which to kill and be killed in vain."

"What is that, Fray Gerundio?" asked the bishop again.

"I merely remarked, that it were well for the world if all mankind were to put up the same prayer as the hoopoes."

"World, sir? What do you know about the world? Convert your Indians, sir, if you please, and leave affairs of state to your superiors. You will excuse him, Señors" (turning to the Dons, and speaking in a lower tone). "A very worthy and pious man, but a poor peasant's son; and beside—you understand. A little wrong here; too much fasting and watching, I fear, good man." And the bishop touched his forehead knowingly, to signify that Fray Gerundio's wits were in an unsatisfactory state.

The Fray heard and saw with a quiet smile. He was one of those excellent men whom the cruelties of his countrymen had stirred up (as the darkness, by mere contrast, makes the light more bright), as they did Las Casas, Gasca, and many another noble name which is written in the book of life, to deeds of love and pious daring worthy of any creed or age. True Protestants, they protested, even before kings, against the evil which lay nearest them, the sin which really beset them; true liberals, they did not disdain to call the dark-skinned heathen their brothers; and asserted in terms which astonish us, when we recollect the age in which they were spoken, the inherent freedom of every being who wore the flesh and blood which their Lord wore; true martyrs, they bore witness of Christ, and received too often the reward of such, in slander and contempt. Such an one was Fray Gerundio; a poor, mean, clumsy-tongued peasant's son, who never could put three sentences together, save when he waxed eloquent, crucifix in hand, amid some group of Indians or negroes. He was accustomed to such rebuffs as the bishop's; he took them for what they were worth, and sipped his wine in silence; while the talk went on.

"They say," observed the commandant, "that a very small Plate-fleet will go to Spain this year."

"What else?" says the intendant. "What have we to send, in the name of all the saints, since these accursed English Lutherans have swept us out clean?"

"And if we had anything to send," says the sea-captain, "what have we to send it in? That fiend incarnate, Drake—"

"Ah!" said his holiness; "spare my ears! Don Pedro, you will oblige my weakness by not mentioning that man;



—his name is Tartarean, unfit for polite lips. Draco—a dragon—serpent—the emblem of Diabolus himself—ah! And the guardian of the golden apples of the West, who would fain devour our new Hercules, His Most Catholic Majesty. Deceived Eve, too, with one of those same apples—a very evil name, Señors—a Tartarean name,—Tita!”

“Um!”

“Fill my glass.”

“Nay,” cried the colonel, with a great oath, “this English fellow is of another breed of serpent from that, I warrant.”

“Your reason, Señor; your reason?”

“Because this one would have seen Eve at the bottom of the sea, before he let her, or anyone but himself, taste aught which looked like gold.”

“Ah, ah!—very good! But—we laugh, valiant Señors, while the Church weeps. Alas for my sheep!”

“And alas for their sheepfold! It will be four years before we can get Carthage rebuilt again. And as for the blockhouse, when we shall get that rebuilt, Heaven only knows, while His Majesty goes on draining the Indies for his English Armada. The town is as naked now as an Indian’s back.”

“Baptista Antonio, the surveyor, has sent home by me a relation to the king, setting forth our defenceless state. But to read a relation and to act on it are two cocks of very different hackles, bishop, as all statesmen know. Heaven grant we may have orders by the next fleet to fortify, or we shall be at the mercy of every English pirate!”

“Ah,” that blockhouse!” sighed the bishop. “That was indeed a villainous trick. A hundred and ten thousand ducats for the ransom of the town! After having burned and plundered the one-half—and having made me dine with them, too, ah! and sit between the—the serpent, and his lieutenant-general—and drank my health in my own private wine—wine that I had from Xeres nine years ago, Señors—and offered, the shameless heretics, to take me to England, if I would turn Lutheran, and find me a wife, and make an honest man of me—ah! and then to demand fresh ransom for the priory and the fort—perfidious!”

“Well,” said the colonel, “they had the law of us, the cunning rascals, for we forgot to mention anything but the

town, in the agreement. Who would have dreamed of such a fetch as that?”

“So I told my good friend the prior, when he came to me to borrow the thousand crowns. It was Heaven’s will. Unexpected like the thunderbolt, and to be borne as such. Every man must bear his own burden. How could I lend him aught?”

“Your holiness’ money had been all carried off by them before,” said the intendant, who knew, and none better, the exact contrary.

“Just so—all my scanty savings! desolate in my lone old age. Ah, Señors, had we not had warning of the coming of these wretches from my dear friend the Marquess of Santa Cruz, whom I remember daily in my prayers, we had been like to them who go down quick into the pit. I too might have saved a trifle, had I been minded: but in thinking too much of others, I forgot myself, alas!”

“Warning or none, we had no right to be beaten by such a handful,” said the sea-captain; “and a shame it is, and a shame it will be, for many a day to come.”

“Do you mean to cast any slur, sir, upon the courage and conduct of His Catholic Majesty’s soldiers?” asked the colonel.

“I?—No; but we were foully beaten, and that behind our barricades too, and there’s the plain truth.”

“Beaten, sir! Do you apply such a term to the fortunes of war? What more could our governor have done? Had we not the ways filled with poisoned caltrops, guarded by Indian archers, barred with butts full of earth, raked with culverins and arquebuses? What familiar spirit had we, sir, to tell us that these villains would come along the sea-beach, and not by the high-road, like Christian men?”

“Ah!” said the bishop, “it was by intuition diabolic, I doubt not that they took that way. Satan must need help those who serve him; and for my part, I can only attribute (I would the captain here had piety enough to do so) the misfortune which occurred to art-magic. I believe these men to have been possessed by all fiends whatsoever.”

“Well, your holiness,” said the colonel, “there may have been devilry in it; how else would men have dared to run right into the mouths of our cannon, fire their shot against our very noses, and tumble harmless over those huge butts of earth?”



"Doubtless by force of the fiends which raged with them," interposed the bishop.

"And then, with their blasphemous cries, leap upon us with sword and pike? I myself saw that Lieutenant-General Carlisle hew down with one stroke that noble young gentleman the ensign-bearer, your excellency's sister's son's nephew, though he was armed cap-a-pie. Was not art-magic here? And that most furious and blaspheming Lutheran Captain Young, I saw how he caught our general by the head, after the illustrious Don Alonzo had given him a grievous wound, threw him to the earth, and so took him. Was not art-magic here?"

"Well, I say," said the captain, "if you are looking for art-magic, what say you to their marching through the flank fire of our galleys, with eleven pieces of ordnance, and two hundred shot playing on them, as if it had been a mosquito swarm? Some said my men fired to high; but that was the English rascals' doing, for they got down on the tide beach. But, Señor Commandant, though Satan may have taught them that trick, was it he that taught them to carry pikes a foot longer than yours?"

"Ah, well," said the bishop, "sacked are we; and Saint Domingo, as I hear, in worse case than we are; and Saint Augustine in Florida likewise; and all that is left for a poor priest like me is to return to Spain, and see whether the pious clemency of his Majesty, and of the universal Father, may not be willing to grant some small relief or bounty to the poor of Mary—perhaps—(for who knows?) to translate to a sphere of more peaceful labor one who is now old, Señors, and weary with many toils—Tita! fill our glasses. I have saved somewhat—as you may have done, Señors, from the general wreck; and for the flock, when I am no more, illustrious Señors, Heaven's mercies are infinite; new cities will rise from the ashes of the old, new mines pour forth their treasures into the sanctified laps of the faithful, and new Indians flock toward the life-giving standard of the Cross, to put on the easy yoke and light burden of the Church, and—"

"And where shall I be then? Ah, where? Fain would I rest, and fain depart. Tita! sling my hammock. Señors, you will excuse age and infirmities. Fray Gerundio, go to bed!"

And the Dons rose to depart, while the bishop went on maundering,—

"Farewell! Life is short. Ah! we shall meet in heaven at last. And there are really no more pearls?"

"Not a frail; nor gold either," said the intendant.

"Ah, well! Better a dinner of herbs where love is, than—Tita!"

"My breviary—ah! Man's gratitude is short-lived, I had hoped—you have seen nothing of the Señora Bovadilla?"

"No."

"Ah! she promised:—but no matter—a little trifle as a keepsake—a gold cross, or an emerald ring, or what not—I forget. And what have I to do with worldly wealth!—Ah! Tita! bring me the casket."

And when his guests were gone, the old man began mumbling prayers out of his breviary, and fingering over jewels and gold, with the dull greedy eyes of covetous old age.

"Ah!—it may buy the red hat yet!—Omnia Romæ venalia! Put it by, Tita, and do not look at it too much, child. Enter not into temptation. The love of money is the root of all evil; and Heaven, in love for the Indian, has made him poor in this world, that he may be rich in faith. Ah!—Ugh!—So!"

And the old miser clambered into his hammock. Tita drew the mosquito net over him, wrapt another round her own head, and slept, or seemed to sleep; for she coiled herself up upon the floor and master and slave soon snored a merry bass to the treble of the mosquitoes.

It was long past midnight, and the moon was down. The sentinels, who had tramped and challenged overhead till they thought their officers were sound asleep, had slipped out of the unwholesome rays of the planet to seek that health and peace which they considered their right, and slept as soundly as the bishop's self.

Two long lines glided out from behind the isolated rocks of the Morro Grande, which bounded the bay some five hundred yards astern of the galleon. They were almost invisible on the glittering surface of the water, being perfectly white; and, had a sentinel been looking out, he could only have descried them by the phosphorescent flashes along their sides.

Now the bishop had awoke, and turned himself over uneasily; for the wine was dying out within him, and his shoulders had slipped down, and his heels up, and his head



ached! so he sat upright in his hammock, looked out upon the bay, and called Tita.

"Put another pillow under my head, child! What is that? a fish?"

Tita looked. She did not think it was a fish: but she did not choose to say so; for it might have produced an argument, and she had her reasons for not keeping his holiness awake.

The bishop looked again; settled that it must be a white whale, or shark, or other monster of the deep; crossed himself, prayed for a safe voyage, and snored once more.

Presently the cabin-door opened gently, and the head of the Señor Intendant appeared.

Tita sat up; and then began crawling like a snake along the floor, among the chairs and tables, by the light of the cabin lamp.

"Is he asleep?"

"Yes: but the casket is under his head."

"Curse him! How shall we take it?"

"I brought him a fresh pillow half an hour ago; I hung his hammock wrong on purpose that he might want one. I thought to slip the box away as I did it; but the old ox nursed it in both hands all the while."

"What shall we do in the name of all the fiends? She sails tomorrow morning and then all is lost."

Tita showed her white teeth, and touched the dagger which hung by the intendant's side.

"I dare not!" said the rascal, with a shudder.

"I dare!" said she. "He whipt my mother, because she would not give me up to him to be taught in his schools, when she went to the mines. And she went to the mines, and died there in three months. I saw her go, with a chain round her neck; but she never came back again. Yes; I dare kill him! I will kill him! I will!"

The Señor felt his mind much relieved. He had no wish, of course, to commit the murder himself; for he was a good Catholic, and feared the devil. But Tita was an Indian, and her being lost did not matter so much. Indians' souls were cheap, like their bodies. So he answered, "But we shall be discovered!"

"I will leap out of the window with the casket, and swim ashore. They will never suspect you, and they will fancy I am drowned."

"The sharks may seize you, Tita. You had better give me the casket."

Tita smiled. "You would not like to lose that, eh? though you care little about losing me. And yet you told me that you loved me!"

"And I do love you, Tita! light of my eyes! life of my heart! I swear, by all the saints, I love you. I will marry you, I swear I will—I will swear on the crucifix, if you like!"

"Swear, then, or I do not give you the casket," said she, holding out the little crucifix round her neck, and devouring him with the wild eyes of passionate unreasoning tropic love.

He swore, trembling, and deadly pale.

"Give me your dagger."

"No, not mine. It may be found. I shall be suspected. What if my sheath were seen to be empty?"

"Your knife will do. His throat is soft enough."

And she glided stealthy as a cat toward the hammock, while her cowardly companion stood shivering at the other end of the cabin, and turned his back to her, that he might not see the deed.

He stood waiting, one minute—two—five? Was it an hour, rather? A cold sweat bathed his limbs; the blood beat so fiercely within his temples, that his head rang again. Was that a death-bell tolling? No; it was the pulses of his brain. Impossible, surely, a death-bell. Whence could it come?

There was a struggle—ah! she was about it now; a stifled cry—Ah! he had dreaded that most of all, to hear the old man cry. Would there be much blood? He hoped not. Another struggle, and Tita's voice, apparently muffled, called for help.

"I cannot help you. Mother of Mercies! I dare not help you!" hissed he. "She-devil! you have begun it, and you must finish it yourself!"

A heavy arm from behind clasped his throat. The bishop had broken loose from her and seized him! Or was it his ghost? or a fiend come to drag him down to the pit? And forgetting all but mere wild terror, he opened his lips for a scream, which would have wakened every soul on board. But a handkerchief was thrust into his mouth; and in another minute he found himself bound hand and foot, and laid upon the table by a gigantic enemy. The cabin was full of armed men, two of whom



were lashing up the bishop in his hammock; two more had seized Tita; and more were clambering up into the stern-gallery beyond, wild figures, with bright blades and armor gleaming in the starlight.

"Now, Will," whispered the giant who had seized him, "forward and clap the fore-hatches on; and shout Fire! with all your might. Girl! murderess! your life is in my hands. Tell me where the commander sleeps, and I pardon you."

Tita looked up at the huge speaker, and obeyed in silence. The intendant heard him enter the colonel's cabin, and then a short scuffle, and silence for a moment.

But only for a moment; for already the alarm had been given, and mad confusion reigned through every deck. Amyas (for it was none other) had already gained the poop; the sentinels were gagged and bound; and every half-naked wretch who came trembling up on deck in his shirt by the main hatchway, calling one, "Fire!" another, "Wreck!" and another, "Treason!" was hurled into the scuppers, and there secured.

"Lower away that boat!" shouted Amyas in Spanish to his first batch of prisoners.

The men, unarmed and naked, could but obey.

"Now then, jump in. Here, hand them to the gangway as they come up."

It was done; and as each appeared he was kicked to the scuppers, and bundled down over the side.

"She's full. Cast loose now and off with you. If you try to board again we'll sink you."

"Fire! fire!" shouted Cary, forward. "Up the main hatchway for your lives!"

The ruse succeeded utterly; and before half-an-hour was over, all the ship's boats which could be lowered were filled with Spaniards in their shirts, getting ashore as best they could.

"Here is a new sort of camisado," quoth Cary. "The last Spanish one I saw was at the sortie from Smerwick: but this is somewhat more prosperous than that."

"Get the main and foresail up, Will!" said Amyas, "cut the cable; and we will plume the quarry as we fly."

"Spoken like a good falconer. Heaven grant that this big woodcock may carry a good trail inside!"

"I'll warrant her for that," said Jack Brimblecombe. "She floats so low."

"Much of your build, too, Jack. By the by, where is the commander?"

Alas! Don Pedro, forgotten in the bustle, had been lying on the deck in his shirt, helplessly bound, exhausting that part of his vocabulary which related to the unseen world. Which most discourteous act seemed at first likely to be somewhat heavily avenged on Amyas; for as he spoke, a couple of caliver-shots, fired from under the poop, passed "ping, ping" by his ears, and Cary clapped his hand to his side.

"Hurt, Will?"

"A pinch, old lad—Look out, or we are 'allen verloren' after all as the Flemings say."

And as he spoke, a rush forward on the poop drove two of their best men down the ladder into the waist, where Amyas stood.

"Killed?" asked he, as he picked one up, who had fallen head over heels.

"Sound as a bell, sir: but they Gentiles has got hold of the fire-arms, and set the captain free."

And rubbing the back of his head for a minute, he jumped up the ladder again, shouting: "Have at ye, idolatrous pagans! Have at ye, Satan's spawn!"

Amyas jumped up after him, shouting to all hands to follow; for there was no time to be lost.

Out of the windows of the poop, which looked on the main-deck, a galling fire had been opened, and he could not afford to lose men; for, as far as he knew, the Spaniards left on board might still far outnumber the English; so up he sprang on the poop followed by a dozen men, and there began a very heavy fight between two parties of valiant warriors, who easily knew each other apart by the peculiar fashion of their armor. For the Spaniards fought in their shirts, and in no other garments: but the English in all other manner of garments, tag, rag, and bobtail; and yet had never a shirt between them.

The rest of the English made a rush, of course, to get upon the poop, seeing that the Spaniards could not shoot them through the deck; but the fire from the windows was so hot, that although they dodged behind masts, spars, and every possible shelter, one or two dropped; and Jack Brimblecombe and Yeo took on themselves to call a retreat, and with about a dozen men, got back, and held a council of war.



What was to be done? Their arquebuses were of little use; for the Spaniards were behind a strong bulkhead. There were cannon: but where was powder or shot? The boats, encouraged by the clamor on deck, were paddling alongside again. Yeo rushed round and round, probing every gun with his sword.

"Here's a patararo loaded! Now for a match, lads."

Luckily one of the English had kept his match alight during the scuffle.

"Thanks be! Help me to unship the gun—the mast's in the way here."

The patararo, or brass swivel, was unshipped.

"Steady, lads, and keep it level, or you'll shake out the priming. Ship it here; turn out that one, and heave it into that boat, if they come alongside. Steady now—so! Rummage about, and find me a bolt or two, a marlin-spike, anything. Quick, or the captain will be overmastered yet."

Missiles were found—odds and ends—and crammed into the swivel up to the muzzle: and, in another minute, its "cargo of notions" was crashing into the poop-windows, silencing the fire from thence effectually enough for the time.

"Now, then, a rush forward, and right in along the deck!" shouted Yeo; and the whole party charged through the cabin-doors, which their shot had burst open, and hewed their way from room to room.

In the meanwhile, the Spaniards above had fought fiercely: but, in spite of superior numbers, they had gradually given back before the "demoniacal possession of those blasphemous heretics, who fought, not like men, but like furies from the pit." And by the time that Brimblecombe and Yeo shouted from the stern-gallery below that the quarter-deck was won, few on either side but had their shrewd scratch to show.

"Yield, Señor!" shouted Amyas to the commander, who had been fighting like a lion, back to back with the captain of mariners.

"Never! You have bound me, and insulted me! Your blood or mine must wipe out the stain!"

And he rushed on Amyas. There was a few moments' heavy fence between them; and then Amyas cut right at his head. But as he raised his arm, the Spaniard's blade slipped along his ribs, and snapped against the point of his

shoulder-blade. An inch more to the left, and it would have been through his heart. The blow fell, nevertheless, and the commandant fell with it, stunned by the flat of the sword, but not wounded; for Amyas' hand had turned, as he winced from his wound. But the sea-captain, seeing Amyas stagger, sprang at him, and, seizing him by the wrist, ere he could raise his sword again, shortened his weapon to run him through! Amyas made a grasp at his wrist in return, but, between his faintness and the darkness, missed it.—Another moment, and all would have been over!

A bright blade flashed close past Amyas' ear; the sea-captain's grasp loosened, and he dropped a corpse; while over him, like an angry lioness above her prey, stood Ayacanora, her long hair floating in the wind, her dagger raised aloft, as she looked round, challenging all and every one to approach.

"Are you hurt?" panted she.

"A scratch, child.—What do you do here? Go back, go back."

Ayacanora slipped back like a scolded child, and vanished in the darkness.

The battle was over. The Spaniards, seeing their commanders fall, laid down their arms, and cried for quarter. It was given; the poor fellows were tied together, two and two, and seated in a row on the deck; the commandant, sorely bruised, yielded himself perforce; and the galleon was taken.

Amyas hurried forward to get the sails set. As he went down the poop-ladder, there was some one sitting on the lowest step.

"Who is here—wounded?"

"I am not wounded," said a woman's voice, low and stifled with sobs.

It was Ayacanora. She rose, and let him pass. He saw that her face was bright with tears; but he hurried on, nevertheless.

"Perhaps I did speak a little hastily to her, considering she saved my life; but what a brimstone it is! Mary Ambree in a dark skin! Now then, lads, get the Santa Fé gold up out of the canoes, and then we'll put her head to the northeast, and away for old England. Mr. Brimblecombe, don't say that Eastward-ho don't bring luck this time!"