

# In Sheep's Clothing.



By Capt. Ormond Steele

## CHAPTER III—Continued.

"I am William Fox, Captain of her Majesty's cruiser *Wanderer*, and right honored am I, dear sir, to salute and welcome you," replied the Captain, grasping the Squire's hand.

"And my friend," said the Squire, with another bow and a wave of his left hand, as he turned to the gentleman in the bottle-green coat, "is Dr. Nehemiah Hedges, late representative of this country in her Majesty's Provincial Assembly, surgeon to the First Suffolk Volunteers, and our chief physician at this island."

"And may heaven long spare him, to keep him safe, and to let him to reflect honor on the crown," said Captain Fox, giving both hands to the doctor, who, being a very modest man, blushed at the complimentary words of his friend, and the almost forgotten titles of which he found himself the possessor.

Captain Fox presented his visitors to the officers not on duty, and then all adjourned to the cabin, where the lamps were lit, and Don, under the directions of Lieutenant Frenaud, had set out crystal flagons of wine, with a great array of such glasses as the provincial gentlemen had never put eyes on before.

"Gentlemen," said the Captain, when all the glasses were filled, "permit me and my officers to drink to your long life and continued prosperity, and to welcome you with all heartiness on board the *Wanderer*."

"But soldiers drink wine, and never prescribe it," said Doctor Hedges, looking over his wine-glass at the captain, "not that I object to the fluid in moderate quantities, but that it is so difficult to find on this coast the pure vintage in which our fathers delighted. I drink to you."

The glasses were drained, and the captain hastened to say:

"You cannot find that fault with the wine you have just tasted, for it has been twice around the world in the wood, and like sherry, burgundy improves by travel, and unlike some of ourselves, it grows better and purer as the years pass over it."

"Ah, it is rare wine, in truth," said Squire Condit, snacking his lips, and raising his glass to inhale the aroma. "But though our wines cannot be praised, we feel that our brandy is not inferior, and Governor Morgan, who has ordered us with a visit not long since, ascribed to our spiced rum was superior to anything of the kind he had ever tasted."

"I hope to confirm the governor's judgment before I sail hence," said the captain.

"You shall have a chance to do so to-night," said the squire, with more enthusiasm than he ordinarily manifested, for being a law officer and a deacon, he felt that reserve was essential to sustain the dignity of his dual honors. "I am the guardian—or rather I was the guardian—of Captain Ralph Denham, whom I have grown to look on as a son; and Doctor Hedges is the brother of the first officer; and the uncle of the second officer of the *Sea Hawk*."

"Please let me congratulate you both," said the captain, again shaking hands with his visitors, "for though I have not the honor of personal acquaintance with the officers of the *Sea Hawk*, news of their brave exploits in the West Indies has reached me at the other side of the world, where the *Wanderer* has been cruising till ordered to these waters."

"You must come and dine with them to-night," said the doctor. "After dinner at my house we adjourn to the squire's, where there will be music and dancing."

"A concession I make to the brave sailors who have been so long away," exclaimed the squire. "There will be those who, on the morrow, will say, 'Deacon Goodwill Condit has done that for which he should be disciplined by the congregation.' But should they do so, I will reply, 'I danced not, and I was not my own master on the occasion.'

"An excuse that should exonerate you with the most rigid," laughed Captain Fox, adding as he waved his hand to Don, "we must try one more glass before you leave."

Both visitors protested that they had had enough.

"Then you will honor me by permitting me to send each of you a cask tomorrow."

The captain said this in a way that gave no chance for refusal, and then he escorted the squire and doctor to the deck; and at his command the sailors sprang into the rigging and cheered as the little yawl bore the delighted old gentlemen away.

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE PLAN OUTLINED.

After the boat had been gone a few seconds, Captain Fox named the officers he expected to accompany him ashore that night, and then told them to report at once in his cabin.

"Gentlemen," he said, when the officers were gathered about the table, from which Don, the cabin boy, had removed the flagons and glasses, "this is a night to test each man's power of self-control. I shall expect you all to drink, to see if so do; but the man who becomes drunken will bring the consequences. I cannot forget that at Mardi Gras, Cartagena, and Paris, and of you so far forgot yourselves as to get drunk and bring on fights with the natives, who drove you to your boats, and who, in their just anger, would have seized our ship had I not turned the guns on them. We cannot avail ourselves of such a remedy here. Each man must appear to be what the people believe us, officers and gentlemen in the service of England. At one o'clock I shall expect you to be board; in the meantime remain sealed lips and open orders."

Captain Fox waved his right hand, and the officers, Frenaud excepted, withdrew.

"Ha, Frenaud!" said the Captain, when he and his chief executive officer had withdrawn to themselves, "as of old our good luck follows. By the spirit of Blake, sir! things could not have happened better."

"I am glad for your sake," replied Frenaud.

"Aye, aye, my lad, and for your own sake, too. Sounds! Lieutenant, are we not to be sharers in the great prize?"

"Yes, Captain; but you will not act without seeing his lordship."

"Do not say 'lordship,' say 'Col. Graham.' Why, man, if these provincials knew there was a live lord among them they would eat him up with adulation. Remember, we must speak of Col. Graham of the guards; Graham who, under Churchill, led the decisive charge at the battle of Walcourt. Ha, ha, ha! This cruise has its com-

was thought a man could be neither a good sailor nor a brave soldier if he did not drink—but they did not drink, or even slip, each time they lifted the silver goblets to their lips.

After dinner, the musicians, who had been playing in the vine-covered porch outside, struck up a march, and another procession was formed; and Squire Condit, with Mrs. Hedges on his arm, led the way to his own house, where the festivities were to be continued.

Sailors in the service of the British Government were always sure of a welcome in the best society of the colonies.

Their commissions implied that "officer" and "gentleman" were synonymous; and it can be said that a knightly courtesy ran through the service at this time for England had entered on that grand career for supremacy of the ocean which was afterwards to leave her for a time its undisputed mistress.

The officers of the *Wanderer* were made as welcome by the people of Sag Harbor as if, like the *Sea Hawk's* crew, they were their own sons and neighbors.

With the exception of Captain Fox and Lieutenant Frenaud, the officers of the *Wanderer* were not, judging from their awkward and constrained manners, much accustomed to ladies' society, for only the two named could dance, or at least attempted to do so.

This, however, only made the non-combatants more acceptable to such staid citizens as Squire Condit and Doctor Hedges, who were not so strict in their chaperones as to not enjoy a game of whist.

But Captain Fox and Mr. Frenaud were made as welcome by the people of Sag Harbor as if, like the *Sea Hawk's* crew, they were their own sons and neighbors.

"And it shall be done," Frenaud; it shall be done. Oh, I will court the youth. He is generous, brave, and unsuspicious. I will flatter and dazzle him. If he loves wine, as a good sailor should, may I be shot if I have him not at sea before six tides have flooded this bay."

"My heart beats faster at the thought," said Frenaud, with unaffected joy.

"Aye, my lad, and it shall leap with perpetual delight after the crowning exploit of our cruise is finished. Now, caution, prudence, patience, and our object, masked, like a Dutch battery, with evergreens, roses, and floating swans; eh, Frenaud?"

"That is it, Captain."

"Come; we have no time to spare, The dinner awaits us ashore, and to-night the officers of the *Wanderer* make no impression on the hearts of the fair names of the island, then have they forgotten in works of war the ways of love, and it will be the first time in all my experience that I ever knew such a thing to happen."

Captain Fox was in high spirits, but Frenaud did not presume on this, for he well knew that the smile could change in the space of a lightning flash to a frown, and that the sentence begun in the softest accents might end in tones of thunder.

**CHAPTER V.**  
BY THE SHORE

There were bonfires along the beach, and swarms of boats passing, with their crews aboard, between the ship and the shore.

When the *Wanderer's* cutter grated on the sand, the people cheered the officers and crew as if they were old friends.

And the Squire and the Doctor, with Captain Denham and his officers were there to meet them. And after introductions that seemed unnecessary, and salutations full of honest heartiness, a procession was formed and all marched to Doctor Hedges' house, which was now illuminated from the door of the summer-kitchen to the highest of the little dormer windows, that looked like single eyes set in the brows of the giant gables.

The colonists, some of them, at least, had a good deal of human nature, and managed to dispose of their worthless currency and at the same time gain a reputation for generosity. In modern days their descendants of the baser sort drop clipped and punched coins into the "plate."

The court to whom the New Haven deacons complained, ordered that "no money save silver or bills" should be accepted. Then the deacons found it difficult to get any contributions.

The colonists wished to keep their good wampum for trading, as the storekeepers would receive no other.

When they found that they must do without "wampum without break or deforming spots," or "silver or bills" in the contribution box, they refused to give anything.

But a hundred years later there came a wave of public enthusiasm—the War of the Revolution. Then the people gave of their best, with a willing mind. Contributions were taken in the meeting-houses, after divine service, for the Continental army. Money, finger-rings, earrings, watches, stockings, hats, coats, breeches, shoes, produce and groceries were brought to the meeting-house to give to the patriotic soldiers.

"Even the leaden weights were taken out of the window-frames, made into bullets, and brought to meeting," writes the author of "The Sabbath in Puritan New England."

On one occasion a collection was being made for the army in the Lebanon, Conn., meeting-house. Madam Faith Trumbull was present, and had on a magnificent scarlet cloak, which had been presented her by Count Rochambeau, the Commander-in-chief of our French allies. She walked from her pew to the deacon's seat, and taking off her cloak gave it as her offering to the army. It was cut in narrow strips and used as red trimmings for the uniforms of the soldiers.

Her example so roused the congregation that an enormous collection of goods and provisions was sent to the army.

"I must say that when I first sighted the *Wanderer*," said Captain Denham, "that I supposed she was the Adventure Galley, which was sent from New York some time ago to suppress the pirates."

"Let me see, the Adventure Galley was commanded by Captain William Kidd," said Captain Fox, reflectively.

"Yes, he took command of her in Bermuda, and there can be no doubt about the loss of the ship. The *Sea Hawk* went out to take her place."

"And she did it well, Captain Denham. I heard of many of your exploits against the pirates in the West Indies and I was glad of this opportunity to meet you," said Captain Fox, whose officers watched him with cues.

"But how did you happen here, Captain?" asked Captain Denham.

"I simply obeyed the orders received in Jamaica. I am to receive further instructions from Colonel Graham, who should have been here by this time."

"I pray he may not be in a hurry. If I know of no place where you can spend a few days more pleasantly," said Captain Denham. This was the only conversation, which might be called at all professional, that the young officers had on this occasion.

Lea Hedges was the soul of animation that evening, without being at all forward; and Lieutenant Frenaud escorted her to dinner, the Captain having the honor of leading in Mrs. Condit, Ralph Denham and Mrs. Hedges. Brought up the rear, and Ellen Condit and Lieutenant Hedges preceded them, evidently well pleased with the arrangement.

The dinner might be called provincial in its arrangement and large-handed abundance; certain it is, no other part of the world could have afforded a greater variety of life's good things, nor could any cooks in the great capitals surpass the black women, who, though slaves themselves, were the complete mistresses of all the Hampton kitchens.

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