FROM THE SHORE OF DECEIT
TO THE STRONGHOLD OF PIRATES.

THE STORY OF JACK BALLISTER'S FORTUNE

HOWARD PYLE

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The Story of
Jack Ballisters Fortune

by

Howard Pyle

"'SPEAK UP, BOY, SPEAK UP,' SAID THE GENTLEMAN."

Contents

PUBLISHER'S NOTE

Howard Pyle wrote *The Story of Jack Ballister's Fortune* in 1895, during a period when many white American authors expressed views about race and culture that reflected the prejudices of their time. In the introduction below, Pyle describes enslaved Africans using language and assumptions that are deeply offensive and inaccurate today.

These passages reveal the prevailing attitudes of nineteenth-century America rather than any factual account of African peoples or their abilities. Enslaved Africans and their descendants were not "savages" incapable of learning, as Pyle suggests, but men, women, and children who brought with them rich cultures, complex knowledge systems, and enduring strength under horrific conditions of slavery.

This edition preserves Pyle's original text for historical and literary integrity, while recognizing that such language is harmful and does not reflect current understanding or values. Readers are encouraged to approach the work with awareness of its historical context and with sensitivity to those who were misrepresented and dehumanized by such portrayals.

INTRODUCTION

ONE of the most important problems that confronted the Virginia plantations in the earlier colonial days was the question as to how to obtain sufficient labor to till the soil and to raise tobacco for the English market.

Some of the colonial planters of Virginia owned thousands of acres of the richest tobacco land in the world—whole tracts of virgin earth where the priceless loam lay open to the rain, the air, and the warm sky; bountifully fruitful loam, only waiting for tillage to be coined into vast tobacco fortunes for the princely owners. All that was needed was human labor to dig the earth, to plant, to hoe, to cultivate, and to prepare the tobacco for market, for there was not a hundredth part enough labor to turn the waiting soil, that lay ready to yield at any time its thousands of hogsheads of tobacco, and the question was, where and how labor was to be obtained.

The easiest and quickest solution of the question appeared to be the importation of negro slave labor from Africa.

The introduction of such slave labor began almost in the earliest days of the provinces. Hundreds of shiploads of African negroes were brought across the ocean and set to work digging and hoeing in the tobacco fields, and slave trade became a regular traffic between the west coast of Africa and the Americas.

But the African slaves, when imported, were found only fit to do the very rudest and simplest sort of labor. They were poor, ignorant savages, who, until they were set to work on the plantations, knew almost nothing at all about such labor as was practised by civilized mankind. When they were told to dig the earth, they dug, but they labored without knowing either why they worked or wherefore. They did just as their masters or their overseers bade them, and nothing more. Beyond this they could be taught little or nothing, for not only were those earlier savages like children, incapable of learning much of anything; but, in most instances, they could not even speak a single word of the language of their masters, and so could not understand what their owners wanted of them. They were of use only to work as a dumb animal might work, and not as white men could work.

So the Virginia plantations were still without that intelligent labor which white men alone could bring to the tilling of the soil; labor that knew what it was about when it dug the earth, and which, when told to do so, could turn its hand to other things that might be required of it. And so it was that every means was used to bring English men and women to the Virginia plantations.

Even in the last part of the seventeenth century those immigrants who afterward developed our great country into what it now is, were beginning to pour into the colonies. But, of this immigrant labor, the best and the most intelligent did not come to Virginia or other of the southern provinces. It drifted to the New England or the Pennsylvania provinces rather than to those in the South. There, in the North, any man could obtain a farm for himself by hewing it out of the wilderness. In Virginia the land was nearly all owned by the great tobacco planters. Hence it was that only the

poorest and least ambitious of these white men and women could in the earlier provincial days be induced to go thither, and hence white labor was so much more in demand in the South than in the North.

A certain class of the immigrants of that time were called "redemptioners" or "redemption servants." They were so called because they had to redeem by their labor the cost of their passage across the ocean from England to America. Upon their arrival in the New World they were sold for a term of years—seven, eight, nine, ten, as the case might be—and the money received from such sale was paid to the ship captain or the merchant who transported them from the Old World to the New. Thus their debt was redeemed, and hence their name.

Those who came thus as redemption servants from England were generally the poorest and most wretched of its people—paupers, outcasts, criminals—unfortunates who were willing to do almost anything to get away from their surroundings into a new life, where they hoped something better might be in store for them than that wretchedness which they had had to endure at home.

Thousands of such people were sent across the ocean to the Virginia and other plantations, where, poor and miserable as they often were, the demand for them grew ever greater and greater as the wilderness became more and more open to cultivation.

Every year higher and higher prices were paid for such servants, until, at last, a ship-load of redemptioners (provided the voyage across the ocean had been speedy and no contagious disease had developed aboard the vessel) became almost the most profitable cargo exported from England.

When the transportation of servants became thus so remunerative, the crimps who supplied them to merchants or to ship captains were oftentimes tempted, when other means failed, to resort to kidnapping, or man-stealing, to supply the demand.

During the earlier fifty years of the last century, thousands of men, women, and even children were stolen from England and sent away to the Americas, perhaps never to return, perhaps never even to be heard of again. In those days—"The kidnapper will catch you!" were words of terror to frighten children and gadding girls on all the coastways of England.

CHAPTER I

THE AMERICA MERCHANT

HEZEKIAH TIPTON had been a merchant in the America trade for upwards of forty years. He had shipped hundreds of servants to the Americas; they were as much a part of his cargo as tea or broad-cloth or books or silk stuffs.

Maybe he was not always scrupulously careful to know whence came some of the servants he thus transported. He was reasonably honest in his dealings, as the times went, and he would not often buy a servant from a crimp if he knew positively that the crimp had kidnapped the man. But if he was not positively sure, he would not go out of his way to inquire into things that did not concern him. He would either take the servant offered for sale, or else he would not take him; but he would not trouble himself to ask how the crimp obtained the man, or whether the man himself was or was not really willing to emigrate to the colonies.

There was, for instance, a good deal of talk at one time about three men whom Hezekiah had sent to South Carolina. A Dutchman had brought them into the harbor in his lugger. He said that the men desired to emigrate, and Hezekiah, who at that time had a ship just clearing for Charleston, expressed his willingness to pay the captain something for them, if he did not demand too much. Two of the men were stupefied with drink, and the third had a bloody clout wrapped around his head, and was cut and bruised as though he had been beaten with a club or a belaying-pin. It was an evident case of kidnapping, but nevertheless

Hezekiah paid the Dutch captain for the men, and had them sent directly aboard the ship. One of the three men was sober the next morning. Hezekiah had come aboard the ship, and as he was rowed away toward the shore the man leaned over the rail above, shouting out curses after the old merchant, swearing that he would certainly come back to England some time and murder him. "You think you're safe," bawled the man after the departing boat,—"you think you're safe! Wait till you feel my knife in your back this day twelve-month—d'ye hear?—then you won't feel so safe." The men rowing the boat to the shore grinned and winked at one another. Old Hezekiah sat immovably in the stern, paying no attention to the man's threats and imprecations, which continued until the captain of the ship knocked him down, and so silenced his outcries.

This affair created, as was said, a good deal of talk at the time.

In the year 1719, beginning in February and ending in November, Hezekiah Tipton sent away to the American colonies or plantations in all over five score servants.

One day early in March, a company of nineteen men who had volunteered to emigrate to the Virginias was brought up from London to meet the brig *Arundel* at Southampton. They were quartered at the Golden Fish Inn, and during the morning the old America merchant went to look them over. The men were ranged in a row along by the wall of the inn yard, and the old man walked up and down in front of the line, peering at each man with half-shut eyes and wrinkled face, while a few people from the inn stood looking on with a sort of inert interest. He did not seem very well pleased with the appearance of the servants. There were only nineteen, and there should have been one and twenty. The agent explained that there had been twenty-one of them when he wrote from London, but that one of them had run away during the night, and that another would not sign the papers. "'Twas," said he, "as fine, good a young lad of sixteen or eighteen as ever you see. But his mother, methinks it was, comes in crying at the last minute and takes him away from under our werry noses, so to speak." Hezekiah grunted a reply as he walked up and down along the row of grinning, shuffling men, looking them over.

The big knotted joints of the old man's fingers gripped the cracked and yellow ivory head of his walking-stick, which he every now and then tapped, tapped on the stones of the court-yard. "That man," said he, in his cracked, querulous voice, poking his walking-stick as he spoke at a lean little man standing in the line—"that man—why did ye bring him? How much d'ye think he'll fetch in the Virginias? I's warrant me not fifteen guineas."

"Why, Master Tipton," said the agent, referring to a slip of paper which he held in his hand, "there you are mightily mistook. Maybe, like enough, that man is worth more than any of 'em. He's a skilled barber and leecher, and a good man he is, and knows his trade, to be sure, and that werry well. Just you think, Master Tipton, how much he might be worth as a vally or body-servant to one of them there Virginia planters."

"Humph!" grunted the old man, and he shook his lean head slowly from side to side. "I'll tell you what it is, Master Dockray," he said again, after a while, "they be not nigh so good as those I had last—and only nineteen where there should have been one and twenty." The agent made no answer and the old man continued his inspection for a while. He did not say anything further, and by and by he turned away and, with the agent at his heels, entered the inn to receipt the papers, and with his going the inspection came to an end.

Finally, in making you acquainted with old Hezekiah Tipton, it may be said that he was a notable miser of his time. To see him hobbling along the street in his snuff-colored coat, threadbare at the seams, and here and there neatly patched and darned, one might take him, perhaps, for a poor decent school-teacher of narrow means, but certainly not for one of the richest men in the county, as he was reputed to be. There were a great many stories concerning him in Southampton, many of them doubtless apocryphal, some of them based upon a foundation of truth. One such story was that every Sunday afternoon the old man used to enter into his own room, bolt the door, and spread gold money out on the floor; that he would then strip himself and roll in the yellow wealth as though taking a bath. Another story was that he had three iron chests in the

garret of his home, each chest bolted to the floor with iron bolts. That the one chest was full of Spanish doubloons, the second full of French louis d'ors, the third full of English guineas. The Southampton tradesmen used to say that it was more difficult to collect their bills from Hezekiah Tipton than from almost any one in the town.

CHAPTER II

JACK BALLISTER

JACK BALLISTER at this time was a little over sixteen years old, and had now been living with his uncle Tipton something over two years.

Jack's father at the time of his death had been vicar of Stalbridge for nearly nineteen years, so that Jack, until he had come to Southampton, had never known anything but that part of Wiltshire which immediately surrounded Stalbridge and Stalbridge vicarage. The only other inmates of the vicarage were old Janet, the housekeeper, and a farmer's daughter who helped about the house, and old Giles Cobb, who came up now and then to work in the garden.

There was, by the way, always a singular charm to Jack in the memories of this garden. Some of his earliest recollections were of playing out in the tangled sunny reaches while old Giles bent, with stooping shoulders and rounded back, over his work, digging and planting and picking about at the weeds in the brown, loamy beds. There was a yew hedge, and two bee hives that stood under a cherry tree, and a row of two or three cucumber frames that lay bright and shining, reflecting in their glassy surface the clouds and the warm sky above. There was always an association of flowers, of birds, and of warm yellow sunlight about the tangled, flowery space, and in the years afterwards, when Jack visited the old vicarage, one of the first places he went to was the garden. It looked strangely familiar yet strangely unfamiliar. It seemed more unkempt and uncared for. The birds were singing in the trees over beyond the hedge,

but the two straw-thatched bee hives were gone. Nevertheless he could almost fancy that old Giles with his hunched shoulders and his smock frock might at any moment come in through the gate, trundling his squealing wheel-barrow before him.

Jack was not quite four years old when his mother had died. It seemed to him that he could remember her, yet the image he held in his mind might not have been an actual memory, but only some strong association connected with things that Janet had told him about her. Yet it seemed to him that he really did hold a mental impression of her in his memory of early things, an impression of a large, tender, shadowy figure, dressed in black, and with a white kerchief or shawl around her shoulders. He could almost fancy that he could remember a peculiar fragrance that lingered about the folds of her dress—a fragrance like that of the old lavender chest where Janet kept the house linen. This recollection of his mother might have been only an image conjured up out of what had been told him concerning her, but, as was said, it always seemed as though it were a real and living memory. It is sometimes difficult to tell where fancy ends and memory begins in those broken fragments of recollections of early childhood.

It seemed to him that the same figure was present in the memory of a certain time when he, as a little, little boy, had fallen down the steps and cut his chin. It seemed to him that it was she who had comforted him, singing to him while she scraped a crisp half-apple and fed him with the pulp from the point of a knife. Janet had said that that fall had not happened until the year after his mother's death, but it seemed to Jack that it was his mother's presence that had filled the memory of the accident, and he always felt that maybe it was Janet who was mistaken, and not his own recollections of the trivial event.

He often thought of his mother, as a motherless boy is apt to think of that missing presence, and it seemed to him that if she had only lived he would have loved her very much, and that his life would have been much sweeter to him.

Janet often talked to him about her. His grandmother, Janet told

him, had adopted her as a little girl, and had brought her up with her own daughter, who was now Lady Arabella Sutton. She had been, Janet said, more of a companion than a waiting-maid. Of these stories of by-gone times, that children so delight to have told to them, Jack would make Janet tell him most often of the great family quarrel that had happened when his father had told the others that he and Anne Tipton were going to be married. Janet always made the most out of the story, embellishing it more and more as the years passed by, and as her imagination suggested new details. "Indeed," she would maybe say, "you should ha' seen him stand up before your grandmother, as grand as you please, with his arms folded so. 'A Ballister, madam,' says he, 'can marry where he chooses.'"

Jack could not imagine his father as the hero of any such scene, still less could he image him as riding post-haste to Southampton when his mother had been sent away home from Grampton Hall.

He often heard people say that his father was a great scholar. The vicar was always silent and preoccupied, sometimes deep in his books, sometimes scribbling away with a busy pen, a litter of papers scattered all over the floor about him, and his wig pushed back awry from his smooth, round forehead; sometimes walking up and down the garden paths with his hands clasped behind his back, his head bent forward, and his eyes fixed on the ground. He used especially to walk thus while he was formulating in his mind the outlines of one of the pamphlets he used to write. Jack could not imagine that any one so absorbed in his books and his studies could ever have been the hero of such romance. And then he always seemed so very, very old to Jack. It was hard to imagine that such a dry and sapless life could ever have had the ichor of romance flowing through it.

Before Janet had come to Stalbridge she had been one of the dependents of the other Ballisters. "They be grand, grand folks," she would sometimes say, "and hold their heads as high as ever the Duke of Newcastle himself." She sometimes told Jack that if his father had not set his family all against him, he might have been a bishop as like as not. "I'd never

come to Stalbridge only for your mother, poor soul," said she. "But she was fond of me, and I was fond of her, and so I came."

It seemed to Jack that he could hardly remember the time when his father did not teach him Latin and Greek. One of his first recollections as a little, little boy was of his father teaching him the Greek alphabet. He learned little or nothing else than the two languages, and it is not likely that his father thought anything else was worth learning. Jack once overheard the vicar say to old Sir Thomas Harding, "Sir, I will make the boy the best scholar in England." The words remained fixed in Jack's memory as such fragmentary speeches do sometimes fix themselves, for no especial reason, in the mind of boyhood. The promise of great scholarship was, however, never to be fulfilled, for Jack was only fourteen years old when the vicar died, and in the neglected two years at Southampton he never went to school a day, or studied six words of a lesson, or read a page of Greek or Latin, except one or two times when Mr. Stetson made him read a passage or two of Greek as a matter of curiosity.

Jack's father never said anything to him about his mother or his relations. His uncle Tipton had come up from Southampton just before his father's death, but that was the only time that Jack had ever really seen one of his own kindred.

During the fall of the year in which Jack's father had died, a messenger on horseback, with great jackboots and a suit of green livery turned up with scarlet, rode up to the vicarage and delivered a packet to Janet, who presently brought it in to the vicar, where he sat in the sagging wainscoted study, writing in the midst of a litter of papers scattered on the floor. The vicar set his pen in his mouth and took the letter, and Jack watched him as he broke the great red seal and began reading the packet, now and then frowning, either in the effort of reading the written words or else at the purport of the words themselves. When he had finished the letter he laid it to one side and resumed his writing where it had been interrupted. The messenger who had brought the letter did not immediately go away. Jack could hear now and then the jingle of his bridle or spurs, and now and then the sound of his whistling, as he lounged in the warm sunlight

outside. Then there was the noise of voices talking together—the voices of Janet and the messenger—and presently the housekeeper came into the study to say that the man wanted to know when he could have his answer. The vicar looked up with the bewildered air he always wore when he was interrupted. "Eh!" he said, "eh! what d'ye say? Answer? Who wants an answer?" Then remembering, "oh, aye, there's no answer to send. You may tell him, there's no answer." And then presently the messenger rode clattering away whence he had come.

The letter lay where the vicar had left it until the next afternoon, and Jack, impelled by curiosity, managed to read a part of it. It was from his grand-aunt Lady Dinah Welbeck. She said that she was very ill, and she asked the vicar to come and see her before her end, and that all should be forgiven. The vicar did not go, either because he did not think of the message again, or else because he did not choose to resume his correspondence with his family. The letter lay about until the vicar tore a great strip off from it with which to light a candle in the next room, and the next day the written sheet was gone.

Some time after Lady Dinah Welbeck's death another communication, long and bulky, was brought to the vicarage. The vicar read it but paid no attention to it. Then another letter came and another. The last letter the vicar did not even open for several days. He was very busy at work upon a pamphlet, and the letter lay neglected upon the writing table until one morning Janet brought it and thrust it into his hand. "Eh!" said he, as though suddenly awakening to things about him, "what is this! what is this?" He took the letter and looked at it. "Why, this letter should have been given me three days ago," he said.

"So 'twas, master," said Janet, "but you did not read it."

"Did I not so?" said Jack's father, and then he broke the seal and read it. But still he paid no attention to it.

No doubt the vicar's family would long since have received him back among them if he had cared to have them do so. He and they had drifted far apart in the nineteen years that had passed. During that time all ill feeling—at least on the part of the family—had faded away and

died. There was no intimacy, hardly any acquaintance, between the vicar and his brother, Sir Henry, neither was there any longer rancor between them.

Some of the letters written at this time had been written by Sir Henry, and after a number had been sent without eliciting any reply, the baronet sent the Grampton lawyer down to Stalbridge. The attorney and the vicar were closeted together for a long time, and when they at last came out of the study the vicar was very angry. It was the only time that Jack had ever seen him so. "They may keep it all!" he was saying in a great loud voice. "They may keep it all! I want none of it, I say. All that I want of them is to let me alone as I let them alone. I want, I say, none of their money or nothing that belongs to them. They may keep all for themselves."

Jack was leaning out of an upper window in the sunlight, looking down upon their heads, as they stood just below. Their voices came up to him through the warm air very distinctly.

"But, sir," said the lawyer, "do you not then consider the welfare of your own son?"

"Sir," said the vicar in the same loud voice, "that, I believe, is not your affair. I will look after my son's welfare mine own self. I tell you, sirrah, that those who sent you may e'en keep all of the money for themselves. I want nothing of them, and neither shall my son take aught from them."

"But, sir," said the lawyer, "you forget that the money hath been left to you individually. In taking it you do not take anything from them. It was not left to your brother, it is not a gift from him or, indeed, from any one, and it does not belong to any one but you. Your family cannot even receive it from you without process of law, and you cannot help taking it."

"Aye, but I can help taking it," cried out the vicar.

"Sir, sir!" said the lawyer, "pray be calm, sir. Pray look at this matter reasonably. Here is this money—"

"I will not hear anything more," cried out the vicar, "only I tell you I shall not touch a farthing of it."

Then the lawyer lost his temper. "Sir," said he, "I must needs tell you that you are the most unreasonable man that ever I met in all of my life."

The vicar drew himself up to his full height. "Sir," said he, "sure you forget yourself and to whom you speak. You forget who I am, sir. You are welcome to think as you choose about me, but you are not welcome to tell me your opinion of me. Who are you, sirrah, to speak so to James Ballister?" And then he turned upon his heel back into the house, shutting the door behind him.

Jack, as he still leaned out into the sunlight, looking down from above, saw the stranger stand irresolutely for a while, then turn and go slowly out of the gate and mount his horse and ride away.

That winter the vicar died, and Jack went to Southampton to live.

Perhaps one of the bitterest days in Jack Ballister's boyhood life was the first evening after his arrival at his new home. His uncle had had the parlor opened, as though to do some honor to his coming. Jack sat for nearly an hour on the stiff uncomfortable chair, saying almost nothing, but just sitting there by the dim light of a candle. Old Hezekiah had tried to talk, but the conversation had lapsed and dwindled away into silence. Now he sat winking and blinking in the light of the candle, looking as though he were trying to think of something more to say, but yet saying nothing, and Jack, too miserable and depressed to talk, ventured nothing upon his own part. He was very glad when at last he was permitted to creep away miserably to bed and to yield himself fully to the luxury of hot tears and of utter loneliness and homesickness.

It seemed to him that night as though he never would be happy again, but even by the next morning he found himself awakened to a new and fresh hold upon his life. Things appeared bright and cheerful again in the fresh sunlight of a new day, and after he had finished his frugal breakfast he went out into the streets and down to the harbor, full of interest in the new surroundings in which he found himself placed. The harbor and the ships at anchor there seemed very wonderful to the boy fresh from the inland country. There was a great high-pooped battleship lying at anchor in the harbor that morning, and its sloping decks,

whence came the distant rattle of a drum, seemed to teem with bustling life, lit every now and then by a spark of sunlight glinting on the slant of a musket-barrel. As Jack stood and gazed, he forgot how lonely he had been the night before.

In a little while—in a few weeks—his life had drifted into all these new circumstances, and had become one with them, and he presently found himself looking back to that old life at Stalbridge as a thing gone by and done with forever. All that remained was the memory of those things as episodes ended and done.

It is wonderful with what ductility life fits itself into new circumstances, becoming so accustomed to them, even in a few days, that they no longer seem to be new.

After that first formal reception in the musty, stuffy parlor, old Hezekiah seemed to consider his duty to his nephew as ended. Thereafter Jack was allowed to go where he pleased and to do as he chose. The old man hardly ever spoke to the lad excepting now and then in some dry and constrained fashion. Old Deborah, the housekeeper, used to send him on errands occasionally, but excepting for such little demands upon him, he had no ties to bind him to his new home except as it was a place wherein to eat his meals and to sleep at night.

He spent nearly all his time lounging about the harbor front, for there was a never-ending delight to him in the presence of the great ships and the rough sailors, who would talk of strange foreign countries—of having been to Calcutta, or to Shanghai, or to Jamaica, or to the Americas or the Brazils, as Jack might have talked of having been to the Isle of Wight. They spoke of the Caribbean Sea, or of the Indian Ocean, as he might speak of the Solent.

He often used to strike up an acquaintance with these sailors an acquaintance that would become, maybe, almost intimate for the two or three days that they were in the harbor.

It was an idle, aimless, useless life that he lived at this time. Sometimes—maybe when he was running on some petty, trivial errand for old Deborah—a sudden feeling of almost nauseating shame for his useless

existence would come upon him and weigh him down with a leaden weight. It seemed almost as though an inner voice, as of conscience, would say: "Fie upon you! A great, big, hulking fellow like you to go carrying a little crock of yeast through the streets like this!" Generally when such an inner voice as of conscience would speak, he would satisfy himself by replying as with an inner voice of his own: "Oh, well, 'tis Uncle Hezekiah's fault. If he'd only set me work to do, why, I'd do the work, and be glad enough of the chance."

Mr. Stetson, the rector, used sometimes to talk to him almost like an echo of that inner accusing voice. "'Tis a vast pity, Jack," he would sometimes say, "that such a great, stout fellow as thou art should live so in useless idleness. If nothing else better, why do you not study your books?" And Jack would be very uncomfortable with the heavy feeling that he had left some part of duty undone.

He used often to go to supper at the rectory. He felt more at ease there—less big-jointed and clumsy than almost anywhere else. And besides, he very heartily enjoyed the good things he had to eat at such times, for Deborah set a very poor and skimpy table at his uncle's house. They generally had preserved ginger and thin sweet cakes at these suppers at the rectory, and Jack used sometimes to contrive to slip a couple of cakes into his pocket to nibble after he got home.

Sometimes, especially if there were visitors present, the good old rector would insist upon talking to Jack about his uncle the baronet, or about Lady Dinah Welbeck, or about his aunt Lady Arabella Sutton. "Indeed," he would maybe say, "Jack's poor father was a very learned man, a *very* learned man. His pamphlet on the apostolic succession was the best that was writ at the time of the controversy. 'Tis, methinks, impossible for a man to be so perfectly ripe a scholar unless he hath good blood in his veins such as that of the Ballisters or haply of mine own. Why should it not be so? To be sure, you cannot make as good wine out of gooseberries as you can out of currants. Mine own father used often to say to me: 'Andrew, never forget that you have the blood of Roger Stetson in your veins.'"

Jack always felt a certain awkward constraint when the rector would talk in this way. It made him somehow feel ashamed, and he did not know just where to look or what to answer.

Sometimes Mr. Stetson would make him read aloud in Greek. "You should hear him read 'The Frogs,'" he would maybe say, and he would almost thrust a copy of Aristophanes into Jack's not very willing hand. Jack would read a page or two in a perfunctory sort of a way, while the rector would sit smiling and tapping his finger-tips on the table beside which he sat. "Thou hast the making of a fine scholar in thee, Jack," he would perhaps say, "and 'tis a vast pity thy uncle Tipton does not send thee to school. I will have a talk with him about it when the time comes."

Several times the rector spoke to old Hezekiah about his nephew. Once he walked all the way back from church with the old merchant, and almost into the parlor. But nothing ever came of such talks. "Hey!" said the old man; "go to school? What does he want to go to school for? Well, well! I'll see to it, and think it over by and by," and there the matter would rest.

Another friend whom Jack made was the attorney Burton. One day, as Jack was walking whistling along the street, the little lawyer came running out of his office and called after him to stop. "Master Jack! Master Jack! stop a little bit," he cried out. "Master Jack Ballister!—I have a word or two to say to you." He had run out bareheaded, and he was half breathless with his haste and his calling. He held an open letter in his hand. "Who d'ye think, young gentleman," said he, still panting a little, "I have heard from? Why, from your uncle Sir Henry Ballister, to be sure. He hath writ to me asking about you—how you are, what you are doing, and how Master Tipton is treating you. What shall I tell him?"

"Why, you may tell him," said Jack, "that I do very well."

This was the beginning of Jack's acquaintance with the attorney Burton. Several times afterward the little lawyer told him that Sir Henry had written about him. "He hath a mind, methinks," said the attorney, "to be more particular as to what your uncle Tipton is doing for you. Indeed, he hath asked me very especially about what he does for you.

I know what I shall tell him, for I have talked to Master Stetson about you, and he tells me what a famous scholard you are. But harkee, Master Jack, if ever you have need of advice, you come to me, for so Sir Henry advised me to say to you."

Jack stood listening to the little man with a feeling of pleased and fatuous gratification. It was very pleasant to be so remembered by his grand relation. "Why, then, I take it very kind of Sir Henry, Master Burton, and of you, too, for the matter of that," said he. "And if ever I do have need of your advice, why, I will come to you just as freely as you give me leave to do."

As he walked away down the street, thinking over what the attorney had said, he almost wished that he had some definite cause of complaint against his uncle Hezekiah, so that he might call upon the aid of Sir Henry and the attorney. How fine it would be to have Sir Henry take his part! He fancied to himself a talk with his uncle Hezekiah, in which he made himself perhaps say, "Sir, you shall not treat me so, for I tell you plain that there are those now to take my part against you, and that it is not just a poor orphaned boy with whom you have to deal." Boys love to build up in their imagination such foolish scenes and fortunate conversations that never happen. Sometimes such fancyings seem so like the real thing that, like Jack, one almost forgets that they are not really likely to happen. But by and by the time came when Jack really did appeal to the lawyer and when he really did come to an understanding with his uncle.

That spring a young cooper named Dan Williamson had a boat that he wanted to sell. It had belonged partly to his brother, who had died during the fall before, and Dan, who was one of that sort who always had need of money, was very anxious to sell it. Jack's great desire was to possess a boat of his own. It seemed to him that Dan's boat was exactly the one that would best suit him. He used to think with a keen and vivid delight of how glorious it would be to own Dan's boat. And then she was so very cheap. If the boat were his he would give her a fresh coat of paint, and name her the *Sea-gull*. If he could only get twenty pounds

from his uncle Hezekiah, he could not only buy the boat, but add a new suit of sails.

He talked so often to Dan about the boat that at last the cooper began to believe that he might be able to sell it to Jack. "She's the cheapest boat," said Dan, "that was ever offered for sale in Southampton."

"I don't know about that," said Jack; "but I do believe that she's a good boat."

"Good!" said Dan. "She's the best boat in Southampton to-day, and, what is more, she's as cheap as the dirt under your feet. You'd better buy her, for you'll never get such another chance as long as you live."

Jack shook his head. "I do believe she is a good boat, Dan," he said; "but how shall I buy a boat without money to buy it with? I have no money in hand, and am not like to have any."

"Well, well," said Dan, "to be sure, that's too bad"; and then, after a little space, he continued: "But I'll tell you what,—you come down with me, and I'll take you out in her; then you may see for yourself what a fine boat she is."

"I'll go out with you," said Jack; "but I can't buy her, though. I wish I could."

Then they went off together down to the cooper-shops where Dan kept the boat.

Jack helped Dan step the mast. Then they pushed the boat off beyond the end of the shed. As the sail filled, Dan put down the helm, and brought the boat out under the stern of a bark lying at anchor a little distance from the shore. The watch on deck, a tipsy-looking sailor with his throat wrapped around with a woolen stocking, stood looking over the stern of the bark and down at them as they sailed by. Jack looked up at the towering hulk above him. The name of the bark—the *Prophet Elijah*—was painted in great, fat letters across the stern. At one side there was a picture of the prophet's head, with his long beard. There was a rushing sound of water under the stern of the vessel. Then they were out in the wide, shining harbor, the warm air blowing mildly and softly about them.

"Look, how she lies up to the wind," said Dan Williamson; "why, I do believe I could sail her straight into the wind's eye if I chose to. I tell 'ee what 'tis, Jack, you'll never find such another chance as this to get what you want."

"Maybe I won't and maybe I will," said Jack; "all the same, I sha'n't buy her, for why, I have no money to buy her with."

"No money!" said Dan Williamson; "why, if I had as much money as belongs to you, I'd give up coopering and live a gentleman all my life, I would. Why don't ye go and ask your uncle Tipton for eighteen pound straight and fair? Sure, the money's your own, and not his. Why don't ye ask him for it?"

"Ask him for it?" said Jack. "And what good would that do? Asking won't do any good. The money's mine, sure enough, yet I can't touch a penny of it till I am of age."

"'T won't do any harm to ask him, anyway," said Dan Williamson. "Here, you come and take the tiller, and see for yourself how close up she sails."

Jack took the tiller, and then they sailed along for a while in silence. By and by Dan spoke again. "I'll tell you what 'tis, Jack, if I was you I'd go straight to Master Burton, I would, and I'd ask him about it. What did you say t' other evening down at the Golden Fish? Didn't you say that he told you to come to him if ever you wanted anything that your uncle Tipton wouldn't give you, and that he said your t' other uncle that's a lord would get it for you? Well, then, why don't you go to him and ask for eighteen or twenty pound? What you said was true, wasn't it?"

"Why, yes, 'twas true enough, as far as that goes," said Jack.

"Well, then," said Dan Williamson, "there you are."

Jack sat for a little while in silence, then he spoke.

"I tell you what it is, Dan, maybe you don't believe what I told you, but it is true enough. I tell you what—I'm going to go to Master Burton this very day, and ask him about what you say." He did not really entertain any hope, however, that he could get twenty pounds from his uncle Hezekiah.