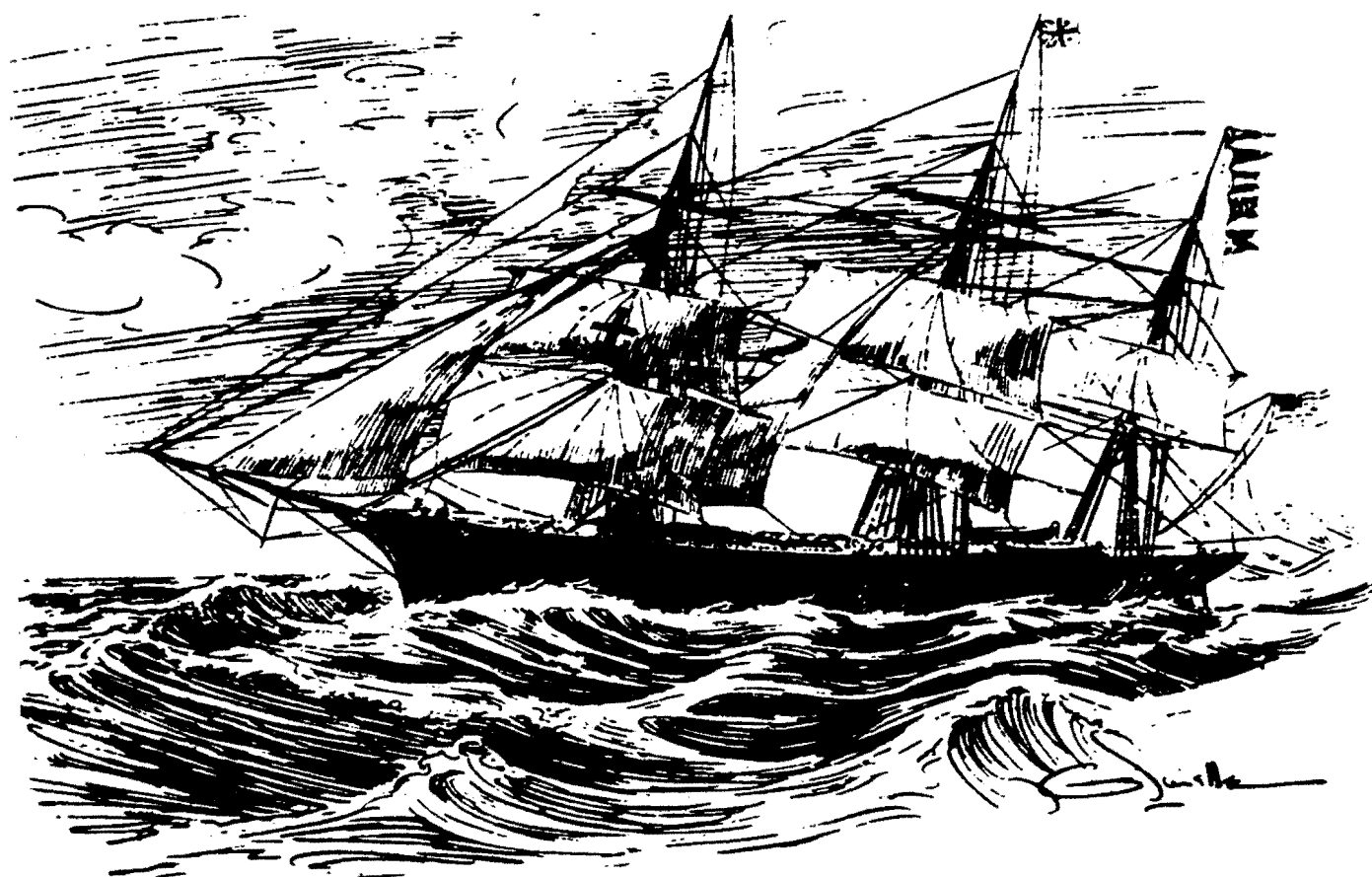


OLD NEWBURY TALES



COMPILED AND WRITTEN BY WORKERS
OF THE
FEDERAL WRITERS' PROJECT
OF THE
WORKS PROGRESS ADMINISTRATION
OF MASSACHUSETTS

PUBLISHED FOR
HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF OLD NEWBURY
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OLD NEWBURY TALES

AN HISTORICAL READER FOR CHILDREN



"CIVIC CONSCIOUSNESS, BEGINNING LOCALLY, SHOULD DEVELOP OUTWARDLY. A TOWN HISTORY IS IN A SENSE A CUPOLA FROM WHICH ONE MAY SURVEY THE TOWN AND THE LANDS WHICH LIE BEYOND ITS BORDERS."

FOREWORD

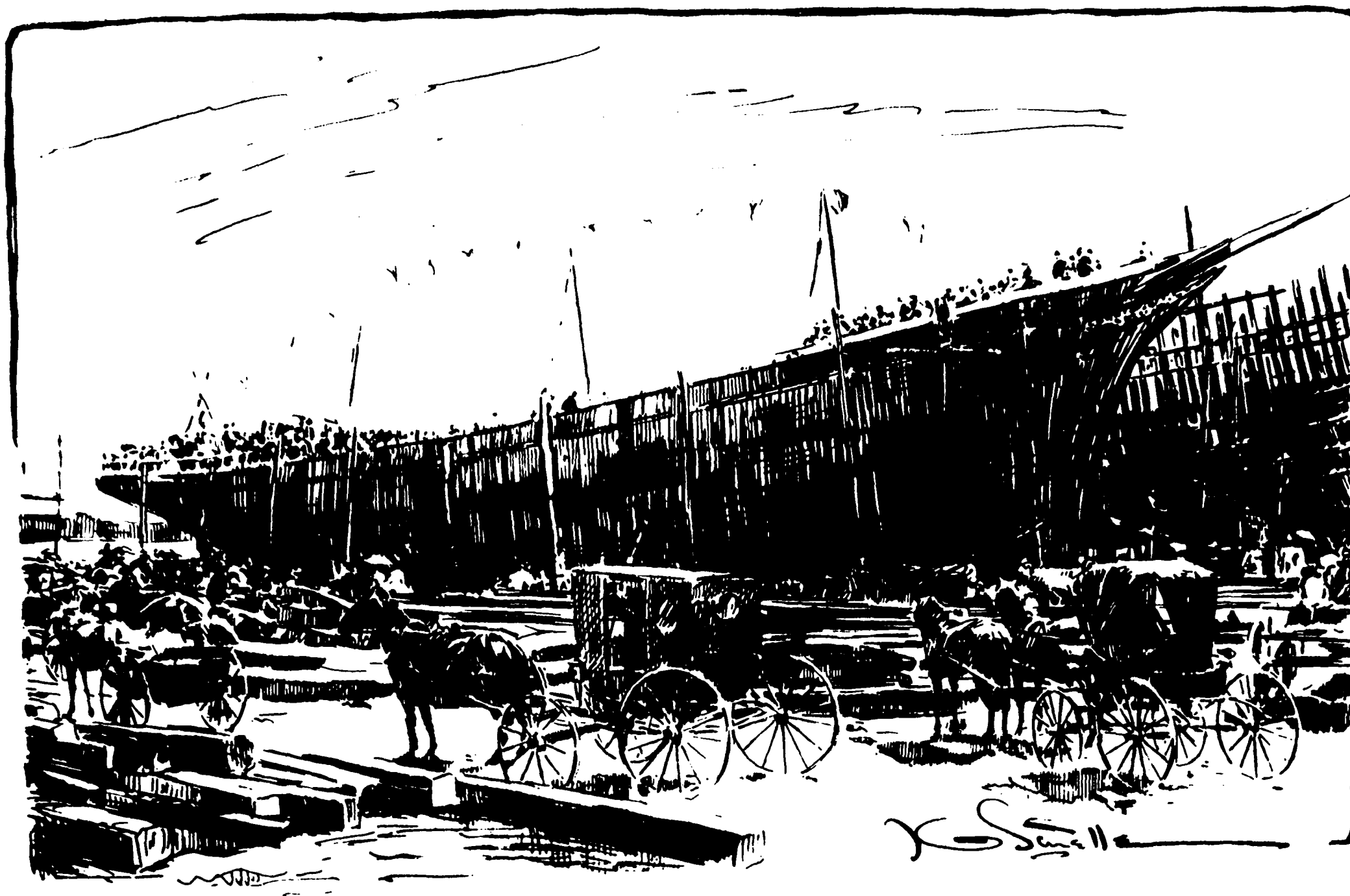
"OLD NEWBURY TALES" ATTEMPTS TO BRING TO LIFE IN THE MINDS AND IMAGINATIONS OF CHILDREN OF THIS INDUSTRIAL ERA A SERIES OF RELATED PICTURES FROM THREE CENTURIES OF HISTORY. THE SCHOOL AUTHORITIES OF NEWBURYPORT AND THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF OLD NEWBURY SHARE THE BELIEF THAT LOCAL HISTORY FILLS A DEFINITE NEED IN THE EDUCATIONAL BACKGROUND OF YOUNG AMERICANS. FOR THEIR COOPERATION IN THE PRODUCTION OF THIS HISTORICAL READER, THE FEDERAL WRITERS' PROJECT OF MASSACHUSETTS EXPRESSES APPRECIATION.

MEMBERS OF THE PROJECT PREPARED "OLD NEWBURY TALES" UNDER THE EDITORIAL DIRECTION OF MR. SEYMOUR D. BUCK OF NEWBURYPORT. IT IS NOT A TEXT BOOK; RATHER, A SELECTIVE PRESENTATION OF HISTORICAL EPISODES, INTERPRETED WITH SOME FREEDOM BUT ALWAYS WITH FAITHFULNESS TO FUNDAMENTAL HISTORICAL FACT.

OLD NEWBURY TALES

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"THE PORT'LL BE FAMOUS!"

OLD NEWBURY TALES

CHAPTER I

THE LANDING OF THE SETTLERS

THREE HOURS AGO THE GOLDEN SUN HAD CLIMBED ABOVE THE RIM OF THE ATLANTIC OCEAN. NOW THE PURITAN MEN AND BOYS HAD COAXED THE LAST OF THE LOWING CATTLE AND BLEATING SHEEP ABOARD THE TWO-MASTED SHALLOP. THE WOMEN GATHERED THEIR CAPES CLOSE ABOUT THEM, AS THEY GROUPED IN THE STERN OF THE BOAT.

THESE WERE PEOPLE WHO HAD SAILED ACROSS THE WIDE OCEAN FROM ENGLAND, JUST THE YEAR BEFORE. BECAUSE THE MONTHS OF ICE AND SNOW WERE NEAR, THEY HAD STAYED THE WINTER WITH THOSE ALREADY LIVING AT AGAWAM, IN THE MASSACHUSETTS BAY COLONY.

NOW IT WAS EARLY IN MAY, 1635, AND THEY WERE LEAVING THEIR FRIENDS. THE RUDDY - FACED HELMSMAN ALREADY STOOD BY HIS TILLER. HE WOULD TAKE THEM TO THE BANK OF THE "GREAT QUASCACUNQUEN," THE RIVER THREE LEAGUES TO THE NORTH. THERE IN THE WILDERNESS THEY WOULD MAKE THEIR OWN SETTLEMENT.

SLOWLY THE SHALLOP SWUNG OUT FROM THE HARBOR. THE FAIR BREEZE SWEEPED AROUND THE BLUNT SANDY END OF PLUM ISLAND. WHITE SANDS FROM DUNES ON THE OCEAN SIDE SIFTED THROUGH THE THICK BRUSH ACROSS THE NARROW ISLAND. THE HELMSMAN BRACED HIS STOUT BODY AS THE BOAT'S BOW SLANTED AWAY FROM THE OCEAN. NOW THE SMOOTH WATERS OF PLUM ISLAND SOUND LAY AHEAD.

SEA GULLS CIRCLED HIGH OVER THE OPEN LEVELS OF GREEN MARSHLAND STRETCHING ON THE LEFT. THEY WHEELED CLOSER TO THIS BOAT WITH ITS STRANGE CARGO OF MEN AND WOMEN, CATTLE AND SHEEP. WITH SHRILL CRIES THEY SPIRALED HIGH IN THE SKY, AS IF TO CALL OTHERS TO COME AND SEE SUCH A SIGHT.

STEADILY THE SHALLOP MOVED AHEAD. ON THE RIGHT IT NEARED A SMALL ISLE, SET OFF FROM THE LARGER BY A LITTLE WINDING CREEK. HERE THE TALL BLADES OF MARSH GRASS SWAYED AS THE BOAT SLIPPED BY.

BUT THE PURITANS STARED AHEAD AND OFF TO THE LEFT. SOMEWHERE BEYOND THE FLAT MARSHES AND THE TINY CLUMPS OF CEDARS ON THE LITTLE, UNEVEN MOUNDS, SOMEWHERE AHEAD IN THE DENSE GROWTH OF OAKS AND PINES, LAY THE GROUND UPON WHICH WOULD RISE THEIR NEW HOMES IN THIS NEW ENGLAND OF 1635.

SUDDENLY THE MEN GRASPED AT THEIR WIDE - BRIMMED HATS. THE WOMEN QUICKLY PULLED THEIR LONG CAPES CLOSER ABOUT THEM. THE SAIL BLOCKS CREAKED, AND THE HELMSMAN SHUFFLED HIS FEET. HE SMILED DOWN AT A LITTLE GRAY - FROCKED GIRL WHO HAD STARED UP WITH FRIGHTENED BLUE EYES.

THE REVEREND THOMAS PARKER, THE MINISTER, STOOD BRACED FAR UP IN THE BOW OF THE BOAT. HIS LONG CAPE SWIRLED ABOUT HIS KNEES. HIS EYES WERE WATCHING THE SHORE A LITTLE AHEAD.

"THERE," HE CRIED BACK TO THE MAN AT THE HELM. "THERE LIES THE INDIAN RIVER. JUST AHEAD, ON THE LEFT. SEE?"

THE PILOT STOOPED AND SQUINTED UNDER THE TAUT SAIL. "WATCH YOUR SHEET, THERE," HE CALLED TO ONE OF THE CREW. HIS STRONG FINGERS STEADIED THE TILLER. THE BOAT SWUNG, AND BEHIND THE PURITANS LAY PLUM ISLAND, AS THEY ENTERED THE WINDING RIVER OF THE INDIAN NAME.

THE PASSENGERS EDGED TOWARD THE SIDES OF THE BOAT. THEY STARED AT THE TAWNY SHORE SANDS AND THE WAVING LIMBS OF THE TALL PINES AND SPREADING OAKS ON BOTH SIDES.

IT WAS ONE OF THE PLUMER BOYS WHO POINTED AHEAD TO A LITTLE CLEARING. "THERE! SEE, - AT THE EDGE OF THE WOODS! THERE IT RUNS AWAY." WITH A FLAUNT OF STUBBY TAIL A STARTLED DOE LEAPED INTO THE SILENCE OF THE THICK WOODED GROWTH.

"IT BE ONE OF THE DEER," SOMEONE CRIED. "THERE ARE MANY HERE, ACCORDING TO THE FOLK AT AGAWAM."

A HUSH FELL OVER THE PURITANS ON THE SHALLOP, AS THE ANCHOR SPLASHED A MOMENT LATER. SLOWLY THE BOAT SWUNG ABOUT AND NESTLED CLOSE TO THE BANK OF THE RIVER. AS THE SAILS FLUTTERED, NICHOLAS NOYES LEAPED ASHORE. AFTER HIM CAME ONE OF MR. SEWALL'S SERVANTS AND THEN

SEVERAL OTHERS OF THE MEN.

A PLANK WAS SOON IN PLACE. ONE BY ONE THE TWENTY-TWO MEN, WITH THEIR WOMEN AND CHILDREN, STEPPED ASHORE.

BEFORE THE SUN SHOULD SINK BEHIND THE DISTANT HILLS, THEY MUST PROVIDE SHELTER FOR THEMSELVES. HUGE FIRES MUST BE MADE, FOR WARMTH AND LIGHT. AXES MUST SPLINTER THE PLENTIFUL WOOD CLOSE BY.

LATER, AFTER THE SUN HAD PURPLED THE HILLS TO THE WEST, THEY HUDDLED NEAR THE BLAZING LOGS. TO THEIR EARS CAME THE SHARP BARK OF A FOX, AND THE CRASH OF STARTLED ANIMALS IN THE DEEP WOODS BEYOND THE FINGERING LIGHT OF THE FIRE. ANXIOUSLY THEY PEERED INTO THE DARKNESS TOWARD THE HILLS. THEY SEARCHED FOR SIGHT OF SIGNAL FIRES TO TELL THEM THAT ALREADY INDIANS HAD SIGHTED THE COMING OF THESE "WHITE FACES" TO THEIR FISHING AND HUNTING LANDS.

WHEN THE MOON RODE HIGH IN THE NIGHT SKY, ONLY THE LAPPING OF THE WAVES UPON THE RIVER'S EDGE AND THE LOW MURMUR OF THE GUARDS STANDING WATCH TILL MORNING SUN, CAME TO THE EARS OF THOSE WHO WAKED FROM TIME TO TIME.

THIS WAS THEIR FIRST NIGHT IN THE WILD UNSETTLED LAND, FAR REMOVED NOW FROM THEIR FRIENDS IN THE SETTLEMENT AT AGAWAM.

CHAPTER II

EARLY DAYS IN NEWBURY

CAPTAIN EDMUND GREENLEAF WAS VERY FUSSY ABOUT HIS FAVORITE CHAIR, WITH ITS SQUARE BOTTOM AND HIGH, SOLID BACK. IT MUST NOT BE MOVED. HIS LITTLE DAUGHTER, JUDITH, MUST RUN HER TURKEY - FEATHER DUSTER CAREFULLY AROUND ITS HUGE BULK. THERE IT MUST REST, CLOSE BY THE SMALL-PANED WINDOW IN THE KITCHEN. HE HAD PLACED IT THERE, TWO YEARS BEFORE, WHEN HE HAD OPENED HIS "HOUSE OF ENTERTAINMENT," IN 1639. IT HAD SCARCE ONCE BEEN MOVED IN ALL THAT TIME.

LOOKING FROM IT OUT OVER THE GOLDEN SQUASH OR WAVING GREEN CORN, BEANS OR CUCUMBERS, ALL IN THEIR SEASONS, HE COULD WATCH THE APPROACH OF HIS CUSTOMERS ALONG NARROW COUNTRY ROAD.

WITH A BRISK RUBBING TOGETHER OF CHUBBY HANDS HE WOULD CALL TO HIS BUSY WIFE, SARAH, "HAVE WE A PLENTY OF THE GOOD BEEF? HAVE JUDITH FETCH CIDER. FOUR MEN BE COMING A-HORSE."

AS JUDITH SCAMPERED TO THE COOL

CELLAR, HER OLDER BROTHER STEPHEN WOULD DART TOWARD THE SHED. IT WAS HIS JOB TO CARRY OATS FOR THE HORSES AND TO DRAW WATER FROM THE WELL WITH ITS LONG SWEEP, BY THE SIDE OF THE HOUSE.

AS THE LOGS BLAZED HIGH AND THE VOICES OF HIS GUESTS FILLED THE ROOM, CAPTAIN GREENLEAF WOULD LEAN BACK IN HIS CHAIR, SAYING LITTLE BUT LISTENING MUCH.

HE HEARD THE TALES OF MEN JUST COME FROM THE VILLAGE AT SALEM. WITH WIDENED EYES SCARCE BELIEVING, HE LEARNED OF THE BUILDING OF A SHIP OF 150 TONS BURDEN. IT WAS TO CARRY SALT FISH, BEEF AND TIMBERS TO TOWNS UP AND DOWN THE COAST. A STRANGER INSISTED IT WOULD DO TO CROSS THE WIDE OCEAN TO ENGLAND, AS WELL.

THE CAPTAIN COULD HARDLY SAY, "IT CANNOT BE," AFTER ALL THAT HE HAD ALREADY SEEN HAPPEN RIGHT HERE. IT WAS ONLY SIX YEARS SINCE THE BEGINNING OF THE SETTLEMENT THAT THEY NOW CALLED NEWBURY. NOW THEY SPOKE OF THE RIVER PARKER. THEY NO LONGER CALLED IT BY ITS INDIAN NAME. THE SETTLERS NO LONGER HUDDED IN TINY ONE-ROOM HUTS, OR CREPT ON TO CRUDE PALLET BEDS WITH HARD DIRT FOR A FLOOR. WINTER WINDS BEAT AGAINST STOUT BOARD SIDES, AND NO LONGER SIFTED SNOW THROUGH CHINKS IN THATCH-COVERED WALLS.

FROM THE LAND NEAR THE MEETING HOUSE AT THE GREEN, THE SETTLERS HAD SCATTERED OVER THE RICH INLAND SLOPES. LONG ROWS OF CORN WAVED THEIR GREEN LEAVES IN THE BREEZE, AND ACRES OF BARLEY AND RYE RIPPLED IN THE CLEARINGS BACK TO THE EDGE OF THE UPPER WOODS.

SCARCE A DAY BUT SOME OF THE MEN AND BOYS STOPPED AT THE CAPTAIN'S HOUSE. BAGS OF INDIAN CORN WERE SLUNG OVER THE BROAD BACKS OF THEIR HORSES. THEY WERE ON THEIR WAY TO THE MILL, OVER AT THE FALLS UPON THE RIVER. WHEN MR. DUMMER OR MR. SPENCER HAD SEEN TO THE GRINDING OF THEIR PRECIOUS MEAL, THEY WOULD LEAVE BEHIND THEM THE SOUND OF THE RUMBLING MILL STONES AND THE SPLASH OF CLEAR WATER AGAINST THE ROUND WOOD WHEEL. QUICKLY THEY WOULD PUSH THROUGH THE DARKENING WOODS TOWARD THE SMOKE WHICH CURLED UP FROM WIDE CHIMNEYS OF THE HOUSES AT THE SETTLEMENT.

ONLY THE DAY BEFORE, GOODMAN TURNER HAD STOPPED ON HIS RETURN FROM THE MILL. "MR. DUMMER HATH SENT THEE A SALMON," HE ANNOUNCED. ON THE STURDY PINE TABLE HE LAID THE FRESH CAUGHT FISH. "WELL, I MUST AWAY," HE SAID, STILL STANDING NEAR THE DOOR.

"STAY, THADDEUS, AND PARTAKE OF YOUR BURDEN," THE CAPTAIN SAID, WITH A TWINKLE IN HIS EYES. TOGETHER, THEY ATE OF THE FIRM, SWEET FISH, THERE BY THE FIRE UPON WHICH IT HAD COOKED.

FROM THE SWIFT WATERS OF THE MERRIMACK, HARDLY TWO MILES AWAY, THE FISHERMEN TOOK THE LONG, SNOUT-NOSED STURGEON. ON THE WIDE FLATS WHEN THE TIDE HAD RUN OUT, MEN AND BOYS FILLED THEIR BUCKETS WITH THE STRANGE SHELL-FISH, THE CLAMS.

THE LAND HAD BEEN DIVIDED BY THE SEVEN "SELECT MEN" WHO MANAGED THE AFFAIRS OF THE TOWN. THE SETTLERS WHO HAD GIVEN THE MOST OF THEIR MONEY TOWARD THE EXPENSE OF CROSSING THE OCEAN AND MAKING

NEW HOMES, WERE GRANTED LARGE LOTS FOR THEIR HOMES AND THEIR PLANTING. BUT EVEN THE LEAST, WHO HAD BROUGHT ONLY THEMSELVES, WERE NOT OVERLOOKED. TO THEM WERE GIVEN LOTS FOR THEIR PLANTING, FOUR ACRES IN SIZE. ALL PLACED THEIR CATTLE AND SHEEP IN THE "COW COMMON" PASTURE, AND THEIR GOATS IN THE "GOAT COMMON," UNDER THE CARE, PERHAPS, OF WILLIE MORSE.

IT WAS SELDOM THAT CAPTAIN GREENLEAF COULD BE URGED TO TALK MUCH. BUT THAT WAS BEFORE THE VISIT OF THE STRANGER IN THE QUEER STOCKING CAP, WHOSE VOICE BOOMED LIKE THUNDER IN THE ROOM. THAT EVENING, IN THE EARLY SUMMER OF 1640, THE CAPTAIN STRODE BACK AND FORTH FROM THE DOOR TO THE FIRE. HE NODDED HIS SHAGGY GRAY HEAD AND THUMPED AT EVERY CHAIR AND TABLE WITHIN REACH.

JUST AT DUSK THIS BROAD-SHOULDERED MAN WITH THE SNAPPING BROWN EYES HAD ENTERED AND ORDERED HIS MEAL. WITH HIM WAS LANKY, LAZY GOODMAN SMITH WHO SPENT HIS DAYS SITTING BY THE RIVER'S BANK, ONLY STIRRING WHEN ORDERED FROM HIS PLACE IN THE SUN. AS GOODMAN SMITH SIPPED FRESH MILK, THE STRANGER BEGAN HIS MEAL. EVEN THE GOOD SARAH'S EYES BULGED AS SHE FILLED AND RE - FILLED THE MAN'S PEWTER PLATE. SLICE AFTER SLICE OF THE COLD ROAST DISAPPEARED AS SHE WATCHED. CHUNKS OF GOLDEN CORN BREAD, INCHES THICK, HE DEVoured BETWEEN SENTENCES, AND GREAT DRAUGHTS OF MILK SLID DOWN HIS BROWN THROAT AS HE TALKED.

CAPTAIN GREENLEAF STIRRED IN HIS CHAIR. "THERE IS THE PLACE FOR ME," THE STRANGER WAS SAYING. "IT LOOKS WELL. I HAVE COME IN MY SHALLOP TO GO TO THE

WATER - SIDE AND ABIDE."

IT WAS NOT LONG BEFORE CAPTAIN GREENLEAF LEARNED THAT THIS WAS THE MARINER, THOMAS MILWARD. HAVING BEEN A FISHERMAN AT DISTANT CAPE ANN, ACROSS FROM AGAWAM, HE HAD COME TO NEWBURY ON HIS WAY TO THE FAST GROWING "WATER-SIDE" SECTION WHICH LAY BEYOND THE RIDGE TOWARD THE FERRY AT CARR'S ISLAND.

"OF A TRUTH, THERE BE PLACE ALREADY WHERE TRADERS HAVE BEEN. KNOW YOU OF WATTS' CELLAR? THE PLACE THERE AT THE FOOT OF THE LONG SLOPE? YEARS SINCE, THEY TELL ME, HE DID A GREAT TRADING WITH THE INDIANS HEREABOUTS. SKINS AND PELTRIES OF ALL KINDS. KEGS OF FISH HE STORED THERE, SO I HEAR."

GOODMAN SMITH LICKED HIS LIPS. "MANY PEOPLE HAVE GONE THERE, OR OVER THAT WAY," HE AGREED. "BUT THE PLACE HERE CONTENTS ME TOO WELL."

THE MARINER SNORTED. HIS STUBBY FIST THUMPED THE TABLE. "FARMERS. LIVING CLOSE BY THE RIVER'S BANK - AND PLANTING INDIAN CORN! MEN WITH EYES TO SEE -- THEY DO MOVE TO A PLACE WHERE SOMEDAY WILL BE SHIPPING."

THE MARINER CONTINUED, RAISING HIS VOICE. "THINK YOU OF THE MEN WHO ARE THERE, MEN WHO CAN CUT WITH BROAD AXES! SEE THE THICK WOODS OF FINE OAK! MEN ARE THERE WHO WILL WORK. CAN WE NOT BUILD BOATS AS THESE OTHERS AT SALEM -- AND BOSTON TOWN?"

CAPTAIN GREENLEAF WAS SUDDENLY STANDING CLOSE TO THE TABLE WHERE THE

MARINER SAT. LEANING FORWARD, HE ASKED, "YOU SEE IT SO AT THE WATER-SIDE? YOU GO THERE, YOURSELF?"

THOMAS MILWARD'S EYES FLASHED. "YEA, GOOD KEEPER, I DO THAT," HE SAID LOOKING UP. "SAILORS TO PLY THEIR TRADE UPON THE SEA. WE'LL BUILD SHIPS TO CARRY THEM AND OUR BEEF AND GOOD STAVES TO FAR-OFF PLACES. THERE'S PICKLED STURGEON AND SALTED FISH FOR SPAIN. ALL MANNER OF THINGS CAN BE BROUGHT BACK. TRADE CAN BE MADE WITH WEST INDIA ISLES."



THAT NIGHT, AS CAPTAIN GREENLEAF SAT BY THE FIRE, A PICTURE OF THE YEARS AHEAD FORMED SLOWLY IN HIS MIND. THERE WAS JUDITH, ALREADY GROWN THIRTEEN. AND ELEVEN YEARS OLD, STEPHEN WAS NOW. AH, THERE WAS A LAD! QUICK OF EYE AND BRAUNY OF BUILD, NOT MANY HAD DONE AS HIS

LAD. SCARCE TWO WEEKS SINCE THE BOY WITH HIS HOUND HAD VENTURED DEEP INTO THE UPPER WOODS SAYING NO WORD. RETURNING, HE HAD PROUDLY SHOWN THE HEAD OF A GRAY TIMBER WOLF. EVEN NOW IT HUNG ON THE MEETING HOUSE DOOR. IN THE CLERK'S BOOK WAS WRITTEN THE ORDER -- "PAY STEPHEN GREENLEAF TEN SHILLINGS. ONE GRAY WOLF HEAD DELIVERED TO MEETING HOUSE THIS DAY."

YES, AT THE GROWING WATER-SIDE WAS THE PLACE TO BE! HE COULD BUILD ONE OF THOSE NEW HOUSES, WITH THE LONG, SLOPING ROOF. GREAT ROOMS WITH HUGE FIRE-PLACES AND BEAMS AS THICK THROUGH AS HIS BODY. WHO COULD SAY A WHARF, PERHAPS NEAR THIS WATTS' CELLAR, WOULD NOT PAY? BUILDINGS IN WHICH TO STORE THE FISH AND MEATS, SHIPS TO CARRY THE GOODS, AND BUILD UP TRADE. YES, IT WAS ALL QUITE POSSIBLE, IF HE DID NOT DELAY.

NOW IT WAS NEARLY 1641. PEOPLE HAD SETTLED THE LAND BEYOND THE HILL. THEIR HOUSES DOTTED COUNTRY ROAD FAR BEYOND THE BURYING PLACE. THEY STRETCHED FURTHER AND FURTHER INTO THE WOODS, REACHING TOWARD THE SETTLEMENT AT HAVERHILL.

COUNTRY ROAD -- WAY TO THE MILL -- WAY BY THE RIVER -- IT WAS ALONG THESE PATHS, AND ON TOWARD CARR'S FERRY THAT THE HOUSES WOULD BE BUILT. STORES AND SHOPS WOULD STRETCH DOWN THE SLOPE FROM COUNTRY ROAD TOWARD THE BLUE WATER.

THE MARINER HAD BOASTED THAT SOMEDAY GREAT YARDS WOULD BE MADE BACK FROM THE MAIN WAY. THERE, HE HAD SAID, WOULD BE HEWED GREAT MASTS AND SPARS. LONG SHEDS FOR MAKING CORDAGE HE HAD SEEN IN HIS MIND. "ROPE WALKS," HE'D CALLED THEM. SOME DAY, HE HAD EVEN BOASTED, IN A SHIPYARD THERE AT THE WATER-SIDE WOULD BE LAID THE KEEL OF A BOAT AS GREAT AS THE HUGE ONE AT SALEM, JUST RECENTLY BUILT. EVEN LARGER, PERHAPS - WHO KNEW?

IN THE MORNING, HE MUST TALK AGAIN WITH THIS MILWARD. HE MUST SEE THE CLERK OF THE TOWN, - ARRANGE TO SELL HIS HOUSE.

IN THE NEW PLACE HE WOULD FIND MEN TO BUILD HIM A GREAT, SPREADING HOUSE. THERE WOULD BE SPACE IN THE CELLAR FOR CIDER AND TURNIPS. A SHED FOR HIS HORSES AND COWS, AND PLACE TO HANG THE BERRIES FOR SARAH, AND KEEP THE HEAPS OF WALNUTS JUDITH AND STEPHEN FOUND EACH YEAR.

* * *

ON A SUMMER DAY IN 1680, STEPHEN GREENLEAF STOOD AT THE FOOT OF FISH STREET, NEAR THE TOWN SPRING.

THE BOY WHO, YEARS BEFORE, HAD HUNTED GRAY WOLVES IN THE WOODS, WAS NOW A MAN, FULL GROWN, BROAD OF SHOULDER. HE WAS NOW CAPTAIN GREENLEAF, OFFICER OF THE SOLDIERS AT NEWBURY TOWN. HE KNEW EVERY BROOK, EVERY PATH, FROM THE RIVER WEST OR SOUTH, - TO HAVERHILL, ANDOVER, - WHEREVER AN INDIAN MIGHT BE HID. IT WAS HIS DUTY, NOW, TO GUARD THE MEN AND WOMEN AND CHILDREN IN THE WATER - SIDE SETTLEMENT ON THE BANK OF THE MERRIMACK.

CAPTAIN GREENLEAF WATCHED THE MEN AT WORK. NOT FAR FROM WHERE WATTS' CELLAR ONCE HAD BEEN, THEY LABORED IN THE WARM JUNE SUN. CAREFULLY THEY SETTLED A BEAM IN PLACE. THEY WERE BUILDING A WHARF AND STOREHOUSE FOR THE MAN WHOSE FATHER, THE INN-KEEPER, YEARS BEFORE HAD DREAMED BY THE FIRE.

SMOKE ROSE LAZILY FROM THE CHIMNEYS OF THE HOUSES AT RING'S ISLAND, ACROSS THE RIVER'S COURSE. THE SAIL OF A SMALL SHALLOP FLUTTERED AS THE TILLER WAS SWUNG TO HEAD THE CRAFT TOWARD NEWBURY

SHORE. IT BROUGHT A CARGO OF FISH, NET-
TED IN THE DEEP WATERS BEYOND THE SANDS
AT PLUM ISLAND.

"YES," CAPTAIN GREENLEAF SAID TO
HIMSELF, "IT WILL NOT BE LONG BEFORE WE
BUILD SHIPS TO CARRY OUR GOODS, AND TO
BRING BACK SUGAR AND NEEDFUL THINGS OF
ALL KINDS."



CHAPTER III

WHITE MEN AND RED

CAPTAIN STEPHEN GREENLEAF CRADLED HIS LONG - BARRELED MUSKET AGAINST THE SLEEVE OF HIS DEERSKIN JACKET. A STARTLED HARE LEAPED FROM BENEATH THE SUMACH BUSHES BESIDE THE WAY TO THE MILL AND SCURRIED ACROSS HIS PATH. THE CAPTAIN TIGHTENED REIN AS HIS BLACK HORSE SNORTED AND REARED. IRON SHOES RANG ON THE FLAT ROCKS AS HE SWUNG INTO THE CART PATH ON THE SALISBURY SIDE OF THE RIVER, WHICH LED TO THE FLOATING BRIDGE BY CARR'S ISLAND.

FROM EARLY MORNING, WHEN HE HAD RIDDEN ANXIOUSLY ACROSS TO THE WATCHHOUSE AT SALISBURY, HE HAD BEEN TALKING WITH THE ENSIGN OF THE MILITARY COMPANY THERE. EVEN THOUGH IT HAD BEEN TWENTY YEARS SINCE THE TERRIBLE WAR WITH THE INDIAN KING PHILIP, STILL THE CAPTAIN WAS WORRIED. HE FEARED FRESH TROUBLE BEFORE THE WINDS OF WINTER SET IN. WITHIN THE WEEK ONE OF THE MOUNTED GUARD, RIDING TOWARD THE UPPER WOODS, HAD REPORTED SIGNS OF INDIANS.

"FEAR YE NOT, CAPTAIN GREENLEAF," THE LAUGHING ENSIGN AT SALISBURY HAD SAID. "THERE ARE TOO MANY OF US HERE. BACK AWAY IN THE WOODS THEY MIGHT DARE ATTACK, BUT NOT HERE. THEY HAVE SEEN THE SAILS OF OUR SHIPS, AND LISTENED TO THE THUNDER OF OUR CANNON. LITTLE NEED TO FEAR NOW."

"THE PENNACOOKS ARE A PEACEFUL TRIBE, CAPTAIN," ONE OF THE ELDERS ASSURED HIM. "RECALL YOU THE GREAT SPEECH OF THEIR ONCE MIGHTY CHIEFTAIN, PASSACONAWAY?"

CAPTAIN GREENLEAF SHOOK HIS HEAD. "NO. MAJOR BRADLEY TOLD ME THERE WAS A COPY OF HIS WORDS HERE."

"RIGHT THERE," THE ENSIGN TOLD HIM POINTING TOWARD THE TOWN'S BOOK. "FROM ONE OF THE MEN AT DOVER, IN NEW HAMPSHIRE, WE DID GET WRIT OF THE SPEECH. SIT DOWN, CAPTAIN GREENLEAF. LISTEN WHY WE FEAR NOT THE PENNACOOKS, WHOSE CHIEF HAS BEEN GONE THESE MANY YEARS."

THE CHIEF, PASSACONAWAY, AN OLD MAN WHEN THE SETTLEMENT WAS BEGUN ON RIVER PARKER, HAD SUMMONED TO HIM ALL THE WARRIORS OF HIS MIGHTY TRIBE. SEATED ABOUT HIM, THEIR OILED AND PAINTED BODIES COVERED THE GROUND A FULL HUNDRED RODS FROM THE WIGWAMS, CLEAR TO THE FOREST'S EDGE.

"HEARKEN! - HEAR THE WORDS OF YOUR FATHER," HE HAD CRIED OUT, RAISING HIS HANDS TOWARD THE SKY. THE MUMBLE OF VOICES DIED AWAY. EVEN THE SPARROWS DARTING FROM BRANCH TO BRANCH IN THE BIRCHES AND PINES STILLED THEIR VOICES. INTO THE EYES OF HIS WARRIORS HE LOOKED,

AS HE SPOKE.

"I AM AN OLD OAK THAT HAS WITHSTOOD THE STORMS OF MORE THAN A HUNDRED WINTERS. LEAVES AND BRANCHES HAVE BEEN STRIPPED FROM ME BY THE WINDS AND FROSTS. MY EYES ARE DIM. MY LIMBS TOTTER. I MUST SOON FALL.

"BUT WHEN YOUNG AND STRONG, MY BOW COULD BE BENT BY NO YOUNG MAN OF THE PENNACOOKS. MY ARROWS WOULD PIERCE A DEER AT ONE HUNDRED RODS. I COULD BURY MY HATCHET IN A SAPLING UP TO THE HANDLE.

"NO WIGWAM HAD THEN SO MANY FURS. NO POLE HAD SO MANY SCALP LOCKS AS PASSACONAWAY'S. THEN I DELIGHTED IN WAR. THE WHOOP OF THE PENNACOOK WAS HEARD EVEN UPON THE MOHAWK. AND NO VOICE WAS LOUDER THAN PASSACONAWAY'S.

"THE ENGLISH CAME. THEY SEIZED OUR LAND. I SAT ME DOWN AT PENNACOOK. THEY FOLLOWED MY FOOTSTEPS. I MADE WAR UPON THEM. BUT THEY FOUGHT WITH FIRE AND THUNDER. MY YOUNG MEN WERE SWEEPED DOWN BEFORE ME. WHEN NO ONE WAS NEAR THEM, THEY FELL.

"I TRIED MAGIC AGAINST THEM. BUT THEY STILL INCREASED AND GOT THE BETTER OF ME AND MINE. I GAVE PLACE TO THEM AND CAME TO MY BEAUTIFUL ISLAND OF NATTICOOK.

"I THAT CAN MAKE THE DRY LEAF TURN GREEN AND LIVE AGAIN.

"I THAT CAN TAKE THE RATTLE-SNAKE



IN MY PALM AND LIKE A WORM, IT
WOULD NOT HARM ME.

"I WHO HAVE COMMUNION WITH THE
GREAT SPIRIT, DREAMING AND AWAKE.
I -- I AM POWERLESS BEFORE THE
WHITE - FACES. THE OAK WILL SOON
BREAK BEFORE THE WHIRLWIND. IT
SHIVERS AND SHAKES EVEN NOW. SOON
ITS TRUNK WILL BE FALLEN. THE ANT
AND THE WORM WILL SPORT UPON IT.

"THEN THINK, MY CHILDREN, OF WHAT I
SAY. I COMMUNE WITH THE GREAT
SPIRIT. HE WHISPERS TO ME EVEN NOW,

'TELL YOUR PEOPLE, PEACE! PEACE
IS THE ONLY HOPE OF YOUR RACE.
I HAVE GIVEN FIRE AND THUNDER
TO THE WHITE GODS FOR WEAPONS.
I HAVE MADE THEM PLENTIER THAN
THE LEAVES OF THE FOREST, AND
STILL THEY INCREASE.

'THESE MEADOWS SHALL TURN WITH
THE PLOUGH. THESE FORESTS SHALL
FALL BY THE AXE. THE WHITE FAC-
ES SHALL LIVE UPON ALL YOUR
HUNTING GROUNDS AND MAKE THEIR
VILLAGES UPON YOUR FISHING
PLACES.'

"THE GREAT SPIRIT SAYS THIS. IT
MUST BE SO. WE ARE NOW FEW AND
POWERLESS BEFORE THEM. WE MUST
BEND BEFORE THE STORM. THE WIND
BLOWS HARD. THE OLD OAK TREMBLES.
ITS BRANCHES ARE GONE. ITS SAP IS
FROZEN. IT BENDS. IT FALLS. PEACE
WITH THE WHITE-FACES IS THE COMMAND
OF THE GREAT SPIRIT -- AND THE LAST
WISH OF YOUR CHIEF - PASSACONAWAY."

CAPTAIN GREENLEAF LISTENED IN SILENCE. NONE KNEW BETTER THAN HE THE FRIENDLINESS THAT HAD BEEN SHOWN TO THE WHITE - FACES BY THE PENNACOOKS. IT WAS ATTACK FROM THE CRUEL TARRANTINES, THOSE SAVAGE WARRIORS FROM THE NORTH WOODS, THAT HE FEARED. FROM DISTANT STREAMS THEY WOULD COME IN THEIR WAR CANOES. SHRILL CRIES IN THE NIGHT -- A LONELY CABIN FLAMING -- HE FEARED, WITH REASON, A SURPRISE ATTACK UPON HIS PEOPLE.

FACING THE SMILING ENSIGN, CAPTAIN GREENLEAF SAID BLUNTLY, "WE BE NOT YET READY TO RELEASE OUR SOLDIERS FROM THEIR SERVICE. OUR NIGHT WATCH WILL REMAIN TILL ALL DANGER IS GONE."

HE TURNED, GRASPED HIS MUSKET, AND STRODE TO HIS HORSE. WITH A STIFF SALUTE TO THE GUARD, HE MOUNTED AND RODE OUT FROM THE SETTLEMENT. HE FOLLOWED ALONG THE PASTURE LAND BACK FROM THE RIVER, AND ENTERED THE WAY TO THE MILL, WHICH PASSED THROUGH THE FRINGE OF WOOD NEAR THE FERRY AND ON TO AMESBURY TOWN.

"HOLD THERE, MY BET," HE CRIED, AS THE HORSE PLUNGED TOWARD THE FLOATING BRIDGE BY THE WATER. MORE SLOWLY HE RODE ON THE PLANK BRIDGE TOWARD CARR'S ISLAND. HE WATCHED ONE OF THE LARGE GUNDALOWS, OR RAFTS, OF LUMBER AS IT FLOATED SLOWLY DOWNSTREAM WITH THE CURRENT. TWO OF MR. CURRIER'S MEN FROM THE MILL GUIDED IT WITH WIDE BOARDS TO HELP STEER. SOON THE TIMBER RAFT WOULD BE TIED AT THE WATER-SIDE SETTLEMENT. IN THE SAW - PIT THE GREAT OAKS WOULD BE SAWED AND CUT INTO PLANKS FOR THE HULL OF A SHALLOP OR PINKY. PERHAPS SOME WOULD BE CUT FOR THE DECK OF A SLOOP.

MASTS WOULD BE HEWED FROM THE LONG, STRAIGHT - GRAINED TRUNKS.

ALONG THE NEWBURY SHORE, THE LONG ARMS OF WHARVES REACHED OUT OVER THE BLUE WATERS OF THE MERRIMACK RIVER. TWO-STORY FRAME WAREHOUSES STOOD JUST IN THE REAR. THESE ALREADY WERE FILLED WITH KEGS OF MOLASSES AND HEAVY BROWN BAGS OF SUGAR, BROUGHT FROM DISTANT PORTS. THESE HELPED PAY FOR THE SHIPMENTS OF TIMBER AND BEEF, STAVES AND SALT FISH WHICH HAD BEEN SENT OUT FROM THE NEWBURY TOWN.

CLOSER AND CLOSER BACK ON THE SLOPE HOUSES CLUSTERED. STURDY AND BEAUTIFUL THEY WERE, MANY WITH LONG SLOPING ROOF-LINES AND THEIR HUGE CHIMNEYS IN THE CENTER. MORE AND MORE SHOPS AND STORE-HOUSES CROWDED CLOSE BY THE RIVER.



AS CAPTAIN GREENLEAF REACHED THE LANE WHICH LED ON ACROSS THE ISLAND TO THE FERRY AT THE OPPOSITE SIDE, HE DREW BACK ON THE REINS. CLEARLY HE HEARD THE CALL -- "HO, THERE, CAPTAIN. HOLD! A MESSAGE -- FROM -- AMESBURY!" HE SWUNG QUICKLY ABOUT IN HIS SADDLE. HE WATCHED THE MOUNTED RIDER OF THE AMESBURY GUARD PLUNGE DOWN THE SLOPE AND THUNDER OVER THE BRIDGE.

THE GUARD REACHED, IN HIS POCKET AND THRUST OUT A HANDFUL OF ARROWHEADS. THEY WERE FRESH - CHIPPED.

"INDIANS," HE SAID CRISPLY. "CLOSE BY. NOT AN HOUR SINCE, BY THE GLASS. WE SAW THEM ABOVE THE RIVER'S BEND. FOLLOWED, BUT LOST THEM."

CAPTAIN GREENLEAF STRAIGHTENED IN HIS SADDLE. "HOW MANY?" HE DEMANDED.

"A CANOE, -- MEBBE FIVE."

"TAKE THE CRY TO THE ENSIGN AT SALISBURY. I WILL DISPATCH MEN TO THE WOODS ON OUR SIDE."

AS THE AMESBURY GUARD WHEELED HIS HORSE, THE CAPTAIN GALLOPED TOWARD THE FERRY. IN HASTE HE WAS ROWED ACROSS TO THE NEWBURY SHORE. AS THE BLUNT PROW OF THE BARGE BUMPED THE SAND, THE CAPTAIN LEAPED HIS HORSE TO THE BANK. HE PRESSED HIS KNEES TIGHT AGAINST THE HEAVING SIDES OF HIS MOUNT. OVER THE SLOPE OF COUNTRY ROAD HE GALLOPED, ON HIS WAY TOWARD FROG POND AND THE POWDER HOUSE.

NOT FAR FROM THE LANE HE SIGHTED AN OX-CART RUMBLING SLOWLY ALONG. HE RECOG-

NIZED THE FARMER FROM TURKEY HILL, JOHN BROWN, PERCHED ON THE LOAD OF TURNIPS. BROWN COULD WARN THE PEOPLE IN THE UPPER WOODS SECTION AND SAVE TIME.

AS HIS HORSE BROUGHT HIM NEAR, HE SHOUTED TO THE BROAD-SHOULDERED, TANNED FARMER, "ADVISE THE MEN IN YOUR TOWN! INDIANS -- SIGHTED SOMEWHERE BEYOND LAUREL HILL. BE ON GUARD!"

THE CAPTAIN WAITED ONLY TO SEE THE MAN'S NOD BEFORE GALLOPING PAST. TIME WAS PRECIOUS, AND LIVES MIGHT DEPEND ON THE WATCH AND SOLDIERS BEFORE NIGHT!

THE OCTOBER SUN HAD DROPPED TO THE LEVEL OF THE ELMS AND MAPLES BEFORE CAPTAIN GREENLEAF HAD POSTED THE GUARD. LEAVING THE WATCH HOUSE IN THE MARKET PLACE HE RODE SLOWLY UP THE SLOPE OF FISH STREET TOWARD FROG POND. AS HE ENTERED THE ORCHARD, HE SAW THE MEN IN HIS YARD. WITH A SHOUT, THEY RAN TOWARD HIM. HE GALLOPED INTO THEIR MIDST. "INSIDE," ONE OF THEM SHOUTED. ANOTHER OPENED THE DOOR.

HE TOSSED THE REINS TO WAITING HANDS AND COVERED THE GROUND TO THE DOOR IN SIX MIGHTY STRIDES.

INSIDE, HE SAW HER. SHE WAS SITTING IN THE CHAIR CLOSE TO THE FIRE. YES, IT WAS FARMER BROWN'S DAUGHTER. THE LITTLE ONE, SCARCE TEN YEARS OLD. HIS WIFE HOVERED OVER HER, AND SHE TURNED AS THE CAPTAIN NEARED.

HE LOOKED CLOSER, AND SAW THE LITTLE HOMESPUN FROCK TORN IN RIBBONS. ON HER BROWNEED ARMS AND LEGS WERE UGLY

RED STREAKS. THEY COULD ONLY HAVE COME FROM TANGLED BRUSH OVER BY THE UPPER WOODS.

HIS WIFE SPOKE FIRST. "HER FATHER GONE TO MARKET, STEPHEN. FIVE INDIANS. CAME FROM THE WOODS BY THE FAR PASTURE. THEY KILLED THE LITTLE GIRL MERCY, WHO STOOD IN THE DOOR. THE WOMEN AND OTHERS THEY TOOK WHEN THEY RAN. EIGHT OF THEM--GONE. THIS ONE WAS HID!"

WIDE BROWN EYES STARED UP AT CAPTAIN GREENLEAF.

"MOTHER -- 'N PATIENCE -- AND BENJAMIN, TOO. BOTH THE BABIES. I RAN --- MOST ALL THE WAY."

"PUT THE CHILD TO BED," THE CAPTAIN ORDERED HIS WIFE. "FOLLOW, MEN, -- OUTSIDE," HE SAID TO THOSE GROUPED ABOUT.

ONE HE ORDERED TO RIDE WITH ALL SPEED TO IPSWICH TOWN. "WARN THE GUARD! HAVE THEM RIDE TOWARD HAVERHILL. WE'LL TRAP THESE DEVILS THIS TIME."

"THE SUN BE GOING LOW," ONE OF THE MEN SAID DOUBTFULLY. "BETTER TOMORROW--"

THE CAPTAIN'S EYES FLASHED. "WE LEAVE WITHIN AN HOUR! THEY CAN GO BUT ONE WAY, -- UP THE RIVER! WE MUST START AT ONCE. WE WILL FIND THEM BEFORE ANOTHER SUN GOES DOWN!"

"TO YOUR HOUSES, ALL," HE ORDERED. "GUNS AND PROVISIONS. WE WILL MEET AT FROG POND."

* * *

THE BRIGHT MOON GLINTED ON MUSKET BARRELS AND THE STARS LOOKED DOWN UPON A SILVER RIVER AS THE SOLDIERS, WITH CAPTAIN GREENLEAF IN THE LEAD, MADE THEIR WAY SLOWLY DEEPER THROUGH THE THICK GROWTH.

SUDDENLY HE HALTED, HELD OUT HIS HAND. "THERE," HE WHISPERED, POINTING AHEAD. "NEAR THE GULLY, --- SEE -- THE SLIVER OF LIGHT?"

SHOTS ECHOED IN THE ROCKY GLEN. SHRILL CRIES AS THE INDIANS FLED. CRASHING OF BRUSH AS TWO PLUNGED INTO THE WOODS. SPLASH OF PADDLES AS A CANOE SLID TOWARD THE OPPOSITE SHORE.

QUICKLY THE SOLDIERS SURROUNDED THE WHITE CAPTIVES, LYING BOUND BY THE FIRE. SERGEANT ABBOT LIFTED ONE LITTLE BUNDLE, WRAPPED CLOSE IN ITS CAPE. NO WHIMPER CAME FROM THE BABE, AND HE WITHDREW FROM THE OTHERS.

CAPTAIN GREENLEAF WAS SILENT AS HE LED THE PARTY CAREFULLY BACK THROUGH THE WOODS AND OUT TO THE ROAD. UNDER THE BRIGHT MOON, THEY MOVED MORE SWIFTLY BACK TO THE TOWN. NOT UNTIL HE HAD RETURNED TO HIS HOUSE AND STOOD FACING HIS WIFE, DID HE SPEAK.

"HELP ME," HE SAID. SHE GASPED, THEN, AS SHE STARED AT THE BLOODY SLEEVE OF HIS DEERSKIN JACKET. WITH A CRY SHE LOOKED CLOSER AT HIS WRIST. THE BULLET HAD SPED IN ONE SIDE AND OUT THE OTHER.

"SIT DOWN, STEPHEN," SHE ORDERED HIM THEN. BY THE LIGHT OF THE FIRE AND TWO CANDLES, SHE DIPPED HOT WATER FROM

THE BLACK IRON KETTLE, AND TORE WIDE STRIPS FROM HER WHITE FRESH-CLEANED COLLAR. CAPTAIN GREENLEAF PRESSED HIS LIPS TIGHTLY TOGETHER AND BEADS OF MOISTURE FORMED ON HIS WIDE BROW AS SHE CLEANED AND DRESSED THE UGLY WOUND.

LATER, AS HE SAT BY THE FIRE, SHE ASKED FEARFULLY, "YOU SAVED THEM, - ALL, STEPHEN?"

"WE BROUGHT THEM ALL IN," HE SAID GRUFFLY, "BUT IT WILL BE GOD'S HAND IF ANY DO LIVE FOR LONG."

LOOKING UP AT HER, HIS EYES WERE SAD AS HE ADDED, "THE YOUNGEST THEY HAD KILLED TO PREVENT AN OUTCRY. THE SERGEANT FOUND IT MOVED FROM THE FIRE. THE OTHERS THEY WOUNDED -- I FEAR ALL QUITE BADLY."

CHAPTER IV

MERCHANTS AND MERCHANTMEN

"FATHER, MAY I GO? MAY I, FATHER?"

THE MERCHANT, PATRICK TRACY, WAS SEATED IN HIS OFFICE IN THE REAR OF HIS SHOP. HE LAID DOWN THE CUSTOMS SHEET, WITH ITS DATE, 1764, AND SWUNG ABOUT IN HIS CHAIR. HE STARED AT NATHANIEL, WHO STOOD BY THE DOOR.

"GO? GO WHERE, AND WITH WHOM, LAD? OF WHAT ARE YOU TALKING?"

"IT'S MOSES. MOSES BROWN, SIR. HE'S JUST COME ACROSS RIVER IN HIS OWN BOAT, - TO BUY HIM SOME THINGS. HE SAYS I MAY GO WITH HIM TO MOGGARIDGE POINT."

"I SEE," THE MERCHANT REPLIED. PATRICK TRACY KNEW THIS FIFTEEN-YEAR OLD BOY OF HIS WOULD BE SAFE WITH YOUNG BROWN. THE OTHER, FROM SALISBURY SIDE, HAD ALREADY SERVED HIS APPRENTICESHIP WITH CAPTAIN COFFIN. HE WAS EVEN NOW A FULL MATE. THE DAY WAS WARM AND CLEAR, AND FRESH AIR MIGHT BRING SOME COLOR TO NATHANIEL'S PALLID CHEEKS.

"MAY I, FATHER? MOSES HAS TO RETURN EARLY. HE HAS TO CHANGE BOOTS AND BLOUSE BEFORE HE CALLS UPON HIS LADY."

PATRICK SMILED. THE RETURN WOULD, NO DOUBT, BE MADE ON TIME. HE NODDED, AND THE LAD'S "THANK YOU" FLOATED BACK FROM THE STOREROOM. IT ECHOED BETWEEN THE KEGS OF MOLASSES AND BAGS OF SUGAR PILED HIGH. AS NATHANIEL ENTERED THE MAIN SELLING ROOM, HE DODGED THREE FIRKINS OF BUTTER STILL PLACED IN THE AISLE. FARMER LITTLE HAD BEEN IN EARLY THAT DAY, TO EXCHANGE HIS BUTTER FOR SUGAR AND FLOUR.

NATHANIEL TOSSED A "GOOD MORROW" TO THE TALL, THIN SHAPE OF HETTIE GREEN. SHE WAS PEERING UNDECIDEDLY THROUGH HER SPECTACLES AT A GAY - COLORED PIECE OF CALICO AND PAID NO ATTENTION.

QUICKLY HE RAN ACROSS THE WIDE AND BUSY MARKET PLACE. NEAR THE PUMP, FARMERS STOOD BESIDE THEIR LOADED CARTS. THEY WAITED TO BARGAIN WITH MERCHANT OR HOUSEWIFE. BUTTER AND CHEESE, THEIR EGGS, AND THEIR GREEN THINGS THEY SOLD FOR CASH SHILLINGS, OR TRADED FOR GOODS IN THE STORES.

STOCKING-CAPPED MEN ROLLED KEGS UP FROM THE WHARVES, PAST THE MEETING HOUSE AND ON TO MICHAEL DALTON'S STORE. SEVERAL FROCK-COATED GENTLEMEN STOOD BY THE DOOR TO THE MEETING HOUSE, WATCHING THE SCENE. THEY TALKED TOGETHER, AND SOMETIMES WAVED LONG BLACK-WALNUT STICKS AT THIS ONE OR THAT ONE WHO PASSED BY.

OVER THE SHED BY THE LANDING ROSE THE THREE HIGH MASTS AND WEB RIGGING OF

THE GREAT SHIP WHICH HAD COME IN THAT DAY.

NATHANIEL SPED OUT ONTO THE LONG WHARF. MOSES BROWN, TANNED AS A NUT, AWAITED HIS COMING AT THE FAR END OF THE PIER.

"HOP IN, NATE," HE TOLD HIM, POINTING TOWARD A LITTLE BOARD SEAT IN THE STERN.

AS MOSES RAISED THE SAIL, WHILE NATHANIEL HELD THE TILLER STRAIGHT AND STILL, THEY MOVED SLOWLY OUT FROM THE SHORE TOWARD THE BOATS IN THE HARBOR. CAREFULLY MOSES STEERED BETWEEN THE SHIPS ANCHORED BEYOND THEM. SOME WITH SINGLE MASTS, AND OTHERS WITH TWO, AND THREE. SMALL BOATS SCURRIED ASHORE FROM THEM, LANDING THE CARGOES OF FISH FROM LABRADOR, MOLASSES AND SUGARS FROM THE WEST INDIES, AND ALL MANNER OF GOODS FROM ALONG THE COAST SHORE.

"SEE THEM ALL," NATHANIEL CRIED, POINTING TO WHERE THE MASTS ROSE CLOSE TOGETHER, CLEAR TO SALISBURY SHORE.

"A GULL CAN SCARCE FLY BETWEEN," MOSES REPLIED, AS THEY STARED AT THE BOATS MAKING AN ALMOST ENDLESS LINE ACROSS THE WIDE RIVER'S COURSE.

"YOUR'S IS A NICE BOAT, MOSES," NATHANIEL SAID, AS HE WATCHED THE WATER RIPPLE AWAY FROM THE PROW.

"TOO SMALL," MOSES REPLIED, LAUGHING. "BUILDING ONE NOW, THOUGH, TO DRAW FULL EIGHT FEET, WITH A LITTLE CABIN AFT, AND THE FOR'D DECKED OVER."

"TRULY, MOSES, -- ALL YOUR OWN?" NATHANIEL ASKED, HIS EYES QUITE WIDE. "WHERE WILL YOU GO THEN, FAR, FAR AWAY?"

"TO THE BANKS, AT ANY RATE," HIS COMPANION REPLIED. "THERE LIE THE BIG FISH -- AND THE MONEY."

"OHO," HE CRIED, AS THEY NEARED THE END OF THE UPPER SHIPYARD. "THERE'S A QUEER CRAFT IN THE BRINE."

"IT IS A QUEER SHAPE," NATHANIEL AGREED, AS BOTH STARED TOWARD THE SHORE. "IT LOOKS TO BE TIMBERS ALL FASTENED UP TIGHT. IS THAT A HOLE IN THE MIDDLE? MEN MOVE ABOUT. WHAT CAN IT BE?"

"'TIS ONE OF THE JEW'S RAFTS, BOY, -- FOR LEVI, IN LONDON."

"JEW'S RAFTS, -- ARE YOU JESTING?" NATHANIEL ASKED QUICKLY. "I DON'T UNDERSTAND."

"NO, TRULY, NATE," MOSES SAID SMILING. "THAT'S WHAT THEY CALL 'EM. GREAT TIMBERS BOUND TIGHT, WITH A SPACE IN THE MIDDLE FOR SMALL MAST AND CREW. OVER THE OCEAN THEY GO, BLOWN BY THE WINDS AND THE WAVES."

"NOT TRULY, MOSES. THEY DON'T CROSS THE OCEAN!"

"THEY DO THAT," AND MOSES NODDED HIS HEAD. "A PRECIOUS SMALL CHANCE FOR THE CREW TO RETURN, BUT THEY VENTURE! FOR ME, I'D RATHER A DECK UNDER MY FEET, AND SOME ROOM. JEW'S RAFTS THEY CALL 'EM, -- AND JEW'S RAFTS THEY BE!"

"YOU SEE, NATE, WHEN THEY GET THERE -- TO LONDON I MEAN, -- THEN THEY BREAK APART ALL THE TREE TRUNKS, AND HAVE LEFT THE LUMBER FOR HOUSES AND SHIPS. DO YOU UNDERSTAND?"

ALONG THE SHORE THEY COULD SEE THE CARPENTERS AS THEY WORKED IN THE SHIPYARDS. THERE WERE SO MANY SHIPS ON THE WAYS THAT NATHANIEL BEGAN COUNTING SOON AFTER LEAVING THE LANDING. BY THE TIME THEY ROUNDED THE POINT, HE WAS WEARY. HE HAD COUNTED TO THIRTY - FOUR AND NOT GOT THEM ALL.

GREAT LOGS WERE PILED NEAR THE WATER. RAFTS OF TIMBER LAY TIED TO THE WHARVES. THE SUN GLINTED ON THE BLADES OF SHARP, SWINGING BROAD-AXES. THE TEETH OF WHIPSAWS WHINED AS THEY BIT INTO ROUND OAK TRUNKS.

EVERYWHERE WERE MEN MOVING ABOUT. MEN CARRIED BROAD BEAMS ON THEIR SHOULDERS. MEN CLIMBED THE PLANKS LAID FROM THE GROUND TO THE HIGH SIDES OF THE SKELETON HULLS OF THE SHIPS.

IN LONG SUMMER DAYS THE CARPENTERS ARRIVED AT THE SHIPYARDS WITH MORNING SUN. WHEN THE SUN HAD LOWERED BEYOND THE TREES AND ONLY THE TWILIGHT PINK REMAINED IN THE CLOUDS OVERHEAD, THEY CRAWLED WEARILY DOWN FROM THEIR PERCHES TO THE CHIP - COVERED EARTH BELOW.

FROM SUN - UP TILL DARK THE MEN LABORED WITH CHISELS AND ADZES, WITH AUGERS AND MAULS. STEM AND STERN POSTS OF VESSELS WERE FIRST PUT IN PLACE. THE FRAMING BEGAN, THEN, AMIDSHIPS.

GREAT CARE WAS TAKEN IN SELECTING THE WOOD FOR THE FRAMES AND THE KNEES. ONLY THE FIRST-GRADE OAK, WITH THE NATURAL BEND OR SWEEP DESIRED, WAS CHOSEN FOR THIS PART.

"WHAT KIND OF TREES ARE THOSE, GROWN SO LARGE?" NATHANIEL ASKED, NODDING TOWARD THE BARK - COVERED PILES ON THE SHORE.

"MOST ALL IS BEST OAK," MOSES SAID PROUDLY. "MAYBE THEY'LL HAVE A DECK OUT OF PINE, BUT IT'S OAK TIMBERS MAKE UP THE RIBS AND THE PLANKING."

"I DON'T SEE ANY MASTS," NATHANIEL SAID, AS THEY PASSED CLOSE UNDER THE STERN OF A SQUARE - ENDED SHIP LAUNCHED ONLY TWO DAYS BEFORE.

"NOT PLACED YET," WAS MOSES' PROMPT REPLY. "SAY," HE ADDED, SMILING, "YOU'RE A 'LUBBER, YOUNG TRACY, AT BEST."

"I'M SORRY, MOSES," HIS YOUNG FRIEND REPLIED. "I KNOW I DON'T KNOW MUCH EXCEPT FIGURES. BUT AFTER I'VE GONE TO HARVARD, WHEN I HAVE MEN BUILD SHIPS FOR ME WHEN I'M GROWN ---"

"THAT'S NOT FOR A WHILE," MOSES SAID, LAUGHING, AND EXPLAINED, "NO, NO MASTS IN PLACE YET, LAD. THE MASTS ARE SET AND THE RIGGERS COMMENCE AFTER THE VESSEL'S LAID HER KEEL TO THE BRINE."

THE LITTLE BOAT IN WHICH THEY WERE SAILING MOVED CLOSE BY ANOTHER VESSEL ALREADY RIGGED, AND STEERED FOR THE SHORE. AHEAD LAY THE BUSY YARD OF SAM MOGGARIDGE, AT THE POINT. THE CLEAN

SMELL OF FRESHLY HEWED OAK AND PINE MIN-
GLED WITH THE STRONG ODOR OF DRYING OAK-
UM AND PITCH.

"I'VE GOT TO GET ME BACK ON THE
DEEP," MOSES SAID, BREATHING IN GREAT
LUNGSFUL OF AIR.

JUST AS THE PROW NUDGED THE WET,
MOSSY SIDES OF THE WHARF, OLD SAM MOGGA-
RIDGE HOVE IN SIGHT. WADDLING TOWARD
THEM, HE WAVED A PAPER IN ONE HAND.

"HO, THERE, CAPTAIN BROWN," HE
SHOUTED, WITH A LAUGH AND NOD TOWARD THE
FLUSHING MOSES. "GOOD MORROW, YOUNG-
STER TRACY."

"WELCOME TO SAM'S YARD, BOYS. SAY,
YOUNG MAN," HE WENT ON, SPEAKING TO
NATHANIEL, "TELL YOUR PA THE POST RID-
ER'S JUST PASSED TOWARD THE FERRY. HE
TELLS ME THAT THE GREAT COURT'S GOING TO
ANSWER OUR PETITION TO BE OUR OWN TOWN!
D'YE KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS, YOUNG TRACY?
THE PORT'LL BE FAMOUS! OLD SAM'LL BUILD
MORE SHIPS, -- BIGGER ONES THAN EVER.
THE FARMERS IN THE OLD TOWN WON'T RUN
OUR AFFAIRS ANY LONGER!"

"YES, SIR, MY LAD, THIS YEAR 1764
WILL MAKE HIST'RY, YOU HEAR? NEWBURY
PORT, NOW, -- WE BE!"

"GET BACK TO WORK," HE SHOUTED,
WAVING HIS ARMS AT THE GROUP WHO HAD
STOPPED TO LISTEN TO HIS WORDS. THEN,
CHUCKLING, HE CRIED, "MEN CAN ALL HAVE,
ALL, MIND, - A SWIG FROM THE JUG IN THE
SHED, WHEN NOON BELL RINGS, - NOT NOW!"

SCUFFING AN OAK CHIP FROM BENEATH

HIS BOOT, HE SAID MORE QUIETLY TO MOSES AND NATHANIEL, "GOT TO WATCH 'EM EVERY MINUTE. THEY THINK A DOLLAR A DAY'S NOT MUCH PAY. ONLY AT WORK FROM SUN-UP TILL DARK, AND CRYIN' THEY CAN'T MAKE ENOUGH PAY. I DON'T KNOW WHAT WE BE COMIN' TO."

OLD MOGGARIDGE RUBBED HIS HAND ACROSS HIS MOUTH. TURNING AWAY HE MUTTERED TO HIMSELF, "WE BE NEWBURY PORT NOW, ANYWAY. IT'S OUR OWN CAKE THAT WE BAKE. FARMERS BE FARMERS, AND WE BE CARPENTERS, BLACKSMITHS AND TRADESMEN, 'N THEY DON'T MIX! YES, SIR, SHIPS A-BUILDIN' NOW, AT A GREAT OLD RATE!"

CHAPTER V

THE FIRST PRIVATEER

BEFORE THE SHOP IN MARKET SQUARE, A NEW SIGN HAD BEEN HUNG. "JACKSON, TRACY & TRACY," IT READ. IN THE OFFICE, STILL IN THE REAR, WERE TWO DESKS NOW. AT ONE, OLD PATRICK SOMETIMES SAT, BUT NOT FOR LONG. THE COLUMNS OF FIGURES, THE CUSTOMS REPORTS, HE NO LONGER READ. INSTEAD HE GLANCED FROM TIME TO TIME AT A COPY OF THE "ESSEX JOURNAL AND MERRIMACK PACKET," PUBLISHED NOW EACH WEEK.

TO HIS STURDY, SHREWD SON NATHANIEL HE LEFT ALL THE BUSINESS. THE LAD HAD BEEN AT HIS DESK EVERY DAY FOR SIX YEARS, SINCE HIS GRADUATION FROM HARVARD IN 1769.

"I'VE GOT TO WORK, FATHER," HE HAD OFTEN SAID. "TRADE IN 1775 IS NOT WHAT IT WAS, YOU KNOW. I HAVE TO BUY CLOSE, AND IT'S HARDER TO SELL."

FROM THE BRICK HOUSE ON FISH STREET ALMOST OPPOSITE TRISTRAM DALTON'S WHITE HOUSE, STEPHEN WALKED DOWN TO HIS WORK. MANY OF THE MERCHANTS HAD NOT OPENED

THEIR STORES WHEN HE PASSED EARLY MORNINGS. SOMEONE WAS SURE TO BE ABOUT AT MULLIKEN'S CLOCK STORE, ALMOST ACROSS THE STREET. WHEN HE GOT NEAR THE FOOT OF THE STREET HE OFTEN STUCK HIS HEAD IN THE DOOR AT WILLIE DAVENPORT'S INN, IF ONLY TO SHOUT "GOOD MORROW," TO THE APRONED FIGURE BUSY SWEEPING THE FLOOR.

THIS MORNING, THE INNKEEPER CALLED HIM INSIDE.

"TROUBLE'S A-BREWING, MR. TRACY, THIS DAY. HAD A TIME HERE LAST NIGHT, SO THEY DID."

NATHANIEL KNEW WHAT WAS COMING. BEFORE THE INNKEEPER COULD DRAW IN HIS BREATH, HE SEATED HIMSELF AT A TABLE AND STRETCHED OUT HIS LEGS. "GO ON, WILLIAM, I'M READY."

THE INNKEEPER SHOOK HIS HEAD. "TRULY, MR. TRACY, SIR, IT WAS SCANDALOUS. YOU KNOW, SIR, THE FARMERS AND MATES OFTEN ARGUE A BIT. BUT THIS WASN'T LIKE THAT. NO SIRREE!"

"I TELL YOU, THERE'S TROUBLE AHEAD. THIS MAN LAST NIGHT, NOW. CAME HERE FROM SALEM, A TRADER. GOT TELLING US ALL ABOUT THE RED COATS IN BOSTON. HE CLAIMED OUR SHIPPING AND TRADE WAS ALL GONE."

"HE'S NOT FAR WRONG, THERE," NATHANIEL SAID GRIMLY.

"I KNOW, SIR, -- BUT WHAT DID HE SAY? LOUD AS A TRUMPET HE HOLLERS IT RIGHT IN THIS ROOM - 'WE CANNOT DO WITHOUT ENGLAND AND HER TRADE. BEST IF WE

GOT RID OF THE HOT-HEADS WHO PROVOKE OUR GOOD KING!"

NATHANIEL TRACY STRAIGHTENED IN HIS CHAIR. "WHAT HAPPENED?" HE ASKED, INTERESTED NOW IN THE OTHER'S STORY.

ORDERS FOR THE BUILDING OF BARKS AND BRIGS, SCHOONERS AND SLOOPS HAD LONG AGO CEASED TO FLOW INTO THE PORT FROM THE MERCHANTS ACROSS THE SEA. TRADE HAD SLOWED, WAS NOW ABOUT STOPPED. EVERYWHERE IN THE COLONIES, MEN WAITED FOR SMOULDERING FIRE TO BURST INTO FLAME.

"WELL, SIR," DAVENPORT SAID, "CAP'N GREENLEAF WAS SETTIN' NEAR THE BAR. 'WHO CALLS US SUCH?' HE DEMANDED, AND WALKED OVER WHERE THE OTHER MAN STOOD.

"BY THAT TIME, ALL IN THE PLACE HAD TURNED ABOUT TO WATCH. YOU COULD HAVE HEARD A CORK POP IN THE CELLAR, I VOW. CAPTAIN GREENLEAF JUST LOOKS HIM UP AND DOWN, AND SAYS, 'GOOD STRANGER, YE MAKE STRANGE SPEECH FOR ONE OF US. ARMED SHIPS AND ARMED MEN YOUR KING WOULD USE FOR ARGUMENT. SO, WE MUST SUBMIT -- OR ELSE DIE.'"

WILLIAM DAVENPORT DROPPED HIS VOICE TO LITTLE MORE THAN A WHISPER. "THEN, SIR, THE CAPTAIN SAID, 'GOD GRANT NEITHER MAY BE OUR UNHAPPY FATE. WE THIRST NOT FOR OTHERS' BLOOD -- IT IS REASON AND RELIGION THAT DEMAND OF US THAT WE GUARD OUR INVALUABLE RIGHTS AT RISK OF BOTH.'

"THEN, QUICK AS A WINK, SIR, 'E DREW OUT HIS SWORD. BUT THE OTHER SCUTTLED TOWARDS THE HALL AND HIS ROOM. THAT WAS ALL, BUT REAL TROUBLE'S NOT FAR AWAY."

IN NATHANIEL TRACY'S JOURNAL WHICH WAS LOCKED IN HIS DESK, WERE WRITTEN HIS WORDS ON THE BEGINNING OF THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

"APRIL 19 - YE YERE, 1775. WAS YE FIGHT AT LEXINGTON AND YE SKIRMISH AT CONCORD TOWN. WAR BE HERE."

ANOTHER LINE READ, "JUNE YE 17TH -- YE YERE, 1775. TODAY WAS THAT BATTLE AT YE TAKING OF BUNKER'S HILLE. WE MUST FIGHT ABLY NOW -- OR PERISH."

* * *

IT WAS LATE ONE AUGUST EVENING, STILL IN 1775, THAT NATHANIEL TRACY SAT, WITH THREE OTHER MEN, IN HIS OFFICE IN THE REAR OF THE SHOP. THROUGH THE OPEN WINDOWS COULD BE HEARD THE NIGHT WATCH BELL FROM ONE OF THE SHIPS RIDING AT ANCHOR IN THE HARBOR BEYOND.

THE CONSTABLE, TRYING THE DOORS, SAW THE LIGHT IN THE OFFICE, THE COACHES BEFORE THE STORE, AND PASSED ON WITH A SHAKE OF HIS HEAD. MONEY EARNED ONLY BY TALKING ALL NIGHT DID HARDLY SEEM WORTHY TO THE STOUT, CONTENTED CONSTABLE. THIS WAS THE THIRD NIGHT, NOW, THE MERCHANT TRACY HAD BEEN VISITED AT A LATE HOUR BY MR. DALTON, MOSES LITTLE, AND THE MYSTERIOUS MAN FROM BOSTON WHO RODE IN ON THE PORTSMOUTH FLYING STAGE COACH, ONLY TO LEAVE THE NEXT DAY. SUCH DOINGS SEEMED STRANGE TO THE CONSTABLE.

"GENTLEMEN," NATHANIEL TRACY SAID, STANDING NEAR THE WINDOW, "THE TIME FOR

ACTION IS HERE. TONIGHT OUR FRIEND FROM BOSTON," NODDING TOWARD THE DARK-HAIRED FIGURE SEATED BY TRACY'S DESK, "HAS BROUGHT US THE PAPERS. AUGUST, 1775! OF MEN WE HAVE FEW, AND OF SHIPS READY TO FIGHT, WE HAVE --- NOT ONE!

"HERE IN MY HAND," HE WENT ON AS HE HELD UP THE ROLLED SCRIPT, "I HAVE A COURT LETTER, AND THE REST IS OUR TASK. PERMISSION TO OUTFIT, RIG, EQUIP AND TO MAINTAIN ANY PRIVATE VESSEL TO SERVE IN FULL POWER TO ATTACK SUCH VESSELS OF OUR ENEMY AS IT SHALL COME UPON. NOW, THE PERMISSION IS HERE, GENTLEMEN, -- BUT NO SHIP!

"PRIVATEERS THEY ARE TO BE CALLED. SHIPS TO SERVE AS THE NAVY UNTIL HIS EXCELLENCY GENERAL WASHINGTON CAN ARRANGE TO BUILD REGULAR MEN O' WAR."

THE QUICK CHATTER BETWEEN THE OTHERS WHICH AT ONCE SPRANG UP HE STILLED BY RAISING ONE HAND.

"IT IS MY PURPOSE, GENTLEMEN, TO HAVE ONE OF THESE PRIVATEERS OUTFITTED AND TO SEA BEFORE FRIDAY WEEK! WHO WILL JOIN ME?"

THE STRANGER FROM BOSTON SMILED. TRISTRAM DALTON CRIED OUT, "HOW CAN YOU, SO SOON?" OTHERS TURNED ASTONISHED EYES TOWARD THIS YOUNG MAN, NATHANIEL TRACY. NEVER HAD HE LOOKED SO STERN, SO DETERMINED AS HE DID THERE BEFORE THEM. HIS EYES FLASHED, AND HIS CHIN WAS SET SQUARE. THE GOVERNMENT PAPER HE HAD CRUMPLED IN ONE HAND, WHILE THE OTHER WAS CLENCHED BY HIS SIDE.

"I PLEDGE YOU, GENTLEMEN, THAT I WILL USE MY LAST SHILLING FOR OUR CAUSE. I AM ABOUT TO OUTFIT THE FIRST PRIVATEER IN THE COLONIES. WILL ANY OF YOU JOIN WITH ME?"

OTHER EYES LIT UP AS THEY SAW TRACY MEANT ALL HE SAID. THE MEN ROSE AND GROUPED CLOSE ABOUT THE DESK. EACH SIGNED HIS NAME TO THE PAPER, EACH PLEDGED HIS MEANS.

"THERE WILL BE MORE," MR. DALTON SAID. "WE MAY ALL HAVE OUR NECKS SQUEEZED. SOME OF US WILL MAKE FORTUNES IN PRIZE MONEY, AND OTHERS, LOSE ALL." HE SHRUGGED HIS SHOULDERS AND HELD OUT HIS HANDS. "GENTLEMEN, ONE THING I ADMIRE IN ANY MAN, -- COURAGE TO BELIEVE IN HIS COUNTRY." TURNING, HE PLACED A HAND ON NATHANIEL TRACY'S BROAD SHOULDER. "HERE STANDS A MAN WHO PLEDGES HIS ALL FOR ONE FAITH -- IN THE FUTURE OF THE COLONIES."

"A TOAST," SOMEONE CRIED. GOBLETS WERE FILLED FROM THE DECANTER, AND AS EACH STOOD STIFFLY ERECT, TRACY SAID, WITH A SLIGHT TREMBLE IN HIS VOICE, -- "I GIVE YOU, GENTLEMEN, HIS EXCELLENCY, GENERAL GEORGE WASHINGTON -- AND CONFUSION TO HIS ENEMIES!"

"GOD ABIDE," HE CONCLUDED, AS THEY DRANK TO THEIR LEADER, AND THE SUCCESS OF THE CAUSE IN WHICH EACH MAN HAD VOWED TO RISK HIS ALL.

CHAPTER VI

THE CAPTURE OF THE "FRIENDS"

"YES, SIR, GENTLEMEN, THERE SHE WAS. THE SUN LAY BEHIND US. PLAIN AS DAY WE MADE HER OUT. BRIG SUKEY, NEAR A HUNDRED TONS BURDEN. FLEW THE BRITISH COLORS, SHE DID, AND HEADED FOR BOSTON."

CAPTAIN OFFIN BOARDMAN SMILED, AND TIPPED UP HIS GLASS. SETTING IT DOWN ON THE TABLE, HE SAID, "THERE SHE LIES, GENTLEMEN, RIGHT AT YOUR WHARF! GOOD BEEF AND PORK, BUTTER AND HAMS -- WITH THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE CAP'N AND CREW OF THE WASHINGTON.

IT WAS STILL EARLY IN THE MORNING. JANUARY 15, 1776. COLD AS IT WAS, MANY HAD GATHERED IN THE CHEERFUL WARMTH OF WOLFE TAVERN. WORD HAD SPREAD SWIFTLY AND ALL WISHED TO SEE AND HEAR CAPTAIN BOARDMAN AS HE TOLD OF HIS VICTORY.

"A FINE PRIZE, INDEED," ONE MAN SAID. "A GREAT DAY FOR THE TOWN, -- AND FOR YOU, CAPTAIN," HE ADDED, NODDING TOWARD THE TALL, BROAD - SHOULDERED FIGURE IN THE BUFF JACKET AND CREAM - COLORED

BREECHES.

THE DOOR OPENED WIDE AND THE CONSTABLE RUSHED INTO THEIR MIDST. BETWEEN BREATHS HE STAMMERED, "CAP'N - CAP'N BOARDMAN. A SHIP OFF THE BAR! THE BRITISH FLAG AT HER HEAD!"

THE CAPTAIN'S EYES FLASHED. HE REACHED A HAND DOWN TO HIS SWORD. "WE GOT US ONE BEFORE BREAKFAST, -- HERE'S ONE BEFORE NOON. LET'S HAVE A LOOK, SIR. WHO KNOWS!"

PUSHING HIS WAY THROUGH THE MERCHANTS AND FARMERS, SAILORS AND TOWNFOLK WHO CROWDED THE LANDING, HE RAISED HIS SPYGLASS AND STUDIED THE DISTANT VESSEL.

"TWO HUNDRED TONS," HE SAID QUICKLY. "THE LINES OF A GOOD CATCH. A BRITISHER, RIGHT ENOUGH."

WHIRLING AROUND TO THE CROWD, HE CRIED, "LOOKS LIKE SHE'S MISTAKEN US FOR BOSTON, WAY SHE TACKS BACK AND FORTH. LET'S BRING HER IN!"

A SHOUT ROSE FROM THE CROWD, AND SEVERAL SAILORS SCRAMBLED DOWN INTO THREE WHALE BOATS TIED CLOSE ALONGSIDE.

"STANWOOD, - HALE, - AND YOU, LUNT, - TAKE TO THE BOATS. I'LL LEAD, AND WE'LL TRY A SURPRISE."

THE OUTGOING TIDE CARRIED THE THREE SMALL BOATS, WITH CAPTAIN BOARDMAN'S IN THE LEAD, SWIFTLY OUT AND ACROSS THE SHALLOW BAR.

THE SPREAD SAILS GREW LARGER, AND THE FIGURES ON DECK TOOK SHAPE.

"WHERE FROM? WHERE BOUND?" CAPTAIN BOARDMAN SHOUTED ACROSS THE SMOOTH WATERS.

"FROM LONDON FOR BOSTON -- SUPPLIES FOR THE TROOPS," THE REPLY FLOATED BACK.

WITH A SWIFT MOTION, THE CAPTAIN ORDERED HIS BOAT STILL CLOSER ALONGSIDE. "WANT A PILOT?"

THE COCKADE HAT NODDED AS THE OFFICER ON THE QUARTER-DECK LEANED FORWARD. "COME ABOARD," HE CRIED.

AS CAPTAIN BOARDMAN AND THE SAILORS IN HIS BOAT CLAMBERED SLOWLY UP THE SWINGING ROPE LADDER WHICH LED TO THE DECK, THE TWO OTHER BOATS CAME IN CLOSE UNDER THE COVER OF THE HIGH HULL.



CAPTAIN BOARDMAN STEPPED TOWARD THE OFFICER WHO FACED HIM FROM THE QUARTER-DECK. FROM THE CORNER OF HIS EYE HE SAW HIS MEN SCRAMBLING ABOARD, PISTOLS AND BOARDING-PIKES EACH IN HAND.

"DO YOU YIELD, SIR?" HE ASKED QUIETLY. THE BRITISH MASTER STEPPED BACK. THE SURPRISE WAS COMPLETE.

A GREAT SHOUT ROSE FROM THE WHARVES ON THE RIVER, AS CROWDS SAW THE BRITISH ENSIGN HAULED DOWN FROM THE MASTHEAD.

"HE'S DONE IT, -- A PRIZE! WITHOUT EVEN A BATTLE, HE'S TAKEN HER, -- CARGO AND CREW!"

NOT ALWAYS WERE THE CAPTAINS AND CREWS OF THE MADE-OVER SLOOPS SO LUCKY. BOOKS ABOUT THE PRIVATEERS BULGE WITH TALES OF MANY STIRRING ENGAGEMENTS, - STORIES OF MEN WHO FOUGHT AGAINST LONG ODDS, FOUGHT WITH THEIR CANVAS IN RIBBONS, FOUGHT WHEN ALL HOPE OF ESCAPE WAS GONE.

SOME OF THE MEN WHO SERVED THEIR COUNTRY IN THIS DARING WAY LOOKED FOR MONTHS AND YEARS OUT THROUGH THE BARS OF FAMOUS "OLD MILL PRISON," ACROSS THE SEA IN PLYMOUTH, ENGLAND. OTHERS, BOTH YOUNG AND OLD, WENT DOWN WITH THE LAST PLUNGE OF THEIR SHIPS. CLOUDS OF SMOKE FROM THE CANNONADE OF HUGE BRITISH SHIPS OF THE LINE WOULD WAFT AWAY TO SHOW ONLY WAVES RUSHING IN OVER THE SPOT WHERE A MOMENT BEFORE THE CREW OF A PRIVATEER HAD BEEN FIGHTING BRAVELY.

THROUGH THE YEARS OF THE WAR FOR INDEPENDENCE, THE REVOLUTION, NATHANIEL

TRACY WAS ONE OF THE BIGGEST OWNERS IN OVER A HUNDRED OF THE PRIVATEERS THAT SAILED FROM THE PORT.

IN HIS JOURNAL, AFTER PEACE WAS DECLARED, HE WROTE ON A SINGLE PAGE. HE HEADED IT "TO THE CAUSE" AND BENEATH MADE THE FOLLOWING NOTES -

"TOTAL OF OUT-FITTED PRIVATEERS - 110.
OF THESE THERE REMAIN BUT THIRTEEN.
OUT-FITTED OF YE ARMED CRUISERS - 34.
I HAVE BUT ONE OF THESE LEFT. "

NEAR THE BOTTOM OF THE PAGE HE HAD SCRIBBLED, "THE MEN OF THE TOWN HAVE NAMED THE KING'S STREET TO BE FEDERAL. THE QUEEN'S STREET IS NOW MARKET. BUT LITTLE REMAINS OF THE DAYS OF THE KING. YET THE SWINGING SIGN OF THE RED-COATED GENERAL WOLFE, WITH ITS WORN DATE 1762 STILL CREAKS IN THE WIND."

ON THE NEXT PAGE OF HIS JOURNAL, NATHANIEL TRACY HAD DRAWN A ROUGH PICTURE OF A HOGSHEAD. HE HAD WRITTEN BESIDE IT -- "TRADE LOOKS MORE BRISK. WE WILL EXCHANGE, NOW, I FEEL, WITH NOT ONLY THE INDIES, BUT EUROPE, -- THE WORLD IS OUR MARKET."

CHAPTER VII

THE GREAT FIRE

THE MERCHANT, OFFIN BOARDMAN, SHUT HIS LEDGERS AND PUSHED THEM BACK IN THE CORNER OF HIS DESK. HE DID NOT TROUBLE TO LOCK UP THE LONG BOOKS IN HIS TOP RIGHT DRAWER.

"EVEN THE FARMERS," HE MUTTERED TO HIMSELF, "ARE BETTER OFF THAN WE."

RISING, HE CROSSED TO THE WAREHOUSE DOOR. WITHOUT LEAVING THE COUNTING-ROOM HE CALLED LOUDLY, "AMOS! AMOS!" THE FOUR WALLS THREW BACK HIS VOICE. AFTER-NOON SUN SHONE THROUGH THE LONG ROW OF WINDOWS ON THE WEST SIDE, MAKING SILVER THREADS OF THE COBWEBS STRETCHING BETWEEN THE BROAD BEAMS.

NEAR THE DOOR BY THE LANDING SQUATTED THE FEW BOXES AND BALES FROM THE SCHOONER STILL MOORED TO THE WHARF OUTSIDE. NO LONGER WAS THE SUN BLOCKED FROM ENTERING BY GREAT MOUNTAINS OF BAGS AND HIGH PYRAMIDS OF KEGS, OR ROWS OF BOXES OF ALL SHAPES FROM EUROPE, THE WEST INDIES, CALCUTTA OR THE ORIENT. THE

GREAT DAYS OF COMMERCE WERE OVER.

SLOWLY, OFFIN BOARDMAN TURNED BACK INTO THE OFFICE. HE MOVED TO THE OPEN DOOR AND LOOKED OUT TOWARD THE SQUARE.

THE GOLDEN SUN LOWERED SLOWLY, BEYOND THE TALL WHITE SPIRE, BEYOND THE BUILDINGS OF WOOD AND BRICK WHICH STRETCHED FROM THE WHARVES TOWARD THE HILL. THE SUN MADE DAZZLING MIRRORS OF THE WINDOWS OF THE SIX WAREHOUSES WHICH REACHED FROM WATER STREET TO THE FAR END OF BOARDMAN'S WHARF.

SAILORS LEANED AGAINST THE RAIL OF THE SCHOONER, OR IN THE SHADE OF THE WAREHOUSE. OTHERS MADE THEIR WAY ONCE MORE ALONG STATE STREET TOWARD THE TAVERN. UNLOADING HAD BEEN COMPLETED AT NOON. WORK WAS FINISHED IN A FEW HOURS NOW, WHERE IN BUSIER DAYS THEY HAD HURRIED FROM DAWN TILL DUSK.

OFFIN CLOSED THE STREET DOOR AND RETURNED TO HIS DESK. HE OPENED A SMALL DRAWER, AND DREW OUT TWO CLIPPINGS. THEY HAD BEEN FOLDED AND CREASED, AND THEIR EDGES WERE TORN. ONE BESIDE THE OTHER, HE SPREAD THEM OUT ON HIS DESK.

THERE WAS THE HEADLINE FROM THE NEWBURYPORT HERALD, DATED IN DECEMBER, 1807. "UNITED STATES PORTS CLOSED. CONGRESS ORDERS EMBARGO ACT."

THE OTHER WAS LONGER, DATED EXACTLY ONE YEAR LATER.

"THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE PASSAGE OF THE EMBARGO ACT WAS OBSERVED IN NEWBURYPORT BY THE TOLLING OF BELL

AND THE FIRING OF MINUTE-GUNS, THE SIGNAL OF EXTREME DISTRESS. FLAGS WERE HUNG AT HALF - MAST, AND A PROCESSION OF SAILORS WAS FORMED.

"THE SAILORS MARCHED UNDER MUFFLED DRUMS WITH CREPE ON THEIR ARMS, ACCOMPANIED BY A DISMANTLED SHIP ON A CART BODY DRAWN BY HORSES. THIS BORE A FLAG ON WHICH WAS PRINTED, 'DEATH TO COMMERCE.'

"A YOUNG MAN, ATTIRED LIKE AN OLD SAILOR, STOOD ON THE QUARTER -DECK WITH A SPY GLASS IN HAND, AS IF ABOUT TO TAKE AN OBSERVATION. A PAINTED MOTTO READ, 'WHICH WAY SHALL I STEER?' THE OLD SAILOR OCCASIONALLY THREW OUT A LEAD, AS IF TO TAKE SOUNDINGS."

THAT HAD HAPPENED THREE YEARS AGO AND IT WAS NOW MAY 31, 1811. HE AND AMOS TAPPAN WOULD MAKE A BIT OF PROFIT FROM THE CARGO UNLOADED THAT DAY. SOME DAY SHIPS WOULD AGAIN SPREAD THEIR SQUARE SAILS AND CARRY RICH CARGOES. THERE WAS HOPE.

OFFIN PLACED THE CLIPPINGS IN HIS WAISTCOAT POCKET, ROSE, AND PUT ON HIS JACKET. HE STEPPED OUT ONTO THE LANDING AND LOCKED BEHIND HIM THE DOOR TO THE COUNTING - ROOM. THERE HAD BEEN NO NEED TO UNLOCK THE OTHER FIVE, SO THE KEYS TO THEM HUNG ON HIS CHAIN.

AS HE TURNED INTO WATER STREET, AND WALKED TOWARD MARKET SQUARE, THE RATTLING DRAY WAGONS HURRYING TO THE STABLES POWDERED HIS BOOTS WITH DUST. HE FELT THE COOL BREEZE IN HIS FACE, AS HE ENT-

ERED THE SQUARE. EVEN THE FLAG, BEING LOWERED FROM ATOP THE ALMOST NEW FOUR-STORY BRICK PHOENIX BUILDING WAVED OUT FROM THE POLE.

IN GENERAL PEABODY'S NEW STORE AT THE CORNER OF STATE STREET WAS A SIGN, "READY JUNE 1ST." BY THE LIGHT OF THE LANTERNS HE COULD SEE THE NEW CLERKS STACKING THE GOODS ON THE FRESH PAINTED SHELVES. THE BIGGEST STORE IN NEWBURYPORT, IT WOULD BE.

OFFIN BREATHED DEEP AND THREW BACK HIS SHOULDERS. WHAT WAS IT HIS FATHER HAD SAID NOT SO LONG AGO? "OFFIN, M'LAD IT'S LIKE FIGHTIN' IN PRIVATEER DAYS. THE ONE WHO HUNG ON LONGEST, -- THE ONE WHO COME RIGHT IN CLOSE AND GOT IN THE SHOTS FIRST, -- WAS THE ONE LIKELIEST TO COME INTO PORT WITH A PRIZE."

HIS STEP QUICKENED AS HE WALKED ALONG MERRIMACK STREET AND THOUGHT OF DINNER SOON TO COME. SALLY MIGHT HAVE A WHIPPED DESSERT. HE WAS PARTICULARLY FOND OF THE CREAM, WHIPPED TO A FROTH, THEN SWEETENED AND FLAVORED. HE LIKED TO SPOON IT OUT OF THE TALL, CUT - GLASS TUMBLERS.

AFTER SUPPER, IN THE COOL OF THE EVENING, HE WOULD HAVE THE CHAISE BROUGHT AROUND. SALLY MIGHT LIKE TO RIDE DOWN AND SPEND A LITTLE TIME WITH THE CAPTAIN, ON THE FARM AT OLDTOWN. AFTER THE CURFEW BELL, THEY WOULD RIDE HOMEWARD TOGETHER, MOON AND TWINKLING STARS KEEPING THEM COMPANY.

AS OFFIN BOARDMAN ROUNDED THE CORNER OF BOARDMAN'S LANE, HE CAUGHT HIM-

SELF WHISTLING, "THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMING," STOPPED WHISTLING AND LAUGHED. HIS STEP RANG ON THE BRICK WALK AS HE HURRIED TOWARD THE HOUSE.

* * *

IT WAS NEARLY NINE - THIRTY THAT NIGHT, WHEN THE MARE SWUNG OUT FROM THE LANE IN OLDTOWN AND TURNED HER HEAD TOWARD THE PORT.

"OFFIN, LOOK THERE!"

HIS WIFE SALLY GRASPED HIS ARM AND POINTED AHEAD TOWARD THE RIVER. "SEE -- IT LOOKS LIKE A FIRE."

AT THE SAME TIME THEY HEARD THE FIRST CLANGING OF THE CHURCH BELLS. IT CARRIED CLEARLY ON THE FRESHENING BREEZE AT FIRST ONLY ONE BELL, THEN TWO, -- AND THEN THE MINGLED CLANGING OF THREE.

EVEN AS THEY STARED AT THE TINY FINGER OF FLAME, IT WIDENED, SWAYED LIKE A MOVING TORCH, AND FLARED BRIGHT. A GREAT CLOUD OF SMOKE CLIMBED TOWARD THE BRIGHT MOON.

"IT'S DOWN BY THE MARKET! HURRY," SALLY CRIED.

SHE BRACED HERSELF AS THE CHAISE BOUNCED AND SWERVED. OFFIN LEANED FAR FORWARD, AND GRASPED THE REINS TIGHT IN BOTH HANDS.

AT THE HEAD OF SOUTH STREET THEY MET THE FIRST OF THE MEN RUNNING TOWARD

THE WATERFRONT. SOON THE CHAISE WAS TEARING THROUGH STREETS WHERE MEN AND WOMEN SHOUTED TO EACH OTHER AS THEY HURRIED DOWN THE HILL FROM HIGH STREET.

A RUMBLE LIKE THUNDER, AND FRESH CLOUDS WREATHED IN THE AIR, CIRCLING ABOUT THE RISING SPARKS AND FLAMES.

"DISTILLERIES," OFFIN SHOUTED ABOVE THE SNAP AND ROAR OF THE FLAMES. BLOCKS AWAY THE HEAT WAS STRONG ON THEIR FACES.

"THE WHOLE TOWN'S DOOMED," SALLY SOBBED AS THEY SWUNG INTO BOARDMAN'S LANE.

OFFIN LEAPED FROM HIS SEAT. "TELL MARTIN TO STABLE THE HORSE, BUT BE READY TO PACK. IF THE FIRE HEADS HERE, I'LL BE BACK." PAUSING ONLY LONG ENOUGH TO TOSS HIS BEAVER HAT ONTO THE SEAT AND PASS HER HIS WATCH AND MOROCCO POCKET CASE, HE WAS GONE. QUICKLY HE DISAPPEARED IN THE DARTING, SHOUTING BLACK MASS WHICH WAS FILLING THE STREET FROM WALK TO WALK.

THE FLAMES HAD MADE A ROARING FURNACE OF THE AREA BETWEEN MECHANICKS ROW AND THE SQUARE. A SOLID WALL OF YELLOW BLAZE BEAT AGAINST THE HIGH BRICK SIDES OF THE PHOENIX AND BLUNT BUILDINGS. THESE MIGHT CHECK THE FIRE'S SPREAD!

OFFIN HEARD THE CRASH OF SPLINTERED GLASS AND SAW THE COLUMN OF FLAME RUSHING UP THROUGH THE ROOFS.

"THE WHARVES! FERRY LANDING -- THE BOATS," SOMEONE SHRIEKED.

THE TRUMPETS OF THE FIREMEN SOUNDED LOUD, BUT NONE WAS FREE TO RESPOND. THROUGH SAIL LOFTS AND WAREHOUSES, JUMPING FROM BUILDING TO BUILDING, THE HUNGRY FLAMES POURED.

AN ENDLESS CHAIN OF SWEATING, - FIGHTING HUMANS FORMED FROM THE WATER'S EDGE TO THE HEAT FROM THE FIRE. GREEN BUCKETS PASSED FROM YOUNG HANDS TO OLD, SLOPPED WATER ON TINY SHOES AND BARE FEET. SAILORS, MERCHANTS, FIREMEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN, WENT TO FORM THE LONG CHAIN.

THE WIND LIVENED AND CARRIED THE SPARKS HIGH IN THE AIR. THEY BECAME LOST IN THE DARK SMOKE BLANKET HUNG OVER THE PORT.

MEN FELL BACK FROM THE BLISTERING HEAT OF THE FLAMES. MEN BEGAN TO ARRIVE FROM SALISBURY, AMESBURY, AND HAVERHILL. OVER THE NEW CHAIN BRIDGE THEY THUNDERED AND RATTLED, ON HORSE AND IN CARTS, WAGONS AND COACHES OF ALL KINDS.



WITH GREAT SHOUTS FIREMEN WARNED PEOPLE BACK FROM CRASHING BRICK WALLS AND BLAZING TIMBERS.

MEN DESPAIRED AS BLOCK AFTER BLOCK OF STORES, BUILDINGS, STABLES, ALL TURNED TO WHITE - HOT FURNACES, FED FROM ALL SIDES BY THE ROARING, RUSHING SHEET OF FLAME.

HOURS WENT LIKE MINUTES. FRANTIC PEOPLE RUSHED FROM ONE PLACE TO ANOTHER. MEN CARRYING WATER. OTHERS RESCUING THEIR PEWTER AND LINENS, LEADING OLD PEOPLE AND CHILDREN TO SAFETY. FOOD-STUFFS BEING REMOVED IN WHEELBARROWS, FURNITURE CRUSHED BENEATH TRAMPLING FEET.

NOT UNTIL A BLOOD-RED SUN ROSE OVER A STILL, CALM SEA COULD IT BE KNOWN THAT ANYTHING WOULD BE LEFT OF THE PORT.

WHEN THEY COULD SEE BY DAYLIGHT, SOME TURNED AWAY. OTHERS STARED, SEEING ONLY WHERE HOMES ONCE HAD BEEN. THREE OF THE WATERFRONT BLOCKS LAY IN ASHES.

ONE SHUDDERING GLANCE THROUGH WHAT YESTERDAY HAD BEEN THE BUSINESS SECTION OF NEWBURYPORT MADE EVEN THE STOUTEST HEART FALTER. FROM PLEASANT STREET TO WATER. FROM MECHANICKS ROW TO STATE STREET AND ACROSS THROUGH ESSEX AND MIDDLE, LIBERTY AND WATER STREETS, THE FIRE HAD PLAYED WITH THE BUILDINGS AND THE SHIPS OF MEN. THE WORK OF YEARS HAD BEEN ERASED BY THE FLAMES IN ONE NIGHT OF DESTRUCTION. SIXTEEN ACRES AND MORE, INCLUDING IN ITS PATH CHURCHES AND SHIPS AND WHARVES AND SCHOOLS, THE CUSTOM HOUSE, WOLFE TAVERN, -- ALL THESE IT HAD

LEVELLED INTO STILL SMOKING RUINS.

AMOS TAPPAN STARED AT THE FIGURE OF OFFIN BOARDMAN, WHO WAS SEATED AT A TABLE IN THE FRONT ROOM OF HIS HOME.

"YOU MEAN IT?" HE ASKED, AS IF HE COULD NOT BELIEVE HIS EARS. HE SEEMED ABOUT TO SAY MORE.

"MEAN IT?" THE STERN - FACED OFFIN BOARDMAN REPLIED. "WHY NOT? TELL THE PRINTER I WANT IT IN THE FIRST EDITION HE SETS UP. HERE, WRITE IT DOWN."

"THE SUBSCRIBER, IN BEHALF OF HIMSELF AND CAPTAIN OFFIN BOARDMAN AND AMOS TAPPAN, TENDERS MOST GRATEFUL THANKS TO THE CITIZENS OF THIS AND NEIGHBORING TOWNS FOR THEIR ASSISTANCE IN RESCUING PART OF HIS PROPERTY FROM DESTRUCTION BY THE LATE FIRE."

"HOW CAN YOU THANK THEM FOR SAVING TWO BOXES, OFFIN?" AMOS PROTESTED. "WHY, WE'VE LOST EVERYTHING. SIX WAREHOUSES IN ASHES. THE SCHOONER BURNED TO THE WATER - LINE. WE'RE RUINED!"

"I CAN THANK THEM WE'RE ALIVE, --- AND SO CAN YOU, AMOS," OFFIN BOARDMAN SAID SIMPLY. "THIS IS NOT JUST ONE MAN'S LOSS. THIS IS EVERYONE'S DISASTER. I HAVE MY HOME LEFT, -- THAT'S MORE THAN MANY! WE MUST TAKE COURAGE ANEW THOUGH IT WON'T BE EASY. WE'LL SEE SHIPS YET DOCKING AT OUR WHARVES AND UNLOADING RICH CARGOES AT OUR DOOR. WE WANT TO HAVE OUR SIGN SWINGING THEN, DON'T WE? 'BOARDMAN & TAPPAN, SHIPPERS, NEWBURY-PORT.' WHAT FIRE CAN BURN DOWN, AMOS, MEN CAN BUILD UP AGAIN."

CHAPTER VIII

CAPTAINS AND CLIPPER SHIPS

THE WATCHMAN STOPPED BENEATH THE SPLUTTERING GAS STREET LIGHT. WHEN HE RECOGNIZED THE STOUT FIGURE OF CAPTAIN SAM SAMUELS STRIDING BRISKLY DOWN FROM THE TAVERN, HE MOVED AGAIN ON HIS EARLY MORNING BEAT.

CAPTAIN SAM LOOKED TOWARD THE RISING SUN. AS IT BROKE THROUGH THE GRAY SKY HE SMILED. "FAIR WEATHER AND A LIVELY BREEZE," HE SAID, AS HE SWUNG AROUND THE CORNER ONTO WINDING MERRIMACK STREET. HEADING TOWARD BELLEVILLE, HE PASSED THE DOUBLE-DECKED BRIDGE TO SALISBURY SHORE. ON THE TOP LEVEL STRETCHED THE RAILS OF THE EASTERN RAILROAD, WHILE BELOW WAS THE PLANK FLOORING FOR WAGONS AND COACHES AND FOR THOSE WHO CROSSED ON FOOT.

AT EVERY SHIPYARD CAPTAIN SAM LOOKED TOWARD THE RIVER. THE DARK BULK OF HULLS NEARLY READY TO LAUNCH ROSE BESIDE OTHERS WHOSE SKELETON RIBS WERE STILL UNCOVERED BY WOODEN COATS. HULLS OF PACKET SHIPS AND "RIO" TRADERS, LOOMED

ABOVE THE SMALLER FRAMES OF FISHING BOATS FOR THE BANKS.

CAPTAIN SAM THREW OUT HIS CHEST AND LET HIS SHORT ARMS SWING FAR OUT FROM HIS TIGHT BLUE JACKET. BIG ONES AND LITTLE ONES THEY WERE BUILDING, BUT NONE LIKE HIS VESSEL. IT WAITED HIS COMING THERE IN CURRIER & TOWNSEND'S GREAT YARD AT THE FOOT OF PILSBURY'S LANE. FROM BOWSPRIT TO STERN POST SHE WAS THE SHIP OF HIS DREAMS.

IN A FEW HOURS THE LAST BLOCK WOULD BE KNOCKED FROM BENEATH HER SHINING HULL. BEFORE SUNSET THE FLAG - BEDECKED HULL WOULD BE SMOKING DOWN THE WAYS.

AS CAPTAIN SAM ROUNDED THE PYRAMIDS OF BARK - COVERED TRUNKS AT THE EDGE OF MERRIMACK STREET, HE SIGHTED THE HURRYING FIGURE OF TALL, NERVOUS WILLIAM CURRIER. HE CHUCKLED AS HE WATCHED THE SHIP'S BUILDER POKING AROUND THE WAYS. HE WAS SWINGING A TALLOW BUCKET IN HIS HAND, AS HE EXAMINED THE SMOOTH RUNWAY BENEATH THE WAITING KEEL.

"WATCH OUT SHE DON'T TUMBLE ON HER SIDE," THE CAPTAIN SHOUTED, AS HE WALKED ACROSS THE OPEN SPACE.

"ANYTHING ELSE YOU THINK OF COULD HAPPEN, SAM?" WILLIAM CURRIER DEMANDED, AS HE SET THE BUCKET ON THE GROUND.

BOTH MEN LAUGHED, AND CAPTAIN SAM SAID, WITH A TWINKLE IN HIS EYES, "WELL, COURSE SHE MIGHT BACK CLEAR ACROSS TO THE OPPOSITE SHORE," NODDING TO THE SALISBURY MARSH LANDS.

TOGETHER, WILLIAM CURRIER AND CAPTAIN SAMUELS LOOKED AT THE GRACEFUL LINES OF THE VESSEL ON THE WAYS. THE MORNING SUN SHONE DOWN UPON THE LUMBER PILED ABOUT, THE ROOF OF THE MOULD LOFT, THE WOODEN PLATFORM RISING HIGH BY THE SHIP'S SIDE.

THE LINES OF SHIP HULLS HAD CHANGED SINCE EARLY MERCHANT BUILDING DAYS. THE ROUND, PUMPKIN PROW AND THE SQUARE, BLUNT STERN WERE GONE. SPEED WAS THE WORD, TO KEEP MAIL AND PASSENGER TRADE.

BEFORE THEM ROSE THE HULL OF THE FASTEST TYPE OF SAILING VESSEL ABLE DESIGNERS COULD BUILD. TALL MASTS WOULD SOON BE IN PLACE, TO CARRY SPREADS OF CANVAS UNDREAMED OF IN EARLIER DAYS.

"SHE'LL CARRY PLENTY OF SAIL," CAPTAIN SAM SAID ALOUD. HIS JOB, HE KNEW, WAS TO DRIVE HER, NEVER REEFING A FOOT OF CANVAS NIGHT OR DAY, EXCEPT IN A HEAVY GALE.

MEN WERE ALREADY CLIMBING OVER THE RAIL, STRETCHING THE BUNTING FROM BOW TO STERN. FROM THE TEMPORARY UPRIGHT SPARS WOULD FLY THE STARS AND STRIPES, AND THE RUBY RED CROSS OF THE CLIPPER'S LINE.

BEFORE NOON, CAPTAIN SAMUEL AND THE BUILDERS WERE JOINED BY MR. OGDEN. TOGETHER THEY MADE THEIR LAST INSPECTION OF THE SHIP ON THE WAYS. WHEN THEY HAD LOOKED OVER THE COPPER BOLTS AND SHEATHING AND MASSIVE OAK TIMBERS BELOW DECK, THEY WENT ABOVE. THEY CHECKED WINCHES AND ANCHORS, CHAIN PLATES AND PUMPS. LAST CAME THE VISIT TO THE CABIN ASTERN. THERE, MR. OGDEN PASSED THE SNOW - WHITE

STREAMER TO THE CAPTAIN, WHO CALLED ONE OF THE CREW. "HOIST HER COLORS," HE ORDERED.

BY THIS TIME, MEN AND WOMEN, BOYS AND GIRLS WERE ARRIVING AT CURRIER'S YARD. FARMERS DROVE IN, HITCHED THEIR HORSES AND CHATTED TOGETHER. BARE-FOOTED BOYS CLIMBED OVER BARRELS, PLAYED HIDE-AND-SEEK AMONG PILES OF CORDAGE.

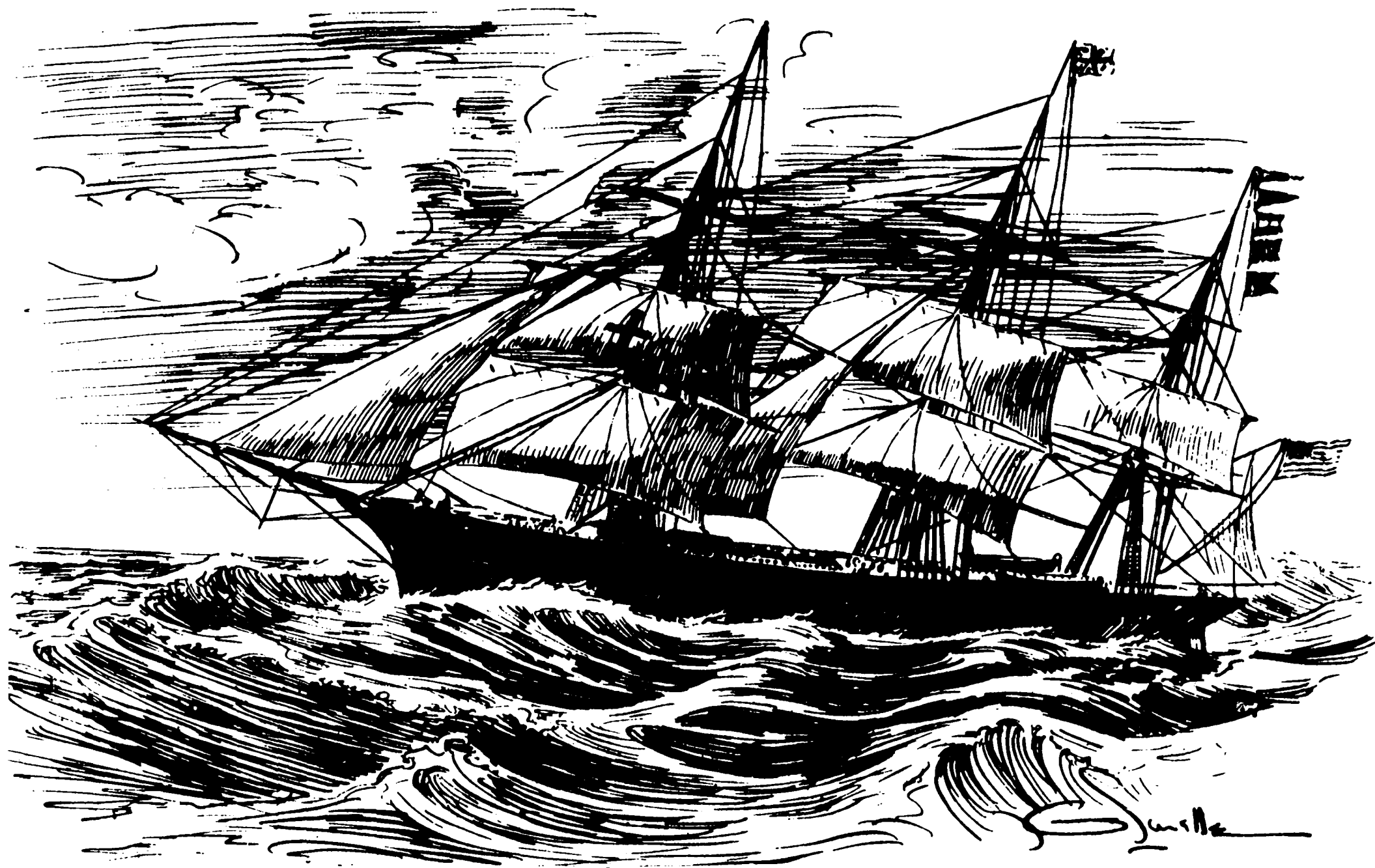
FROM AMESBURY, SALISBURY, FROM NEW HAMPSHIRE HILLS, VISITORS BEGAN TO BE SEEN. OVER CHAIN BRIDGE AND DOWN THE SLOPE OF BREAK-O-DAY HILL THEY DROVE. OVER THE TURNPIKE AND THE OLD BAY ROAD CAME THE GIGS AND SULKEYS, THE WAGONS AND CARTS. FROM ROWLEY, AND DANVERS, IPSWICH AND BYFIELD, GEORGETOWN AND HAV-
ERHILL, THEY CAME.

OCTOBER HAD ALREADY BEGUN TO PAINT THE ARCHING ELMS AND THE MAPLES ON STREETS AND HILLS. DRESSES OF GAY CALICO OR WHITE CAMBRIC WERE SURROUNDED BY BLUE JACKETS AND BOTTLE - GREEN COATS. BONNETS MINGLED WITH TALL BEAVER HATS.

STOUT-ARMED MEN FROM THE FOUNDRIES MUMBLED TO LOUNGING DRIVERS OF DISTILLERY DRAYS. MERCHANTS NODDED TO SMILING CUSTOMERS AND MOVED NEARER THE PLATFORM BEYOND.

EVERYWHERE THE MEN WERE TALKING OF THE BEAUTY OF THE SHIP ON THE WAYS. SOME PREDICTED THE NEAR PASSING OF SHIPS POWERED BY SAIL. OTHERS STRAIGHTENED, SAID STOUTLY, "NOT WHILE THEY BUILD VESSELS LIKE YONDER ONE."

NOW STIFF FIGURES HAD MOUNTED TO



THE PLATFORM HIGH BY THE SHIP'S SIDE. A HUSH FELL OVER THE THRONG IN THE SHIP-YARD BELOW. THE BAND LEADER RAISED HIS BATON AND THE SIX SOLDIERS POINTED THEIR MUSKETS TOWARD THE BLUE SKY.

WILLIAM CURRIER WAVED HIS HAND TO THE MEN BY THE STERN. THE LAST BLOCK SNAPPED AND THE LONG SHIP TREMBLED.

A CRASH OF SPLINTERED GLASS FAR FORWARD AND A VOICE CRIED, "NAME DREAD-NOUGHT!" THE VOLLEY FROM THE MUSKETS CAME JUST BEFORE THE FIRST STIRRING STRAINS OF "HAIL COLUMBIA," AND THE CRY "THAR! THAR SHE GOES," WAS DROWNED IN A ROAR OF THOUSANDS OF CHEERING VOICES.

THE LONG SHIP TREMBLED AGAIN, AND SLID SLOWLY BACK. IT GAINED SPEED, AND SUDDENLY WHITE SPRAY CLOUDED ITS STERN. THE SHARP PROW NODDED ONCE TOWARD THE SEA OF FACES ASHORE, AND THE CLIPPER ROCKED AND BACKED TWICE ITS LENGTH, BEFORE THE ANCHOR SPLASHED AND HELD.

STANDING A LITTLE APART FROM THE REST, CAPTAIN SAM SAMUELS MUTTERED INTO HIS BEARD, "DREADNOUGHT THEY'VE NAMED YOU, BUT THAT'S NOT HOW THEY'LL KNOW US SOME DAY. THE 'WILD BOAT OF THE ATLANTIC'," HE CHUCKLED, "THAT'S WHAT YOU'LL BE. YOU'LL BE A PACKET FOLKS WILL HEAR ABOUT."

IN HIS DIARY HE WOULD WRITE IT, ---
"SEMI-CLIPPER DREADNOUGHT - NEWBURYPORT,
OCTOBER THE SIXTH, THE YEAR ONE THOUSAND
EIGHT HUNDRED FIFTY THREE. FOR THE RED
CROSS LINE - MASTER, S. SAMUELS."

CHAPTER IX

1930

GRANDMOTHER TURNER HAD BEEN MADE COMFORTABLE IN THE WICKER CHAIR BY THE WINDOW. WITH TWO PILLOWS PROPPED BEHIND HER THIN SHOULDERS, SHE COULD LOOK OUT OVER HIGH STREET, BETWEEN THE FULL-LEAFED ELMS, AND SEE QUITE WELL THE ROADWAY OVER WHICH A GREAT PARADE WAS SOON TO PASS.

THE CLOCK IN THE TOWER OF ST. PAULS CHURCH NEAR BARTLETT MALL STRUCK THE HOUR. ONE -- TWO -- THREE.

SHE MOVED HER HEAD TOWARD THE DOOR AS SHE HEARD THE SWIFT THUDDING OF FEET IN THE CARPETED HALL. JOHNNY, HIS FACE SCRUBBED TILL IT SHONE, SWUNG INTO THE ROOM AND MADE FOR THE OTHER WINDOW FACING THE STREET. JANE, WITH PINK RIBBONS FASTENED TO EACH SIDE OF HER GOLDEN HEAD, WAS MORE POLITE. "WILL WE BOTHER YOU TOO MUCH IF WE COME IN HERE, GRANDMOTHER?" SHE ASKED FROM THE DOORWAY.

"COME IN, CHILD," GRANDMOTHER ANSWERED. "BUT JOHN HAS ALREADY TAKEN THE BEST PLACE. I'M AFRAID YOU'RE TOO PO-

LITE TO BE VERY SUCCESSFUL THESE DAYS," SHE ADDED SLOWLY.

JOHNNY'S CHEEKS TURNED RED, AND HE BACKED CLEAR TO THE EDGE OF THE WINDOW. "COME ON, SIS," HE CALLED OUT, "THERE IS ROOM HERE FOR BOTH OF US."

THE SPLUTTER OF A POLICEMAN'S MOTORCYCLE GREW LOUDER AS THE MACHINE ROARED PAST. GRANDMOTHER AND THE TWO CHILDREN COULD HEAR STEPS ON THE BRICK WALK OUTSIDE AND THE VOICES OF CHILDREN CALLING TO EACH OTHER. MEN AND WOMEN WALKED SWIFTLY PAST THE GREAT WHITE HOUSE OR HALTED BENEATH THE SHADE OF THE SPREADING ELMS.

"GRANDMOTHER," JOHNNY ASKED SUDDENLY, "ISN'T THERE SOME STORY ABOUT THAT BIG HOUSE WITH THE WATCH TOWER, ACROSS THE STREET?"

GRANDMOTHER SMILED. "OH, -- YOU MEAN THE OLD DEXTER PLACE? THAT ODD CITIZEN WHO CALLED HIMSELF 'LORD' TIMOTHY DEXTER ONCE LIVED THERE. ALTHOUGH HE WAS NOT BORN IN NEWBURYPORT, HE LIVED HERE MOST OF HIS LIFE. TODAY MANY PEOPLE GO TO THE OLD HILL BURYING GROUND TO SEE THE GRAVE OF THIS QUEER MAN."

"WASN'T HE THE MAN WHO SENT ALL THE WARMING PANS TO THE WEST INDIES?" JOHNNY ASKED.

"HE WAS. I DON'T KNOW THAT WE CAN LOOK UPON THAT AS SUCH A STRANGE THING TODAY, THOUGH. YOU SEE, LORD TIMOTHY KNEW THAT SHIPS FROM THE BALTIC OFTEN WENT TO THE WEST INDIES, JUST AS OUR OWN MERCHANTMEN SAILED THERE. PERHAPS HE

WAS BRIGHT ENOUGH TO THINK THAT THINGS MIGHT TURN OUT AS THEY DID. ANYHOW, THE CAPTAIN OF A SHIP FROM THE COLD BALTIC TOOK THE LOAD OF MITTENS LORD TIMOTHY HAD SENT TO ONE OF THE WARMEST COUNTRIES IN THE WORLD. WE KNOW, TOO, THAT THE MEN WHO WORKED ON THE BIG SUGAR PLANTATIONS WERE ABLE TO USE THE WARMING PANS VERY NICELY FOR STRAINING THE SYRUP, AND LORD TIMOTHY MUST HAVE ADDED TO HIS ALREADY FAT BANK ACCOUNT, IN SPITE OF ALL THE FUN THAT PEOPLE MADE OF HIM."

BY NOW THE SIDEWALKS BEFORE THE HOUSE WERE FILLED WITH WAITING PEOPLE.

"THIS TERCENTENARY PARADE OUGHT TO BE COMING ALONG PRETTY SOON," JOHNNY SAID.

JANE GAVE HER BROTHER A RESPECTFUL GLANCE AND ASKED, "GRANDMOTHER, WHAT DO THEY MEAN BY TERCENTENARY, ANYWAY?"

"KNOW WHAT YOUR BIRTHDAY IS, DON'T YOU, CHILD?" SHE ASKED BRISKLY. WITHOUT WAITING FOR JANE'S "YES," SHE WENT ON, "WELL, THAT'S WHAT THIS IS. THE THREE HUNDREDTH BIRTHDAY OF THE SETTLEMENT OF MASSACHUSETTS BY THE PURITANS. IN ONLY FIVE MORE YEARS IT WILL BE EXACTLY THAT LONG SINCE THE SETTLERS LANDED ON THE BANKS OF THE PARKER RIVER, DOWN IN OLD-TOWN."

SHE EXPLAINED TO THEM THEN THAT THE CELEBRATION WHICH WAS LASTING MOST OF THE WEEK WAS TO SHOW THE PEOPLE OF 1930 A LITTLE OF ALL THAT WAS KNOWN OF THE EARLY DAYS OF THE WHITE SETTLERS IN NEW-BURY OLDTOWN, THE PORT, AND WEST NEWBURY.

THE PARADE, THIS AFTERNOON, WAS TO

BE AN HISTORICAL PAGEANT. MOUNTED ON FLOATS WOULD BE MEN AND WOMEN DRESSED IN THE STYLES OF GENERATIONS BEFORE. SOME OF THE MEN WOULD WEAR LONG BLACK COATS AND POWDERED WIGS. THE WOMEN WOULD BE IN WIDE COLONIAL GOWNS, WITH THEIR FANS OUT-SPREAD, OR FOR THE EARLIER SCENES, THE GRAY OR BROWN WIDE SPREADING SKIRTS WITH WHITE APRONS AND HOLLAND LINEN COLLARS.

"SEE THE SAILORS," JANE CRIED OUT SUDDENLY. SHE POINTED TOWARD THE MEN IN THEIR TIGHT - FITTING BLUE TROUSERS AND BLOUSES, WITH ROUND, WHITE CAPS PUSHED BACK ON THEIR HEADS. THEY WERE STANDING AT SPACED INTERVALS BY THE EDGE OF THE CURB, TO ACT AS POLICE.

"THEY'RE FROM THE BIG CRUISER ANCHORED OUTSIDE THE HARBOR," JOHNNY EXPLAINED. "THE CINCINNATTI, ISN'T IT, GRANDMOTHER?" HE ASKED.

"I THINK SO," GRANDMOTHER SAID. TWISTING IN HER CHAIR SHE CALLED, "ANNE, MY DEAR, CAN YOU COME NOW?"

"COMING," HER DAUGHTER CALLED FROM THE FOOT OF THE STAIRS. A MOMENT LATER SHE WAS STANDING BESIDE THE WICKER CHAIR AND LOOKING OUT UPON THE GAY SCENE BELOW.

"HEAR THE MUSIC?" JANE AND JOHNNY BOTH SPOKE AT ONCE. "MAY WE OPEN THIS WINDOW?" THEY ASKED, LOOKING ANXIOUSLY TOWARD MOTHER AND GRANDMOTHER.

"YES, OPEN IT," GRANDMOTHER SAID, TURNING BACK TOWARD THE STREET.

BUGLES AND TRUMPETS, THE ROLLING OF DRUMS AND SHRILL PIPING OF FIFES MIXED WITH THE LOUD CLAPPING OF THE CROWDS ON THE SIDEWALKS.

"THERE COMES THE FIRST FLOAT," JOHNNY CRIED. "IT'S ALL TREES, LIKE A FOREST. THERE'S A DEER, -- SEE IT THERE POKING ITS HEAD OUT BETWEEN THE TREES?"

THE MOUNTED RIDER RAISED HIGH HIS PLACARD AS HE RODE BESIDE THE FIRST FLOAT. "FOREST PRIMEVAL," IT READ.

"SO IT WAS, WHEN FIRST THEY CAME TO THESE SHORES," GRANDMOTHER SAID QUICKLY. "FORESTS AND ANIMALS -- AND THERE, COMING NOW, IS THE REST OF THE STORY OF THE EARLIEST DAYS."

THE CHILDREN STARED AT THE SCENE OF THE INDIANS. CROUCHED, STANDING, SITTING, -- THEIR PAINTED BODIES AND BOWS AND ARROWS BROUGHT BOTH CHILDREN STIFF AGAINST THE WINDOW EDGE. "WHEE," JOHNNY BREATHED, SUCKING IN HIS LIP.

THE GOVERNOR OF THE EARLY MASSACHUSETTS BAY COLONY, JOHN WINTHROP, WAS SHOWN AS HE LANDED IN NEW ENGLAND IN 1630.

JOHNNY AND JANE TRIED TO UNDERSTAND THE MEANING OF ALL THE STRANGE SCENES ROLLING PAST. GRANDMOTHER'S EYES WERE BRIGHT, AND HER HANDS CLASPED TIGHTLY THE ARMS OF HER CHAIR. IN HER MIND SHE WAS LIVING THE STORY OF THE NEWBURYS OF OTHER YEARS AND TIMES.

FLOATS SHOWED THE SILVERSMITHING OF EARLY DAYS.

"SEE THE BIG 'T' ON THE SIDE?" GRANDMOTHER CALLED. "THAT STANDS FOR THE TOWLE COMPANY, UP ON MERRIWACK STREET. THEY'RE STILL TURNING OUT THE FINEST OF STERLING WARE. WITH THE MOULTON FAMILY IN 1690, THE BUSINESS BEGAN, AND IT STILL IS THERE TODAY."

"LOOK," JOHNNY CRIED, GRASPING JANE'S ARM. "THERE BEHIND THOSE TREES. SEE THE INDIANS? THEY'RE GOING TO KILL THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN STANDING OUTSIDE THE CABIN."

"INDIAN RAID AT TURKEY HILL," JANE READ THE SIGN EXCITEDLY. SHE SHUDDERED AS SHE SAW THE TOMAHAWKS RAISED IN THE HANDS OF THE CROUCHING INDIANS.

FLOATS PASSED TO SHOW THE EARLY MAKING OF COMBS IN WEST NEWBURY. IN 1756 THIS WAS BEGUN, THE SIGN TOLD THEM. JANE REMEMBERED READING THAT IN THE EARLY DAYS ONE OF THE NOYES FAMILY HAD SAILED TO SPAIN ON A MERCHANT SHIP, JUST TO SEE WHAT KIND OF COMBS THE SPANISH LADIES WORE IN THEIR HAIR.

THERE PASSED THE LADIES IN FULL SKIRTS, THE GENTLEMEN IN KNEE BREECHES AND POWDERED WIGS, WHO HAD DANCED SO LIGHTLY IN THE BALLROOMS OF STATELY HOUSES, AND EXCHANGED COURTLY SPEECH WITH THE VISITING MARQUIS DE LAFAYETTE.

ONE FLOAT SHOWED NEWBURYPORT'S OWN REVOLUTIONARY TEA PARTY; ANOTHER, THE HURRIED DEPARTURE OF COLONEL MOSES LITTLE FOR THE BATTLE OF LEXINGTON.

MOTHER TURNED FROM THE WINDOW AND SPOKE. "CHILDREN, -- LOOK THERE. SEE

THE WATER RUNNING DOWN THE ROCK SLOPE ON THAT FLOAT GOING BY? SEE THE SHOVELS AND PICKS? THE MEN WHO LEFT HERE TO MAKE THEIR FORTUNES IN THE GOLD FIELDS OUT WEST! THEY WENT IN 1849, -- THAT'S WHY THEY'RE CALLED THE 'FORTY-NINERS.'"

GRANDMOTHER TWISTED IN HER CHAIR. "DID YOU SEE THE FLOAT SHOWING THE CABIN WITH THE NEGROES BEFORE IT? THE ONE WITH THE TALL MAN IN THE LONG BLACK COAT STANDING THERE WITH THE PAPER IN HIS HAND? THAT WAS WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON. TIME WAS WHEN THEY DIDN'T THINK OVER MUCH OF THE GENTLEMAN, BACK IN THE DAYS BEFORE THE CIVIL WAR. NOW THEY HONOR HIM, AND RIGHTLY."

"DID HE COME FROM HERE?" JANE ASKED.

"INDEED HE DID. HE USED TO SET TYPE AT THE OLD 'HERALD' OFFICE WHEN HE WAS BUT A BOY. THEY CALLED HIM THE 'GREAT LIBERATOR,' YOU KNOW. SOME PEOPLE OPPOSED HIM BECAUSE THEY FEARED HE AND HIS FRIENDS WOULD BRING ON A WAR TO DECIDE A QUESTION WHICH SHOULD BE SETTLED, AS THEY THOUGHT, BY ARBITRATION. THERE ARE TWO SIDES TO EVERY QUESTION, MY CHILD. BUT GARRISON SAW ONLY ONE. WHEN IT WAS STILL DANGEROUS TO TALK OF FREEING THE NEGRO SLAVES, HE BROUGHT OUT A NEWSPAPER TO DEFEND THEIR RIGHTS. IN THE VERY FIRST ISSUE HE SAID, 'I WILL NOT EQUIVOCATE, I WILL NOT RETREAT AN INCH, AND I WILL BE HEARD.' NOW THERE'S A STATUE OF HIM IN BROWN SQUARE, BEFORE THE GARRISON INN."

"HOW MANY MORE FLOATS ARE THERE GOING TO BE?" JANE ASKED, RESTING HER HEAD AGAINST THE WINDOW CASING.

SUDDENLY SHE STRAIGHTENED. "LOOK," SHE CRIED. "SEE THE QUEER - LOOKING MEN IN THE LONG, COLORED ROBES. THEY'RE CHINAMEN, AREN'T THEY?"

MOTHER NODDED. "THAT SHOWS THE SIGNING OF THE FIRST TRADE TREATY WITH CHINA. THE WHITE MAN THERE, READY TO SIGN THE PAPER BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND CHINA, -- THAT IS CALEB CUSHING. HE WAS THE CITY'S FIRST MAYOR, A GREAT STATESMAN, AND A GREAT MAN. HE IS OFTEN SPOKEN OF AS ONE OF NEWBURYPORT'S MOST FAMOUS SONS."

"THERE'S THE DREADNOUGHT," JOHNNY CRIED SUDDENLY. "ISN'T THAT GREAT?" HE DEMANDED, LEANING FORWARD. "I'D LIKE TO HAVE BEEN HERE IN THOSE DAYS," HE ADDED DREAMILY, WATCHING THE FLOAT RIDE SMOOTHLY BY. PEOPLE CLAPPED THEIR HANDS. THE MEN REMOVED THEIR STRAW HATS AND HELD THEM OVER THEIR HEARTS AS THE FLAG ON THE SHIP'S STERN PASSED BEFORE THEM.

IT WAS THEN THAT THEY HEARD THE CROWDS FURTHER DOWN THE STREET ROARING. IT WAS A NOISE THAT SEEMED TO GROW AND FILL THE AIR.

GRANDMOTHER SAT A TRIFLE MORE ERECT IN HER CHAIR. HER EYES SPARKLED. "THE GREELY EXPEDITION," SHE SAID. THEN, RESTING HER HANDS ON THE WINDOW SILL, SHE CALLED TO HER DAUGHTER, "SEE, ANNE. IN THE OPEN CAR. THE ONE FOLLOWING THE GREELY FLOAT. I DECLARE, IT IS LIEUTENANT GREELY HIMSELF!"

"NOT LIEUTENANT ANY MORE, MOTHER," ANNE SAID, LAUGHING. "THAT WAS YEARS AGO, DEAR. MAJOR - GENERAL ADOLPHUS W.

GREELY NOW, YOU KNOW. CHILDREN, HE'S THE BRAVE MAN WHO WAS IN COMMAND OF THE LADY FRANKLIN BAY ARCTIC EXPEDITION IN 1881."

"HEAR THE CROWDS CHEER," ANNE WENT ON. "THEY SAY HE MADE A SPLENDID SPEECH AT THE TRACY HOUSE."

ANNE WAS SPEAKING OF THE PARADE OF TWO DAYS BEFORE. THAT HAD BEEN TO MAKE LIVE AGAIN THE VISIT OF PRESIDENT GEORGE WASHINGTON TO NEWBURYPORT IN 1789. THE MERCHANTS AND SOLDIERS HAD MARCHED AS THEIR ANCESTORS HAD DONE OVER ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY YEARS BEFORE. THE CAVALRY AND COLONIAL FIFE AND DRUM CORPS ESCORTED HIM, AS HE HAD BEEN ESCORTED GENERATIONS AGO, TO THE TRACY HOUSE.

THERE AT THE PUBLIC LIBRARY BUILDING PRESIDENT WASHINGTON HAD BEEN GREETED WITH A PREPARED SPEECH. HE HAD SPOKEN IN REPLY. THEN THE MAYOR HAD PRESENTED OTHER SPEAKERS. GOVERNOR ALLEN HAD BEEN THERE. SO, TOO, HAD BEEN THE MAN WHO WAS GREETED WITH ROUSING CHEERS AND LOUD CLAPPING OF HANDS, MAJOR-GENERAL GREELY, THE ARCTIC EXPLORER.

ANNE LOOKED DOWN AT HER WATCH. "FORTY - FIVE MINUTES, WE'VE BEEN HERE, AND IT ISN'T ALL OVER YET."

THEY WATCHED THEN, THE STORIES OF THE WARS TO WHICH NEWBURYPORT MEN HAD VOLUNTEERED. THE BLUE OF THE WAR OF 1861 FOLLOWED BY GRAY OF THE SPANISH - AMERICAN WAR. LAST CAME THE KHAKI OF THE WORLD WAR, WHICH HAD ENDED IN 1918.

BY THE TIME THE LAST FLOAT HAD

RUMBLING BY AND THE LAST SOUND OF MUSIC HAD FLOATED AWAY, GRANDMOTHER WAS MORE THAN READY TO RETURN TO THE SOFT COMFORT OF HER FOUR-POSTER BED.

JANE AND JOHNNY SLIPPED QUIETLY, NOW, DOWN THE STAIRS.

"DIDN'T THE PEOPLE SHOUT WHEN GENERAL GREELY RODE BY?" JOHNNY DEMANDED EXCITEDLY, AS THEY ENTERED THE COOL FRONT ROOM.

"WELL, WHY WOULDN'T THEY?" HIS SISTER ASKED QUICKLY. "HE MUST BE A GREAT MAN. THINK OF STAYING OFF UP THERE IN THE FREEZING ARCTIC WITHOUT ANY FOOD, LIVING OFF ANIMALS AND GOODNESS KNOWS WHAT FOR NEARLY TWO YEARS!"

"WILL YOU GET ME YESTERDAY'S PAPER? IT'S THERE ON THE TABLE," MOTHER ASKED JANE, AND CONTINUED, "WOULD YOU LIKE TO HEAR WHAT GENERAL GREELY SAID DOWN AT THE PUBLIC LIBRARY WHERE THEY HELD THE EXERCISES MONDAY AFTERNOON?"

"GENERAL GREELY SAID HE COULDN'T MAKE A SPEECH BECAUSE HE HAD NOT BEEN TRAINED IN ORATORY. HIS, HE SAID, HAD BEEN A LIFE OF ACTION. THEN HE SPOKE A FEW WORDS."

"HERE, JOHNNY, -- YOU ADMIRE HIM SO MUCH, READ US WHAT HE SAID."

JOHNNY SPREAD THE PAPER OVER THE TABLE AND READ THE SPEECH SLOWLY AND CLEARLY.

"I WOULD SPEAK OF NEWBURYPORT AS I HAVE KNOWN IT FOR EIGHTY YEARS, SINCE I LISTENED TO THE INAUGURAL

SPEECH OF CALEB CUSHING.

"IT WAS THEN A TOWN WHOSE SKILFUL CAPTAINS AND BRAVE SEAMEN JOURNEYED TO ALL SEAPORTS OF THE WORLD. ITS ARTISANS BUILT THE FASTEST SHIPS IN THE WORLD. ITS MERCHANTS CONDUCTED FOREIGN COMMERCE ON THEIR OWN SHIPS. ITS VOLUNTEERS JOINED IN THE DEFENSE OF THEIR COUNTRY.

"ITS CHURCHES AND SCHOOLS WERE THE POWER WHICH TRAINED ITS BOYS AND GIRLS TO BE INTELLIGENT AND HONEST CITIZENS. IT OPENED THE FIRST FREE HIGH SCHOOL FOR WOMEN. IT MAINTAINED ORDER BY CURFEW BELL WHICH KEPT ITS YOUTH IN SEASONABLE HOURS. CHURCH AND SCHOOL MADE ME THE MAN THAT I AM, WITH MY ANCESTORS A STRONG, STABLE PEOPLE.

"NOW I SEE IT IN THE 20TH CENTURY, ENLARGED BY A NEW FLOOD OF IMMIGRANTS. HEBREW AND GAEL, ARMENIAN AND POLE, CANADIAN AND ITALIAN, COME FOR THE SAME REASON THAT ACTUATED OUR ANCESTORS.

"FREEDOM OF RELIGIOUS FAITH, EXEMPTION FROM VARIOUS FORMS OF OPPRESSION AND INJUSTICE HAVE BEEN THE CAUSES OF THIS LARGE IMMIGRATION.

"WE LOOK TO THEIR CHILDREN TO MAKE THE NEWBURYPORT OF THE FUTURE THE SAME CITY OF STANDARDS AND EDUCATION THAT WE HAND DOWN TO THEM.

"LET THEIR EDUCATION AND ACTION

FULFIL THE URGE OF AN ENGLISH
WRITER WHO WROTE:

'SCATTER DILIGENTLY IN SUSCEPT-
IBLE MINDS THE GERMS OF THE TRUE
AND BEAUTIFUL;
THEY WILL DEVELOP THEM TO TREES;
BUD, BLOOM, AND BEAR THE GOLDEN
FRUITS OF PARADISE.' "

