

copied by P.W. 7.24.96
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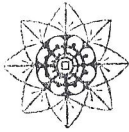
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From "Young People's Weekly."

The Lass

who

Saved the Brig.



by **Evelyn
Howard
Browne.**

The names of the owners of
this child were James and
Elizabeth Wilson, the child was
who was born in 1920, married
Thomas Wallace, their daughter
Elizabeth married Thomas Patterson
their son Peter married Esther
P. Spaulding

† WAS born neither on this side of the ocean, nor on that side of the ocean, nor anywhere on the face of God's earth.

That was the quaint conundrum with which my sweet old Scotch great-great-grandmother loved to puzzle her little New World grand-children. It always preceded the story of which they never wearied.

A strong, fair wind was bearing the vessel toward the New World. Sterling men were on board. There were women, too, in whose Scotch hearts beat naught but truth and fearlessness. There were those among them on whose lives and faces had been left the impress of the terrible siege of Londonderry---strong-visaged men who had fought for their God and their religion---strong, pure women who held up the hands of the men in battle when "they were as the Israelites in the Red Sea."

By the dim light of the swinging lantern, they gathered about the table in the cabin of the brig on those long evenings. And the hearts of the young thrilled within them, and the pulses of the elders beat quicker, as those days of terror were recalled.

Thirty-one years had passed. Those stern old men had been strong and young in those days of of 1689. Their eyes kindled as they recalled how the townsmen, defying death and the enemy, had withstood for one hundred and five awful days the siege before which James the besieger had expected them to give way in two short days. The hearts of the older women swelled, and their eyes grew moist, as they thought of horrors of which they could not speak.

The young men and maidens flushed with pride, and the little children opened their eyes wide with terror and an ever-new wonder, as they heard how the women of the town took up arms and rushed fiercely into the midst of battle when the men were well-nigh overcome.

Such was the company of men and women who in 1720 left Londonderry of the old world---the Irish home of their Scotch ancestors---to seek a home in Londonderry of the new world---a home where they could worship their God in the simplicity of their honest Scotch hearts.

"A sail! a sail!"

As it was shouted down by a man in the foretop, it was taken up and passed joyously from mouth to mouth on deck. Rapidly it found its way through the scuttle to the cabin below. By the time the strange craft was visible to the untrained eyes of the landsmen the deck was lined with curious watchers.

As the vessel drew near enough to signal, it was with unfeigned interest that the passengers on the brig watched the raising of the signals. But soon a pallor overspread the bronzed faces, and women involuntarily clutched the arms of the strong men who stood beside them on the deck.

On the poop stood the captain, his clear, honest eyes riveted on the death signal---the black flag.

"All passengers below," he shouted. And again he raised his eyes to the approaching vessel.

"Surrender or sink," he read from the signals floating from the spanker gaff, below the black flag.

As the horrified passengers quietly obeyed the imperative command, the captain summoned his first mate. He was a man of few words, this Scotch captain. He raised his hand and pointed with his forefinger to the signals.

"Aye, sir," responded his English mate, "but you are not the man to surrender, sir."

"The weemin, mon---the weemin and the bairns. If we were but men, we'd give you a broadside, and then fight for it, mon to mon. But the weemin."

"Aye, sir, you're right."

All hands were piped on deck. The male passengers were called from below, the women ordered to remain in the cabin. The captain himself raising the galling signal,---

"We surrender."

The sailors and passengers were ordered to the round-house, where the cutlasses and fire-arms were stacked. Each man armed himself and returned.

"Heave to," shouted the captain.

Promptly the command was obeyed.

In a few moments the pirate boat bore down on them, and swung broadside to against the vessel. Grappling irons were thrown out and the boats were made fast. With a rush the pirates, led by the captain, were on board. Strong, athletic fellows they were, most of them Englishmen. They were clad in rough trousers, loose shirts of coarse blue material, and slouch hats. The sombreness of most of the costumes was relieved by the red cotton handkerchiefs which were knotted loosely about the bronzed throats. From each belt gleamed a brace of pistols and a case-knife. Each man carried a wicked-looking boarding pike.

The gallant Scotch captain, his face white and grim, approached the captain of the pirate craft.

"For oursel's," he said, "we ask---naething. For the weemin an' bairns, mercy."

"Women, did you say?" asked the pirate.

"Yes, an' bairns. An' it was for them we surrendered, ye understand."

Promptly the pirate captain took command. Sentries were stationed, and men detailed to search the hold for treasures.

Dusk stole on. The women prayed in the cabin, and the men watched on deck. And the captain of the pirate band sat by the stationary table in the round-house, drinking a bowl with five of his most trusted men. The swarthy faces were weird in the dim, flickering light of the two sputtering candles. The wicked boarding pikes leaned against the table, ready to be seized at the first warning. The glasses clicked, showing the good humor of the men.

"Ah, Johns," said the captain, as an immense fellow appeared at the door of the round-house, "how goes it below?"

"All well, sir. But we did little in the cabin. The women are there, and there would seem to be a young babe with them, sir, and---"

"Turning tender-heart, are you?" blurted the captain. "But this matter of the women and childreh---I like it not. Leave the women to me, Johns, I'll go below to them myself."

The captain swung himself out of the round-house, along the deck, and through the scuttle leading to the cabin.

As he sprang down the steep companionway, a sound smote his ears which quickened his pulses and arrested his steps. It was the wail of a babe---the wail of a very young babe.

As he peered through the gloom into the cabin he saw a group of women and children on their knees praying. There was no weeping---they were Scotch women. From a curtained berth at the side of the cabin came the pathetic wail of the little one.

The captain stepped into the cabin and stood by the table.

"Can one of you stop your praying and and tell me how that child is?" he asked.

The little group arose at the sound of the captain's voice.

"The bairn cam' to us an hour syne," answered a sweet-faced woman. "The poor bairnie, may the Lord bless her."

"An hour since? While I and my men were plundering the brig, that babe came among you?"

"Aye," answered the sweet-faced woman.

It was well for the captain that none of his men were by. His head dropped on his breast, and his hard eyes were growing dim.

From the curtained berth came the same pathetic cry---the cry which was touching the father-nature and softening the callous heart.

"Women," he said, as he raised his head, "I am a hard man. But I have a little one at home. And I have for a wife as sweet a lass as ever drew breath. Little does she know, my sweet lass Mary, of the life I lead. Women, I am not a God-fearing man, but with that babe's voice in my ears, with my own babe and my Mary in my heart, I cannot harm you. Go to the mother,"---the voice was once more imperative---"and tell her that the babe has saved the brig."

He looked at the sweet-faced woman as he spoke.

"God be praised," she murmured softly as she moved toward the berth.

"Hold," cried the captain. "Tell her the babe saves the brig on one condition---that she be given the sweetest name on earth for the sweetest woman on earth---my Mary."

Something caught the captain's voice---it was almost a sob.

As with one mind the little group of women and children dropped to their knees, and the strong, sweet Scotch voices were lifted in the grand old paraphrase of the nineteenth psalm---"Our God, our help in ages past."

At the sound of the voices the scuttle opened, and the sentry peered down.

"Tell the men to come below," called the pirate captain. "And tell the master of this brig, likewise, that he may come below."

"Aye, aye, sir."

The heavily-armed men, headed by the brig's captain, filed down the steep companion-way and into the cabin.

The pirate stood by the table, under the dim light of the swinging lantern. His head was bowed. He paid no heed to the quietly assembling men. Not until the return of the sweet-faced Scotch woman did he lift his head.

"And what may be her answer?" he asked.

"She says, 'Aye, an' God bless ye.' She had thought to name the bairn Elizabeth, but Mary is a bonny name, pleasant to the ear, and comforting to the heart."

"Aye, that it is," responded the pirate fervently.

He turned to the captain. "I bear you no love, as mayhap you know. But yonder little one has touched a hard man's heart. For her sake, I am sparing you all, and letting go the triggest prize I have found in many a day. The brig is yours."

With his head aloft, the pirate walked past the astonished captain and passengers. He ascended the companion-way, and the scuttle fell to with a sharp clash. They could hear his retreating steps as he stalked along the deck above.

As the little company sat about the table a few moments later, one of the pirate-band descended the companion-way, his arm laden with treasures.

"For the mother of little Mistress Mary, with the captain's compliments," he said respectfully, as he laid the treasures on the table.

Safely the little heroine reached her home in the New World---the New Hampshire home which, the year before, had been founded by a party of pioneers from the old-world Londonderry.

From time to time came goodly presents to the little Mary. They were from the pirate captain, who cherished her in his heart for the sake of the other Mary.

This is the true story with which the little ocean-born heroine, grown a sweet old grand-mother, used to fascinate her wondering grand-children of long ago---the story which charms, with an ever-new charm, her loyal, loving descendants of to-day.

