

## HISTORIC AMERICAN YACHTS

## THE SLAVE YACHT WANDERER

Winfield M. Thompson

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## PART II

## SYNOPSIS OF PART I.

**T**HE schooner yacht *Wanderer*, built at Setauket, near Port Jefferson, in 1857, for Col. John D. Johnson, of the New York Yacht Club, was sold in April, 1858, to William C. Cowie, of South Carolina. Captain Cowie had become a member of the New York Yacht Club, and announced that he purposed using the vessel for a long pleasure cruise, on which he was to be accompanied by several of his friends. A large number of



water tanks were installed in the yacht at Port Jefferson and a lighter load of stores were sent to her from New York. These facts aroused suspicion, and in June, 1858, the vessel was seized by the United States Marshall at New York, on the charge that she was being fitted out for the slave trade. Captain Corry declared the seizure an outrage, and the vessel was released. She sailed shortly afterwards for Charleston, S. C., and thence for the west coast of Africa, where, while flying the club colors, she eluded a British cruiser and secured a cargo of slaves. These were landed on Jekyll Island, on the coast of Georgia, late in November, 1858, and the vessel was subsequently laid up in a creek in the Little Satilla River, near Brunswick. Her owner, for whom Captain Corry had acted as agent, in the voyage, proved to be Charles A. L. Lamar, of Savannah, a nephew of L. Q. C. Lamar, afterwards Senator from Mississippi, and later an associate justice of the United States Supreme Court. The arrival of the *Wanderer* did not become known to the Government until some days after her cargo had been landed on Jekyll Island.

## IV.

No sooner was the *Wanderer* snugly laid up in the Little Satilla River than Captain Corry returned to his home in South Carolina, leaving Mr. Lamar to carry out his part of the undertaking by disposing of her cargo. The slaves were kept for several days on Jekyll Island until clothes could be secured for them at Savannah, and the sick could be treated and made well enough to move. Then various light-draught steamers came to the island to take them away for distribution in the interior. One steamboat load was sent to a plantation owned by Mr. Lamar on the Big Ogeechee River. Other lots went up other rivers, and in ten days after the landing all had been taken away from Jekyll Island.

It was stated later that Peter and John Du Bignon, owners of the plantation on the island, received \$15,000

from Lamar and his associates for harboring the slaves, but this seems doubtful, as Mr. Lamar's correspondence for the period shows he was far from being in funds at the time.

The news of the *Wanderer's* landing could not long be suppressed, and about a week after the event the United States Marshal at Savannah came down to Jekyll Island to see if slaves actually had been landed there. He found no evidence (though the bushes were then full of blacks, who could not speak a word of English), and he went back to Savannah empty-handed.

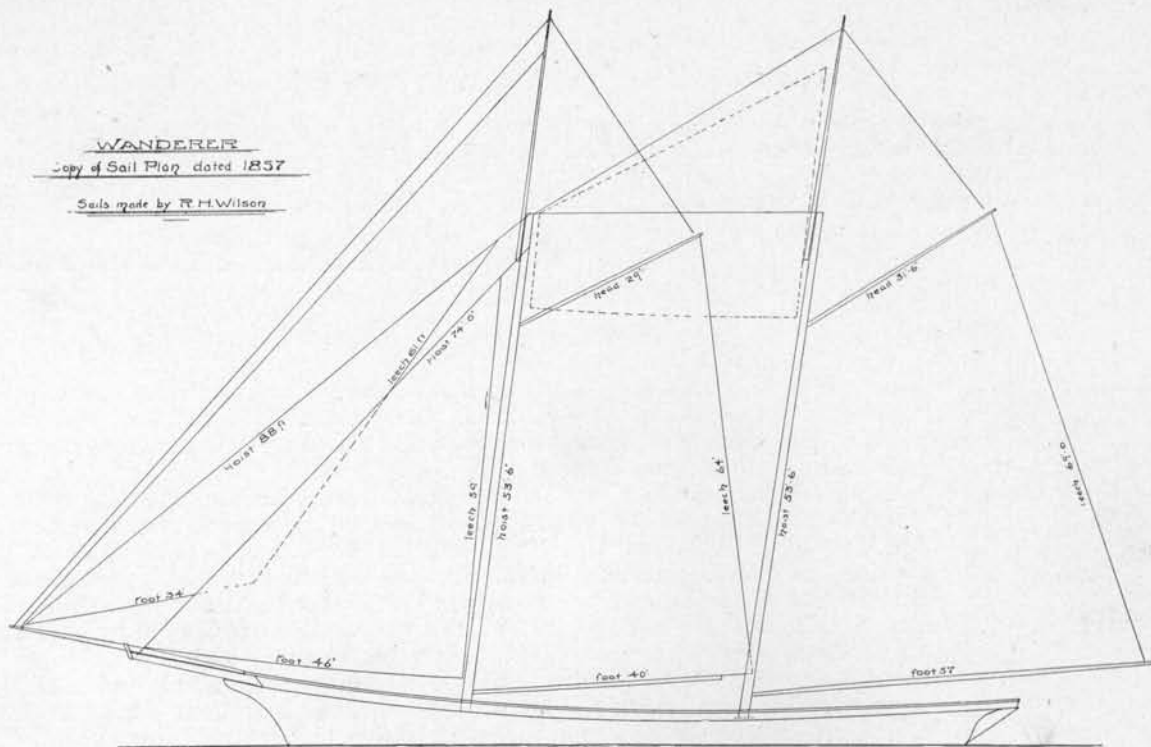
Events, however, soon plainly indicated the business in which the vessel had been engaged. The Custom House at Darien had reported her arrival, and early in December she was seized by the Government and taken around to Savannah. At the same time her sailing master, Brown and two foreign seamen, by name Ragesta and Aguirri, were arrested, charged with having been engaged in the slave trade, and were put in jail at Savannah. Neither Mr. Lamar nor Captain Corry was disturbed, but the vessel was libelled to await the result of the trial of the seamen.

A correspondent of the *Philadelphia Press* in Savannah wrote his paper in December, 1858, the following regarding her:

"The *Wanderer* and the revenue cutter *J. C. Dobbin* now lie near each other in the stream opposite our city. This afternoon, by courtesy of the officers of the *J. C. Dobbin*, I was enabled to visit this now famous craft, the *Wanderer*. She is a perfect model. A schooner of 225 tons, very sharp, tall masts, immense yards and sails. She was built for fast sailing, and she does it.

Dobbin told me that when they were bringing her round from Brunswick she sailed right away from the cutter. The *Wanderer* is well-known in New York. She once, I believe, belonged to the Yacht Club. I saw the flag of the New York Yacht Club on board of her this afternoon. She is fitted up as yachts generally are, very elegantly. The cabin and the captain's stateroom are even luxurious. Mirrors, satin-wood furniture, damask and lace curtains, elegantly framed engravings, Brussels carpets, a library of choice books, expensive nautical instruments—these form the attractive features of the yacht. The slave-deck, where human beings were packed spoon-fashion, muskets, pistols, boarding pikes, large water tanks, all betraying the disgusting and horrible nature of the last voyage of the slaver."

Mr. Lamar took the seizure of the *Wanderer* very badly. On December 18th he wrote to his friend, N. C. Trowbridge, saying, that he had returned that evening



Sail Plan of Wanderer made at time of Building, 1857

from Augusta, and that he had "distributed the negroes as best he could;" but that "things were in a hell of a fix \* \* \* He continues: "The examination commenced to-day \* \* \* They have all the pilots and men who took the yacht to Brunswick, here to testify \* \* \* She will be lost certain and sure, if not the negroes. Dr. Hazelhurst testified he attended the negroes, and swore they were Africans, and of recent importation \* \* \* all those men must be bribed \* \* \* the whole of the sick negroes will die; they are too enfeebled to administer medicine to \* \* \* I tell you, hell is to pay."

A little later Mr. Lamar wrote another friend: "The yacht is gone, I think \* \* \* I shall do all that can be done, but my attorneys say it is a bad showing".

Up to that time the ownership of the Wanderer had not been fixed on Mr. Lamar, and the press of the Southern states was careful not to print anything in connection with the case that might implicate him in it. An example of the condition of society in Savannah at the time was had in an announcement made in the Savannah *Republican* regarding the trial of the three members of the Wanderer's crew already mentioned. "Our reporter was present during the examination," the paper stated editorially, "but it has been deemed by others most prudent not to publish the testimony at present."

Captain Corry did not keep in the background, but with the assurance of a man among friends, gave himself up at Charleston, on January 22d, 1859, and was promptly admitted to bail.

That the venture with the Wanderer had not paid Mr. Lamar is shown by a letter written by him to N. C. Trowbridge, a few days after the one already quoted, in which he said:

"Don't sell any of the negroes for anything but money. I would not give a damn for all the notes that have been

sent to me. I want money. Money alone will pay my obligations."

On January 28th, 1859, he wrote his imprisoned sailing master, Captain N. D. Brown:

"Your attorneys will visit you before the trial. If a true bill is found against you by the Grand Jury I think you all ought to leave, and I will make arrangements for you to do so, if you agree with me." (The men were prisoners of the Government at the time this was written.) Mr. Lamar went on to say that he had offered the two chief witnesses \$5,000 not to testify, but could not depend on them, as "the Government is also trying to buy them." The letter continued:

"I don't think you will have much difficulty in getting out \* \* \* I am afraid they will convict me, but my case is only seven years and a fine. If I find they are likely to do so, I shall go to Cuba, until I make some compromise with the Government. Matters look badly enough just now."

Before these lines were written the Wanderer's case had become a subject of inquiry in Congress. In response to a request for information on the subject from the Senate, President Buchanan, on January 12th, 1859, sent a special message to that body, stating that "the yacht Wanderer had landed 300 Africans on the coast of Georgia," but that it was inexpedient for him to communicate to Congress at that time the papers bearing on the case, as requested.

The New York Yacht Club, on learning from this official source that the Wanderer had been used as a slaver, passed the following resolution, at a general meeting held February 3d, 1859, at the residence of the Secretary:

Whereas, in a communication to the Senate from the President of the United States, January 12th, 1859, the fact is officially stated that a cargo of upwards of 300

negroes from the coast of Africa has been landed in Georgia from the yacht *Wanderer*, and,

*Whereas*, the vessel thus designated is comprised in the list of yachts forming the New York Yacht Squadron, it is unanimously

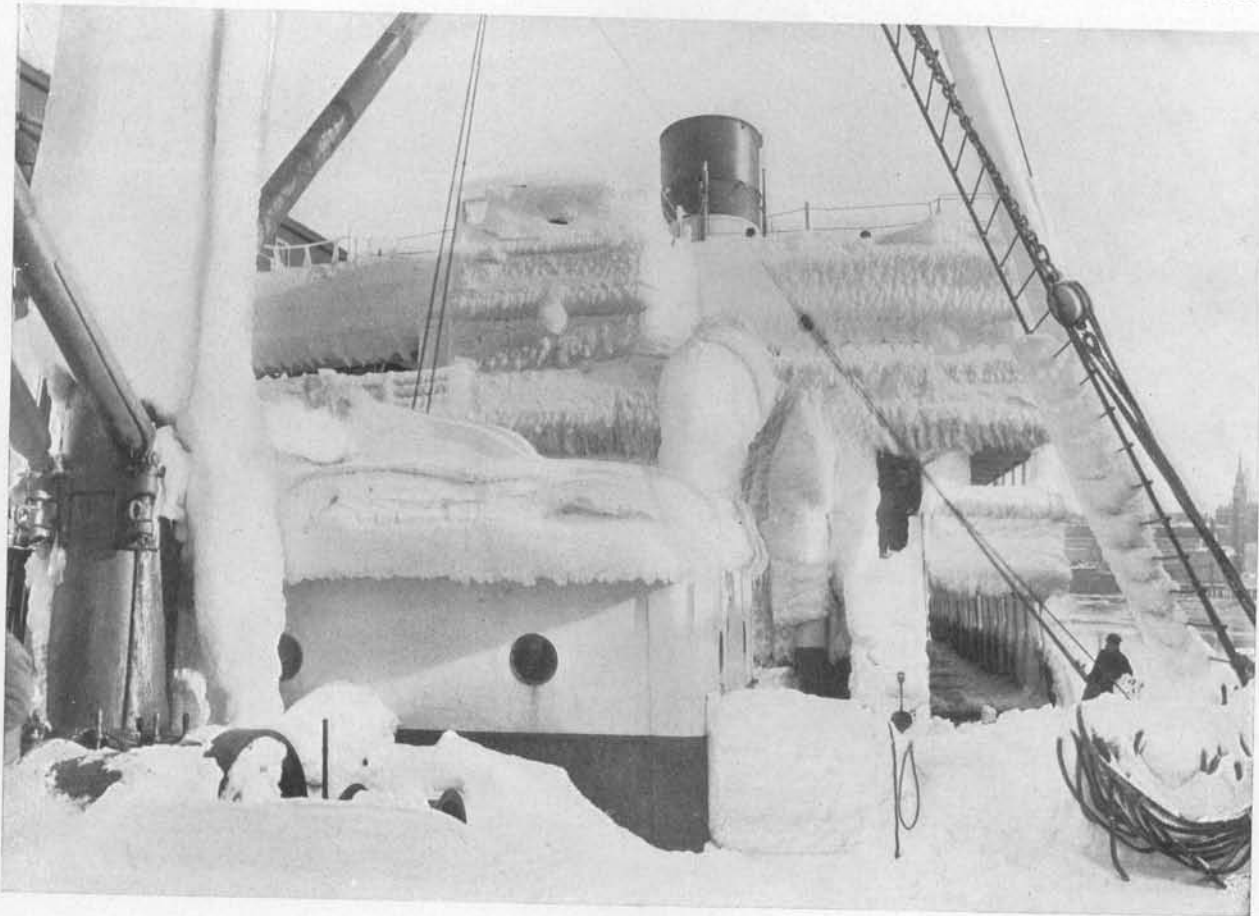
*Resolved*, that the name of the yacht *Wanderer* be erased from the list and that William C. Corry, proprietor of said yacht, and a member of this Club, primarily for his deliberate violation of the laws of the United States, but more especially from his being engaged in a traffic repugnant to humanity and to the moral sense of the members of this association, be, and he hereby is, expelled from the New York Yacht Club.

*Resolved*, that this preamble and resolution be published.

The Northern press now took up the case, and figur-

Charles A. L. Lamar now publicly proclaimed the yacht his property, and declared "the damned Government had no right to take her away from him." He also declared that no gentleman would bid against him for her, intimating that it would go hard with anyone who did. At the sale this talk was repeated by Mr. Lamar and echoed by a number of his friends. Only one person appeared with the courage to bid on the vessel. He was overbid by Lamar, to whom the craft was knocked down for \$4,000. As soon as the sale was concluded Lamar and his friends set upon the unhappy bidder (by name Van Horn) and severely beat him for his temerity.

The rest of the incident is soon told. The seamen were acquitted, after a short stay in jail. Corry was never tried. Lamar went unmolested for nearly a year, and in the meantime continued the business of a slave trader.



After a Winter Passage

atively tried Lamar up by the thumbs. The *New York Times* characterized him as a "Chivalrous Freebooter." Mr. Lamar replied by challenging Mr. Raymond, the editor, to fight a duel. Mr. Raymond's response was rather equivocally worded, but was in tenor to the effect that he really couldn't think of fighting a pirate. The *New York Tribune* printed an article on the subject, in which Mr. Lamar was stated to have "the community by the throat." Mr. Lamar wrote to Horace Greeley, asking the name of the writer, possibly with the intention of challenging him to mortal combat. Horace Greeley replied by offering Mr. Lamar the columns of the *Tribune* in which to defend himself.

On March 12th, 1859, the *Wanderer* was sold by order of the Government, at public auction, at Savannah. The morning of the sale was an exciting one in the city.

He looked on the *Wanderer* as valuable experience, and expressed himself in a letter to a friend as ready to profit by it and make good the losses he claimed to have sustained.

That he still expected the *Wanderer* to serve in his enterprises is shown by a letter to his friend Trowbridge, dated July 21, 1859, beginning "Dear Trow," and stating:

"The *Wanderer* is going to China and may return with coolies \* \* They are worth from \$340 to \$350 each in Cuba, and cost but \$12 and their passage."

In the same letter the writer complained of the conduct of Captain Brown in the *Wanderer*:

"The man who went on her before would like to go again, but he made an extraordinary claim the last time, and it of course was not settled in full—and he might take some advantage and *throw* us, to pay off any feeling

he might have against the company \* \* He claimed he was to receive \$30 a head for every one who *had life in him*, that was landed, independent of his condition, even though he might die before he could be housed \* \* Such was not the contract."

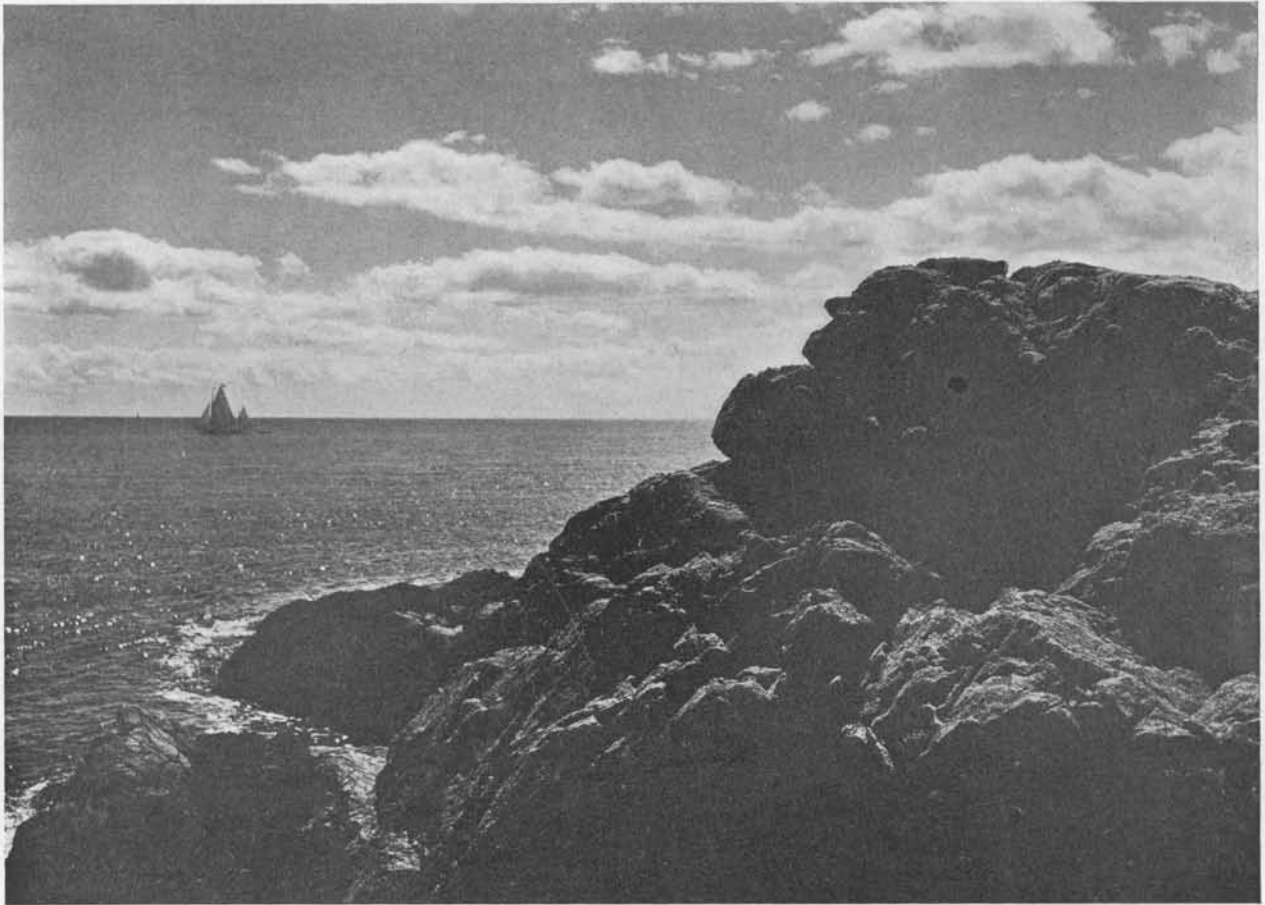
The italics are Mr. Lamar's.

Although many of the slaves brought on the Wanderer were seized by the Government, they were subsequently "rescued" by Lamar and his associates, who were indicted for the offense, but never tried.

V.

The scheme for bringing coolies from China fell through, and toward the end of the summer Mr. Lamar decided to take the Wanderer to Cuba and offer her for sale. Havana was an open market for vessels adapted

city of many smells, walked or rode in the Parado, sipped *anisado* in the cafes, watched the bull-fights, attended masked "bailes" at the Tacon theatre, mahap, or possibly saw something of the life south of Gloria and Teniente Rey streets. Havana was full of Spanish officers and Spanish soldiers, the former drawing their extra colonial pay in gold, and spending it freely, and the latter lounging on every street corner in picturesque and unsoldierly ease. But these men were not customers for a slave vessel, and as no buyer appeared among the captains of vessels in port, or agents ashore, Mr. Lamar and his friends returned in the yacht to Savannah. Here she was laid up in a berth she had occupied before, alongside the wharf at Mr. Lamar's cotton press, a short distance below the city.



Mother Ann, Gloucester Shore

to the slave trade, and if a fair price were to be obtained for the yacht it could be got there as quickly as anywhere, and in ready money.

The voyage was to be made a pleasure trip as well, and with some congenial spirits to bear him company, Mr. Lamar signaled his departure from Savannah by crowding on all sail, to see what the famous vessel could do. There was a smart offshore wind, and she soon showed what she could do, at least when not properly handled, for the mainsail jibed over with a rush, and smashed things so badly that a return had to be made for repairs. When these were accomplished, after some delay another start was made, and Havana was reached without incident.

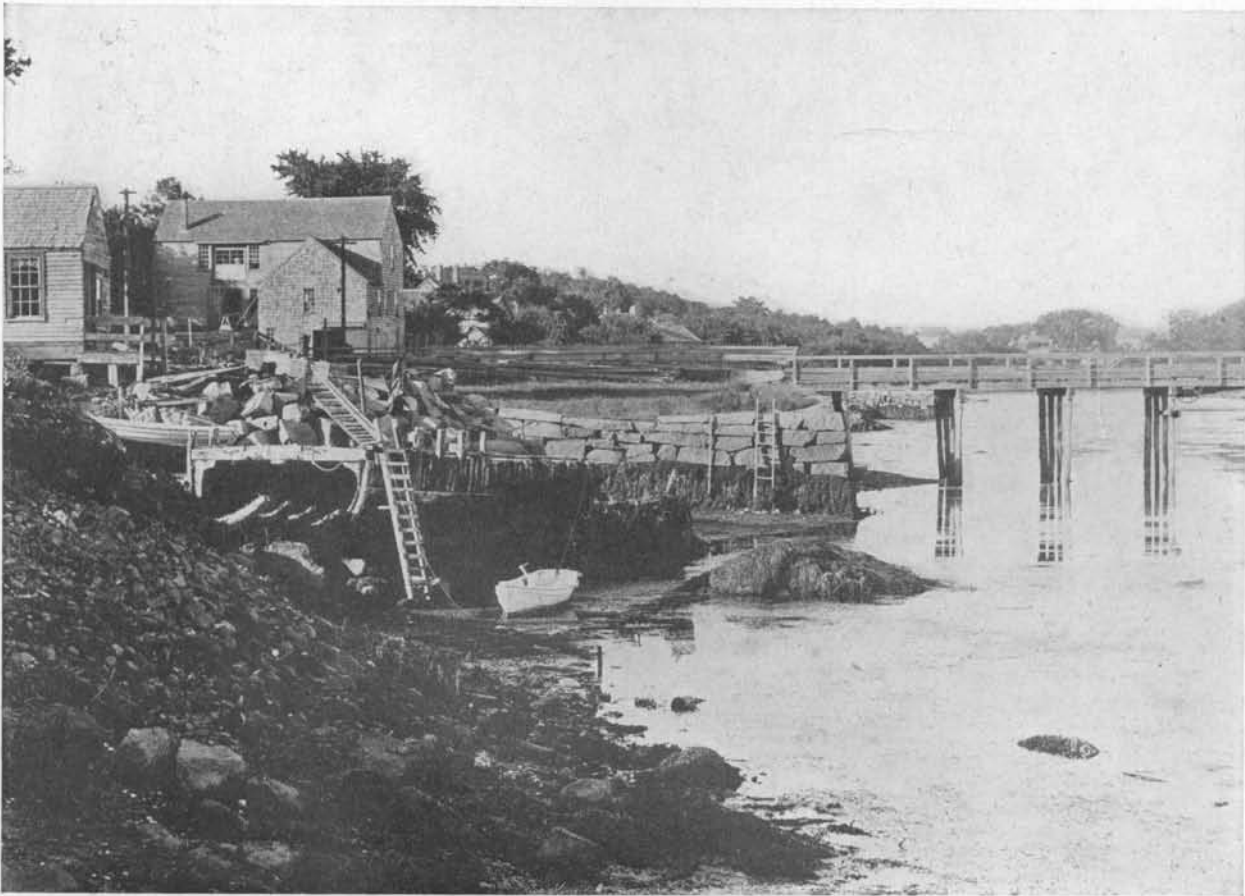
Here the Wanderer lay for some time off Regla, while her owner visited the old yellow, blue and pink

Next appeared on the scene a person who was to play a strange part in the vessel's career. He was a young seafaring man of 35 or thereabouts, with one eye and the air of a picaroon about him. He knew all about Mr. Lamar and his ventures and shortly after his arrival at Savannah was on excellent terms with that important personage. Martin was this man's name—D. S. Martin, with "Captain" before it, for he had been commander of fine vessels, he soon let the shipping element in Savannah know, and was looking for another. The Wanderer was about the kind of packet he was reckoning on getting, and if he got her he would make a cruise with her to Matanzas for fruit. He had made Mr. Lamar an offer for an interest in her, at a good figure. He didn't imagine Mr. Lamar wanted to sell more than an interest. And wouldn't she make a fine fruiter?

This was the theme of Captain Martin in various Savannah barrooms. He leered hard at his hearers as he mentioned a partnership with Mr. Lamar in the fruit business, and sometimes winked his one eye slowly and meaningly. The human drift along Savannah's waterfront eddied around the newcomer, and shipping agents bespoke a chance to ship him a good crew, if he needed one. There were plenty of men in Savannah who could be had for a voyage "fruiting."

Mr. Lamar was not deaf to the offers of the plausible Captain Martin. He smiled on him, in fact, and had him to his house. Together they went down to the wharf where the Wanderer lay and looked her over. Then an announcement was made that Captain Martin had bought the Wanderer. The purchase price was not given at the same figure by Captain Martin and Mr. Lamar. To

Captain Martin's time. He found opportunity to fill all the Wanderer's water tanks from the hose at the cotton press, to get out her sails—and by mistake some of those belonging to the slave bark E. H. Rawlins, previously mentioned—and he also took on board from Mr. Lamar's cotton press several cannisters of powder, bags of buck-shot and grape, and a box of muskets and bayonets. Mr. Lamar doubtless believed these things necessary for the voyage, since he permitted them to be taken on board from his premises. He also rowed around with Captain Martin to the marine railway, to learn if arrangements could be made for docking the Wanderer. On Sunday there was a pleasant little banquet on board the Wanderer, attended by several friends of Mr. Lamar, although that gentleman was not present, being out of town in attendance at court in another county. He returned the next evening.



Old Squam Bridge, Gloucester

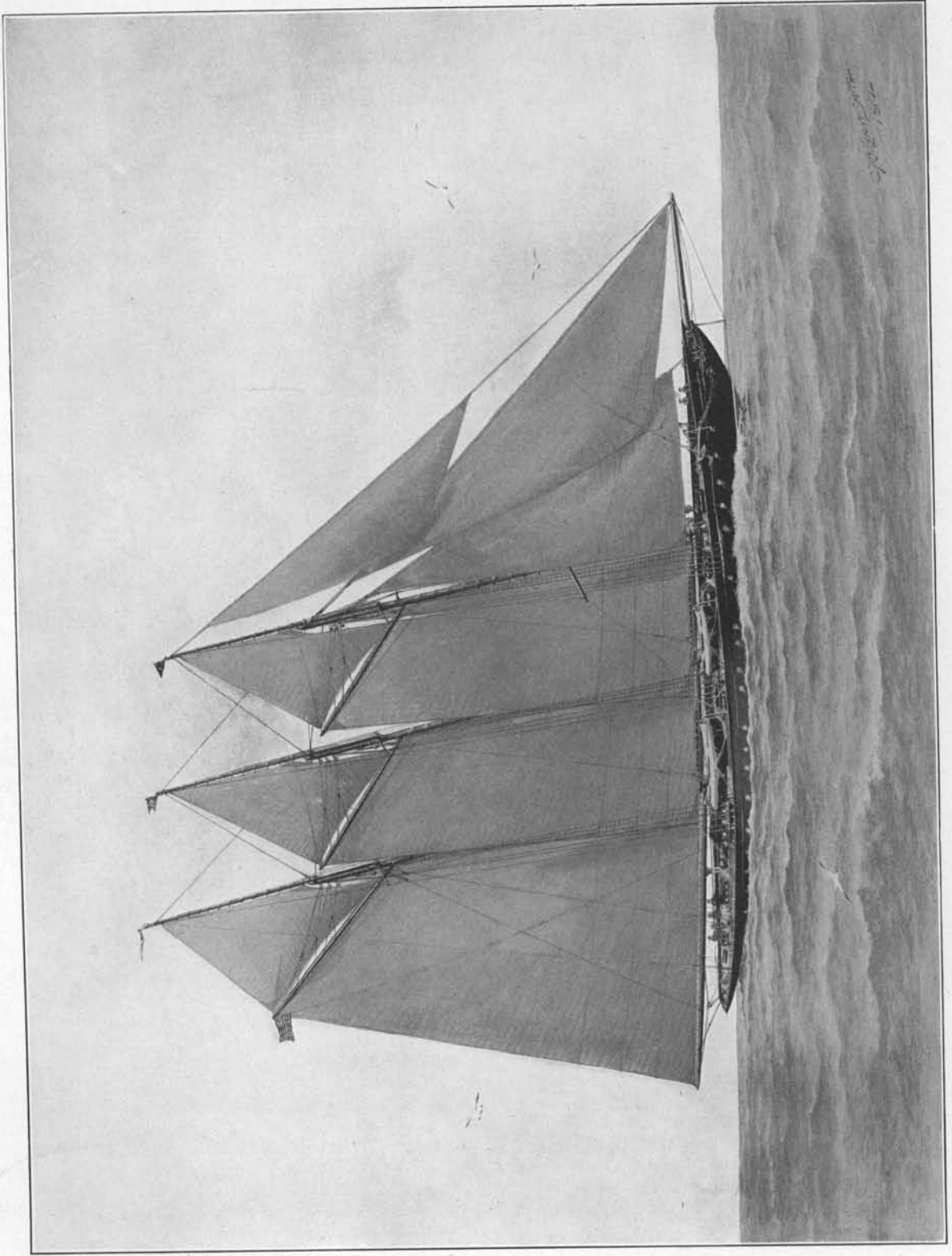
some of his oldest barroom friends the Captain said he had bought a "quarter interest at the rate of \$30,000 for the vessel."

Mr. Lamar told his confidential clerk that he had sold three-fourths of the vessel to Captain Martin at \$20,000, and he directed the clerk to see that the Captain did not leave port without paying it, should he fail to come to time on the date agreed, October 17th.

Captain Martin was active in fitting out the vessel. Between Friday, October 14th, and Monday, the 17th, he ordered about \$2,000 worth of supplies from Savannah trades people. They were eager to sell him, smelling an important voyage, and large profits. Those who did not have exactly what he wanted sent out and got it. All these goods were to be sent to the vessel when ordered by the Captain. Ordering provisions did not occupy all

Captain Martin failed to make the payment on the Wanderer, Monday, the 17th, as arranged. This did not appear to arouse Mr. Lamar to any action that night. Suspicion was stalking like a spectre among the shopkeepers, however. Those who had delivered goods that day to Captain Martin put a watch on the vessel. One a chandler, whose bill was \$1,500, sat on the bank of the river—the vessel having been hauled into the stream—until 3 a. m., fearing that she might slip out without his bill receiving attention. He had little faith in Mr. Lamar, although he had been associated with him in certain enterprises, and was now seriously doubtful of the integrity of Captain Martin.

Another tradesman, a clerk for a clothier, had a little bill of \$115 for clothes sold Captain Martin. He went aboard to present it. The Captain endeavored to wave him



Designed by Gardner & Cox

Atlantic

Owned by Wilson Marshall, Esq.

aside, and indulged in some heated language. McNichols was his name, and he had a streak of Scotch stubbornness in him. He'd have his bill, if he had to take the value of it out of the Captain's hide.

"Come, now, have a drink, and I'll make it right with you," said the Captain.

"Make it right by paying this bill," said McNichols.

"Have a drink," said the Captain, "and let's talk it over. I'm going on this blanked packet after a cargo of blackbirds. Lamar's good for the bills. You come along, and I'll give you \$4,000 for the voyage. You're the kind of man I want with me. I'll give you a note for \$4,000, endorsed by Lamar."

McNichols thought \$115 for his bill worth more, and said so. "I'll have that money, or I'll blow your damn brains out," said he. "I know your game, and I know Charles Lamar. You're a pair of rogues. You intend

a mate, whom he introduced to the two men already on board, a sailor and cook, as Mr. Welton. The mate was a Canadian, whose home was in Boston. He had met Martin in a barroom, and had been persuaded by him to give up a promised master's berth on a bark to go with him as mate.

Welton took hold vigorously, and work aboard the Wanderer began to hum. The Captain—perhaps anticipating another visit from McNichols—had frequent recourse to Dutch courage, and talked a great deal, and loudly. Mr. Lamar was not seen near the yacht for the day.

The evening of the 18th was overcast and dark. Shortly after nightfall the Wanderer's boats went ashore at the city and brought off several loads of provisions, and finally a crew, and two crimps, Edward Talbot and William F. Black.

Now followed one of the most artistic jobs of signing



A Quiet Spot

to skip your bills, run away with this vessel, to exonerate the owner. Then, when you've made a voyage, he'll step in and claim her. Isn't that about it?"

"Well, suppose it is," replied the Captain. "There's no reason for you to make so much talk. You'll get your bill. Come with me to Lamar's house, and I'll get it for you now."

McNichols refused to go to the house, or have anything to do with Mr. Lamar. He decided to go ashore, and watch the vessel, to guard against her escape by notifying the authorities if she tried to leave in the night. So he watched her all night, as several others were doing, and when morning came he went home, determined to get his money before she departed.

Tuesday, October 18th, 1858, was an important day in the Wanderer's calendar. Her Captain brought aboard

on a crew ever known to have taken place aboard an American yacht.

The men were kept busy for a short time after coming aboard putting goods below decks. None had their clothes bags with them, as they had been given to understand by the shipping men that the vessel was not to sail for some days. Some had come aboard because asked to bear a hand with the stores, others to "look around" before making up their minds about signing articles. All had been told the vessel was bound to Matanzas for fruit. Some knew better, and became uneasy as soon as they came over the rail. All soon expressed a desire to return to the shore.

They had hardly made known their wish than they learned they were trapped. Captain Martin came out of the companionway and confronted them. He had a pistol

in each hand and a cutlass at his side. This unexpected equipment of arms, and his manner, which was threatening, silenced the men.

"Not a damn man goes over that rail to-night," said he. "I'll shoot the first mother's son that tries it."

Nobody among the astonished sailors made reply. The Captain continued:

"Now I want you boys to come down aft and have a drink, and sign papers."

The men were not long in going below, led by the Captain. The cabin lamp showed a brace of pistols on the table, beside some papers, and several cutlasses and muskets on the cushions.

Whiskey was poured for the men. The shipping agents and master drank champagne. Welton took nothing.

The papers were spread out by the Captain, and the men signed such names as they were bid.

When Welton's turn came he was ordered by the Captain to sign as John Boston. This was a little joke on the Captain's part, for John Boston was the Collector of Customs at Savannah, and no friend of such gentlemen of fortune as Captain Martin. Welton refused to put down the name and signed as John Brown. All the others, by Martin's orders, signed fictitious names.

When the papers were thus duly signed, the Wanderer's crew, as the men must now style themselves, were ordered on deck.

They were chiefly young men and all hailed from the North. The shipping agents had picked them up at sailors' boarding houses in Savannah, where they had put up after leaving other vessels in port. Several were from two Bath, Me., ships, which had come in a few days before.

As shown by depositions by members of the vessel's crew made at the end of the voyage the men who signed her papers were as follows: Henry Welton, aged 30, of Boston, mate; Thomas C. Chidester, aged 26, of Trenton, N. J., cook; Major T. Donnell, aged 23, of Boston, carpenter; William Davis, aged 23, of Cork, Ireland, with a home in Pennsylvania; Thomas King, aged 22, of Philadelphia; Nathaniel Allen, aged 22, of Hamburg, Germany, with a home in New York; Charles Cole, aged 28, of New York; Albert Morgan, aged 21, of Frankfort, Me.; George Pepper, aged 19, of Bath, Me.; Thomas J. Murphy, aged 21, of Limerick, Ireland; Henry Summers, aged 21, of Dantzic, Prussia; Charles Hunter and Peter Lynch, both about 25 years of age, homes not known; and James B. Kinney, aged 53, of New York. It will be observed that Kinney was the only man past 30 in the crew. He, like others, had been tolled on board with stories of a fruiting voyage, and statements that the vessel was not to sail for eight days, and that there would be liberal advances of wages. Allen and Cole were inveigled on board by being asked to lend a hand in getting off a boatload of provisions. Allen had already shipped the day before in a square-rigger for Liverpool, and had signed articles. He objected seriously for this reason to being forced to sign on in such a suspicious packet as the Wanderer.

It is but natural that these men should have murmured against being shanghaied as they came up from the Wanderer's cabin and filed forward.

"What kind of business do you call this?" said Donnell, the carpenter, to Welton, the mate. "I don't think much of being carried off this way without a chance to write home or get an advance, or my clothes. All my stuff is ashore."

Welton replied that he had a family in Boston, and

had not been given time to communicate with them. His clothes, also, were on shore.

The other men stood about the forward deck, uttering protests against the high-handed practice of the Captain. That worthy had remained in the cabin to drink a bottle of champagne with Black and Talbot.

"Can you fight?" he demanded of the runner and the shipping agent.

"Like the devil!" said they, as one man; "only give us something to fight with."

They were given a cutlass and a pistol apiece.

"You will need those, if the cutter tries to board us down the river," said the Captain. "Every man aboard shall fight them; nobody comes over this vessel's side to-night."

The trio now went on deck, and the Captain walked forward, carrying a revolver in each hand, followed by Black, also armed, with a revolver and a cutlass.

"Did I hear anybody say he wanted to go ashore?" demanded Martin, as he came among the men. Turning to the sailor nearest him, and placing a revolver at the man's temple, he demanded: "Do you want to go ashore?"

"No sir," was the prompt response.

"That's right," said the shipping agent, "you boys don't want to go against your Captain."

"The Captain went to each man, presented a pistol to his head, and asked the same question. All disclaimed any desire to leave the vessel.

"Then we'll make sail," said Captain Martin.

Ned Talbot, the runner, was ordered by Martin to take the wheel and "steer the right course, or have his damn brains blown out."

While the sails were being hoisted the Captain paced the deck and swore fearful oaths to destroy the first man who did not do his utmost to get the vessel out of the river.

The wind was light, and there was some current, so that when the anchor cleared ground the vessel refused to pay off. The result was inevitable. She ranged slowly across the channel and grounded.

Oaths were hurled at the helmsman for a lubberly coward who had run the vessel ashore to get a chance to escape to the shore. Talbot swore he was innocent of such a purpose.

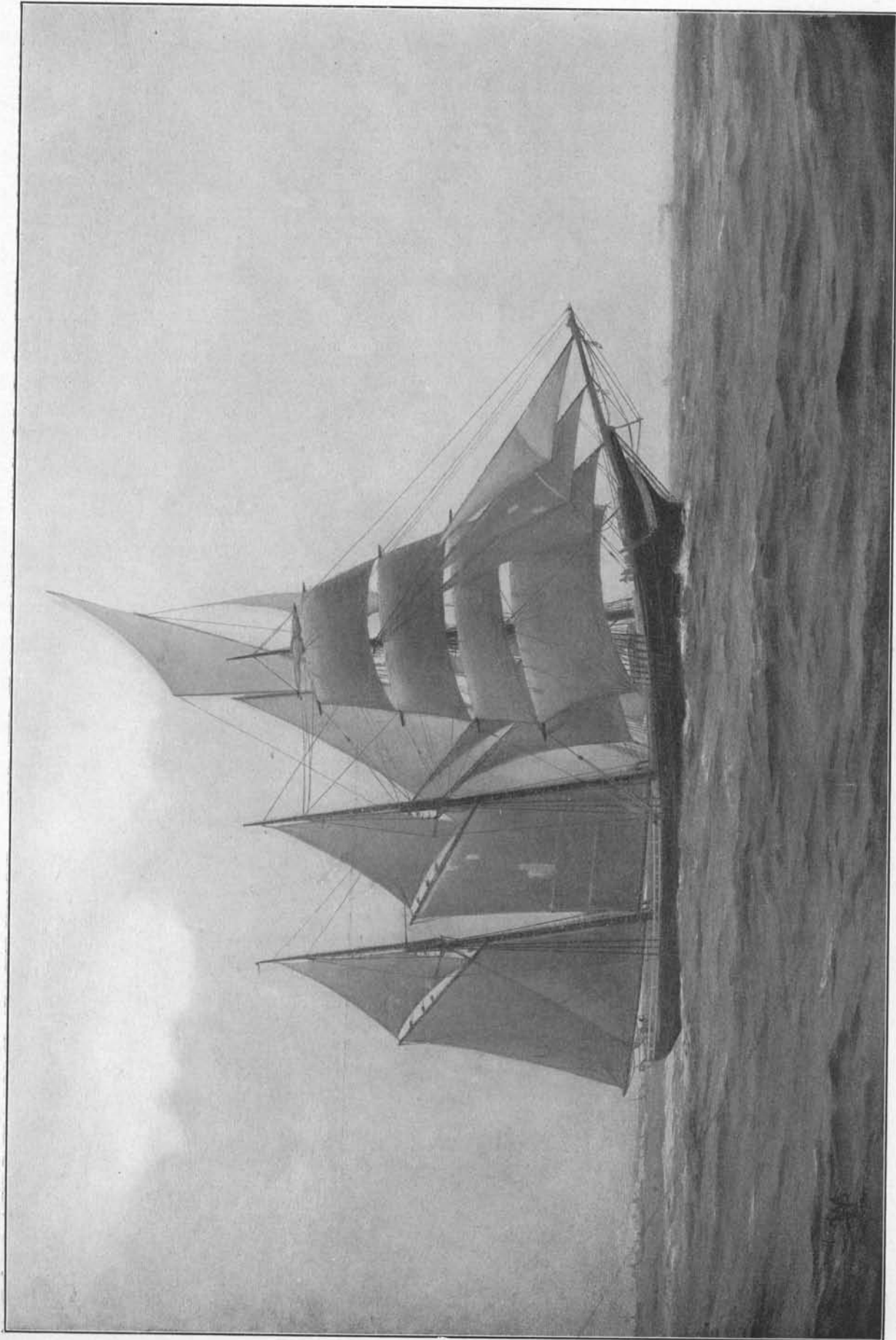
The runner's boat was alongside, and in her Martin and Black started towards the docks, where a tug lay with steam up, for help. When within hail of the tug they turned about and went back to the schooner, Martin deciding it was best not to attract too much attention. By the time they returned a kedge had been run, and as the tide was rising the schooner soon came off.

Welton now took the wheel and the journey down the river was resumed. The watchers of the night before appeared not to be on duty for no one tried to stay the schooner's progress.

Captain Martin abjured his mate to steer carefully, with two pistols thrust in his face, and these words, as Welton after testified under oath: "Now you mind what you're about, or I'll blow the damned heart out of you."

Welton did the best he could, but the Savannah River not being the best kind of a stream for navigating in the night with a deep-draught vessel, he was not successful in getting her out without again taking ground. The second grounding occurred inside Tybee, just before daylight. All hands were roused out to get the vessel off. The shipping agent and runner were asleep on the cabin cushions, and they were brought up to help. The port-bower anchor was run out with fifteen fathoms of





**A Comparison**  
*The novel sight of Reliance passing close to a large barkentine in Lower Bay, N. Y.*

chain from the starboard bow, and all hands were set to heaving. The vessel refused to budge for five hours, but finally slid into deeper water with the rising tide, and at nine o'clock was again under way, after fifteen fathoms of chain had been slipped, and left behind with the port bower.

The United States cutter, which had been stationed off the mouth of the river for several days prior to the Wanderer's exit, had left the station and the coast was clear for the departure of the schooner. Although no one was in sight to dispute his passage, Captain Martin caused the two deck guns to be loaded with grape, also a number of muskets with bullets.

Off the bar the shipping agent and runner prepared to leave the vessel. They still wore their cutlasses and carried their pistols, and as they got aboard their boat they demanded money for their services in shipping the crew. Captain Martin wrote out checks for them for \$1,000 each, on a Savannah bank. Black objected to this arrangement, and was next given a check for \$1,300, while Talbot was forced to content himself with one for \$700. With these in their pockets—worth probably the paper they were written on—and a basket of food and wine, the shipping men set out for their return trip of sixteen miles to Savannah.

When they were free of the schooner her sheets were trimmed, and the Wanderer stood offshore, Captain Martin shouting back to the men in the boat a somewhat indelicate message to the people of Savannah.

On their way up the river Black and Talbot passed a tug carrying Mr. Lamar and a party of friends looking for the Wanderer. It was then about noon, and the yacht was below the horizon.

Lamar had seemed much agitated over the "theft" of his yacht. He had declared Martin was a rogue, who, he had felt, intended to steal the vessel. Mr. Lamar had called on John Boston, Collector of the Port, the evening before, to request that word be sent the captain of the cutter to apprehend the yacht if she attempted to leave the river. The Collector had declined to take any action that would entail expense, but offered to send an officer on any vessel Mr. Lamar might send out at his own ex-

pense. Mr. Lamar had not chosen to send any vessel that night, but now the Wanderer was well clear of the river, after lying five hours aground, he was after her hot foot. After going as far as Tybee Mr. Lamar turned his tug back to Savannah. He inveighed against Martin in bitter words, and later refused to pay or consider himself liable for any bills that had been contracted by Martin. The schooner had been stolen, and that was all there was to it. The fact that Mr. Lamar and Martin were to have engaged in partnership for the voyage was not brought out until the vessel's cruise became a subject of judicial inquiry, some months later. Even then Mr. Lamar refused to pay any bills contracted on the vessel's account by Martin.

Once free of the land, Captain Martin called his men together and addressed them:

"Now, boys," said he, still armed, and with three sheets in the wind from his night's libations, "I want you to know that I'm going for a cargo of blackbirds. We are off for the West coast of Africa. I'm a son-of-a-seacook for carrying sail, and when I speak you're all to look sharp. Anybody who doesn't 'll get his head blown off."

This, with slight garnishing, was the substance of the Captain's speech. When the men had gone forward, Martin informed Welton that Mr. Lamar was to meet them down the coast with a steamer carrying stores, clothing and more men. The course was laid southeast for the day, but night fell without any steamer being sighted. It seems the steamer idea must have been discussed by Lamar with Martin, only to be rendered fruitless by the latter's precipitate departure.

Welton was greatly dissatisfied with the outlook for the voyage. He was a sailor of experience, and he soon learned that the vessel was not properly equipped for a long ocean cruise. She had neither charts, chronometer nor nautical almanac. There was a barometer, an epitome fifteen years old, and the compass, and these were the extent of the navigating outfit of the vessel. Welton asked the Captain if he had a chart of the Western Ocean and one of the Gulf Stream. Martin replied that he hadn't, but he would get them from the first vessel he met.

( To be Continued )

