

**THE FORAY OF THE
"HENDRIK HUDSON":
A TALE OF '54**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649586097

The Foray of the "Hendrik Hudson": A Tale of '54 by Frank Mackenzie Savile

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

FRANK MACKENZIE SAVILE

**THE FORAY OF THE
"HENDRIK HUDSON":
A TALE OF '54**

THE FORAY
OF THE
"HENDRIK HUDSON"



"HE WAITED TILL THE RISK SHOULD GIVE HIM AIM."

The Foray
OF THE
"Hendrik Hudson"
A Tale of '54

BY
FRANK MACKENZIE SAVILE

Illustrated by
GEORGE WILLIS BARDWELL



NEW YORK . *Frederick A.*
Stokes Company . PUBLISHERS

1903
MRS

A PRAESCRIPT.

OUT of the grey emptiness of the Baltic the slow, sullen waves were rolling, thudding on the sands of the little rock-ringed bay with monotonous, rhythmic fall. The horizon was an uncertain merge of sea and sky unbroken by a single sail. The swish of the lagging breakers made a never-ending drone, swallowing all lesser sounds into a stillness. From out the deep the mighty swellings marched upon the strand—moving silences of resistless power. But for the seabirds that perked and preened their white bosoms upon the dark rocks, the place seemed void, lifeless, desolate.

Yet behind one of the smooth, tide-worn boulders something moved—something that picked and snatched at the pebbles with white, nerveless fingers, clawing at them

aimlessly. Beneath the shadow of the rock crouched a man, bearded, long-haired, in filthy rags, swart with the dust of road and field, animal, savage, huddling to the stone like a laired jackal,

At his feet lay a cup—a tall, richly chased, double-handed beaker, gleaming yellow with the sheen of gold unalloyed. Ringed round it on the sand lay a necklet of amber beads, each pellet large as a cherry and locked to its neighbor by thick strands of virgin metal.

The lean fingers toyed and twisted the circle of beads into a hundred shapes and coronals, and as the human beast lifted up its voice now and again, a mirthless laugh cleft the unending beat of the surges. The harsh rasp of it cut the echoes horribly, and circling in their poised squadrons overhead the terns wailed an answering plaint. From far inland out of the gathering dusk came a long-drawn throaty call—the howl of the wolf leading the famished pack afield.

There were other wolves astir than those

gaunt scavengers of the night. Behind the ring of rocks that ridged landward, behind the bay, another man cowered and watched hungrily the ragged waif upon the sand. His eyes gleamed tigerishly; his hands grasped with knotted muscles the tags of seaweed beside him; half leaning, half squatting, his loins heaved with the violence of his pulses, swaying his body uncertainly. Now and again he left his strict espial into the cove and swept his gaze impatiently inland. Down upon the pebbles the restless vagrant churned the sand and wreathed the necklet ceaselessly, and his vain, joyless laugh rang in idle repetition across the rocks.

At the sound the spy shook with angry tension, and his body arched as if to spring. So might a coward wolf have crouched beside a slow-dying bullock.

Suddenly across a glade of the haggard pine forest behind him, three distant figures showed in black, moving dots. In one of his swift peerings across the tumble of boulders they caught his eye.

For a second he hesitated ; then, with a last look at the wretch who still threshed and crooned upon the pebbles, he turned and ran, bending almost to his belly among the tangle of granite slabs between the fore-shore and the forest.

It was with the slinking travel of a stoat rather than the gait of a man that he sped into the twilight of the pines, twisting his way among the dark trunks ; it was with a stoat's sudden, silent uprising that he emerged into the path and stood before three grey-coated soldiers.

The leader, with the chevrons of a sergeant on his sleeve, looked at him as a terrier might at the ferret who thrusts out the rat into his jaws. His face was a concentrated sneer as he found his voice in a single word.

“Well?” he queried.

“All is well, little father. I have tracked him. Some of the spoil lies beside him openly.”

In the excitement of his reply he drew up