

**BROUGHT  
TO BAY**

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Brought to bay by E. R. Roe

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**E. R. ROE**

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By E. R. ROE.

"Hard upon the hickory oar  
She moves too slow;  
Time we were at Shawneetown,  
Long time ago."

BOSTON:  
ESTES AND LAURIAT,  
299-305 WASHINGTON STREET.  
1882.

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## CHAPTER I.

### ADOWN THE WABASH.

A MORE excellent craft than the good keel-boat Tippecanoe never floated Indian corn to New Orleans. At any rate, this was the opinion of her commander, Captain Tom Summers. He stood upon the banks of the Wabash at Port St. Vincent, or Vincennes, as the Indiana town was more frequently called, and contemplated his vessel, ready laden for a voyage down the Ohio and the Mississippi, with as much pride as any old salt could feel who walked the deck of a full-rigged ship. His crew were all on board, and as he was about to push out into the stream, a gentleman came down the bank toward the boat, and, with a well-bred air, inquired if he had the pleasure to address Captain Summers.

"My name is Summers," replied the captain, with an inquiring look at the stranger. "What might your name be?"

"My name is Leyba," replied the stranger, "and

I come to request a passage on your boat as far as Shawneetown."

"Whar 's your traps, stranger?" said Tom. "We are just pushing her off."

"My baggage is at Shawneetown," said the gentleman; "I also am ready to move."

"Well, walk aboard, and we'll soon bid Vincennes good by."

Without another word, the new-comer did as he was bidden, and quietly seated himself near the stern of the boat. The line was cast off, the bow of the boat thrown out into the stream, and the Tippecanoe was soon floating rapidly down the Wabash.

The sun had gone down, and it was already nearly dark; the river was in fine boating condition, and as his symmetrical craft glided rapidly down the stream, Summers held the helm, and almost instinctively controlled her movement, while he cast occasional scrutinizing glances toward his passenger. Finding him indisposed to talk, Summers determined to ply him with a few civil questions.

"You said your name was—?"

"Leyba," replied the other.

"Spanish, is n't it?"

"Yes, Captain Summers; my father was Spanish."

The deferential way in which he pronounced