

Daniel Webster and the Sea Serpent

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It happened, one summer's day, that Dan'l Webster and some of his friends were out fishing. That was in the high days of his power and his fame, when the question wasn't if he was going to be President but when he was going to be President, and everybody at Kingston depot stood up when Dan'l Webster arrived to take the cars. But in spite of being Secretary of State and the biggest man in New England, he was just the same Dan'l Webster. He bought his Jamaica personal and in the jug at Colonel Sever's store in Kingston, right under a sign saying English and West India Goods, and he never was too busy to do a hand's turn for a friend. And, as for his big farm at Marshfield, that was just the apple of his eye. He buried his favorite horses with their shoes on, standing up, in a private graveyard, and wrote Latin epitaphs for them, and he often was heard to say that his big Hungarian bull, Saint Stephen, had more sense in his rear off hoof than most politicians. But, if there was one thing he loved better than Marshfield itself, it was the sea and the waters around it, for he was a fisherman born.

This time, he was salt-water fishing in the Comet, well out of sight of land. It was a good day for fishing, not too hazy, but not too clear, and Dan'l Webster enjoyed it, as he enjoyed everything in life, except maybe listening to the speeches of Henry Clay. He'd stolen a half-dozen days to come up to Marshfield, and well he needed the rest, for we'd nearly gone to war with England the year before, and now he was trying to fix up a real copper-riveted treaty that would iron out all the old differences that still kept the two countries unfriendly. And that was a job, even for Dan'l Webster. But as soon as he stepped aboard the Comet, he was carefree and heartwhole. He had his real friends around him and he wouldn't allow a word of politics talked on the boat—though that rule got broken this time, and for a good reason, as you'll see. And when he struck his first cod, and felt the fish take the hook, a kind of big slow smile went over his features, and he said, "Gentlemen, this is solid comfort." That was the kind of man he was.

I don't know how many there were of them aboard—half a dozen or so—just enough for good company. We'll say there were George Blake and Rufus Choate and young Peter Harvey and a boy named Jim Billings. And, of course, there was Seth Peterson, Dan'l's boat captain, in his red flannel shirt, New England as cod and beach plums, and Dan'l Webster's fast friend. Dan'l happened to be Secretary of State, and Seth Peterson happened to be a boat captain, but that didn't make any difference between them. And, once the Comet left dock, Seth Peterson ran the show, as it's right that a captain should.

Well, they'd fished all morning and knocked off for a bite of lunch, and some had had segars and snoozes afterward, and some hadn't, but in any case, it was around midafternoon, and everybody was kind of comfortable and contented. They still fished, and they fished well, but they knew in an hour or so they'd be heading back for home with a fine catch on board. So

maybe there was more conversation than Seth Peterson would have approved of earlier, and maybe some jokes were passed and some stories told. I don't know, but you know how it is when men get together at the end of a good day. All the same, they were still paying attention to their business—and I guess it was George Blake that noticed it first.

"Dan'l," he said, breathing hard, "I've got something on my line that pulls like a Morgan horse."

"Well, yank him in!" sang out Dan'l, and then his face changed as his own line began to stiffen and twang. "George," he said, "I beat you! I got something on my line that pulls like a pair of steers!"

"Give 'em more line, Mr. Webster!" yells Seth Peterson, and Dan'l did. But at that, the line ran out so fast it smoked when it hit the water, and any hands but Dan'l Webster's would have been cut to the bone. Nor you couldn't see where it went to, except Something deep in the waters must be pulling it out as a cat pulls yarn from a ball. The veins in Dan'l Webster's arm stood out like cords. He played the fish and played the fish; he fought it with every trick he knew. And still the little waves danced and the other men gaped at the fight—and still he couldn't bring the Something to time.

"By the big elm at Marshfield!" he said at last, with his dark face glowing and a fisherman's pride in his eyes. "Have I hooked on to a frigate with all sails set? I've payed out a mile of my own particular line, and she still pulls like ten wild horses. Gentlemen, what's this?"

And even as he said it, the tough line broke in two with a crack like a musket-shot, and out of the deep of ocean, a mile away, the creature rose, majestic. Neighbors, that was a sight! Shaking the hook from its jaw, it rose, the sea serpent of the Scriptures, exact and to specifications as laid down in the Good Book, with its hairy face and its furlong on furlong of body, wallowing and thrashing in the troubled sea. As it rose, it gave a long low melancholy hoot, like a kind of forsaken steamboat; and when it gave out that hoot, young Jim Billings, the boy, fainted dead away on the deck. But nobody even noticed him—they were all staring at the sea serpent with bulging eyes.

Even Dan'l Webster was shaken. He passed his hand for a moment across his brow and gave a sort of inquiring look at the jug of Jamaica by the hatch.

"Gentlemen," he said in a low voice, "the evidence—the ocular evidence would seem to be conclusive. And yet, speaking as a lawyer——"

"Thar she blows! I never thought to see her again!" yells Seth Peterson, half driven out of his mind by the sight, as the sea serpent roiled the waters. "Thar she blows, by the Book of Genesis! Oh, why ain't I got a harpoon?"

“Quiet, Seth,” said Dan’l Webster. “Let us rather give thanks for being permitted to witness this glorious and unbelievable sight.” And then you could see the real majesty of the man, for no sooner were the words out of his mouth than the sea serpent started swimming straight toward the Comet. She came like a railway train and her wake boiled out behind her for an acre. And yet, there was something kind of skittish about her, too—you might say that she came kind of shaking her skirts and bridling. I don’t know what there was about her that made you sure she was a female, but they were all sure.

She came, direct as a bullet, till you could count the white teeth shining in her jaws. I don’t know what the rest of them did—though doubtless some prayers were put up in a hasty way—but Dan’l Webster stood there and faced her, with his brow dark and his eyes like a sleepy lion’s, giving her glance for glance. Yes, there was a minute, there, when she lifted her head high out of water and they looked at each other eye to eye. They say hers were reddish but handsome. And then, just as it seemed she’d crash plumb through the Comet, she made a wide wheel and turned. Three times she circled the boat, hooting lonesomely, while the Comet danced up and down like a cork on the waves. But Dan’l Webster kept his footing, one hand gripping the mast, and whenever he got a chance, he fixed her with his eye. Till finally, on the third circuit, she gave one last long hoot—like twenty foghorns at once, it was, and nearly deafened them all—and plunged back whence she’d come, to the bottomless depths of the sea.

But even after the waters were calm again, they didn’t say anything for quite a while. Till, finally, Seth Peterson spoke.

“Well, Mr. Webster,” he said, “that one got away”—and he grinned a dry grin.

“Leviathan of the Scriptures! Give me paper and pen,” said Dan’l Webster. “We must write this down and attest it.” And then they all began to talk.

Well, he wrote an account of just what they’d seen, very plain and honest. And everybody there signed his name to it. Then he read it over to them again aloud. And then there was another silence, while they looked at one another.

Finally, Seth Peterson shook his head, slow and thoughtful.

“It won’t do, Dan’l,” he said, in a deep voice.

“Won’t do?” said Dan’l Webster, with his eyes blazing. “What do you mean, Seth?”

“I mean it just won’t do, Dan’l,” said Seth Peterson, perfectly respectful, but perfectly firm. “I put it up to you, gentlemen,” he said, turning to the others. “I can go home and say I’ve

seen the sea serpent. And everybody'll say, 'Oh, that's just that old liar, Seth Peterson.' But if it's Dan'l Webster says so—can't you see the difference?"

He paused for a minute, but nobody said a word.

"Well, I can," he said. He drawled out the words very slow. "Dan'l Webster—Secretary of State—sees and talks to a sea serpent—off Plymouth Bay. Why, it would plumb ruin him! And I don't mind being ruind, but it's different with Dan'l Webster. Would you vote for a man for President who claimed he'd saw the sea serpent? Well, would you? Would anybody?"

There was another little silence, and then George Blake spoke.

"He's right, Dan'l," he said, while the others nodded. "Give me that paper." He took it from Dan'l Webster's hand and threw it in the sea.

"And now," he said in a firm voice, "I saw cod. Nothing but cod. Except maybe a couple of halibut. Did any gentleman here see anything else?"

Well, at that, it turned out, of course, that nobody aboard had seen anything but cod all day. And with that, they put back for shore. All the same, they all looked over their shoulders a good deal till they got back to harbor.

And yet Dan'l Webster wasn't too contented that evening, in spite of his fine catch. For, after all, he had seen the sea serpent, and not only seen her but played her on the line for twenty-seven minutes by his gold repeater, and, being a fisherman, he'd like to have said so. And yet, if he did—Seth was right—folks would think him crazy or worse. It took his mind off Lord Ashburton and the treaty with England—till, finally, he pushed aside the papers on his desk.

"Oh, a plague on the beast!" he said, kind of crossly. "I'll leave it alone and hope it leaves me alone." So he took his candle and went up to bed. But just as he was dropping off to sleep, he thought he heard a long low hoot from the mouth of Green Harbor River, two miles away.

The next night the hooting continued, and the third day there was a piece in the Kingston paper about the new Government foghorn at Rocky Ledge. Well, the thing began to get on Dan'l Webster's nerves, and when his temper was roused he wasn't a patient man. Moreover, the noises seemed to disturb the stock—at least his overseer said so—and the third night his favorite gray kicked half the door out of her stall. "That sea serpent's getting to be an infernal nuisance," thought Dan'l Webster. "I've got to protect my property." So, the fourth night he put on his old duck-shooting clothes and took his favorite shotgun,

Learned Selden, and went down to a blind at the mouth of Green Harbor River, to see what he could see. He didn't tell anybody else about his intentions, because he still felt kind of sensitive about the whole affair.

Well, there was a fine moon that night, and sure enough, about eleven o'clock, the sea serpent showed up, steaming in from ocean, all one continuous wave length, like a giant garden hose. She was quite a handsome sight, all speckled with the moonlight, but Dan'l Webster couldn't rightly appreciate it. And just as she came to the blind, she lifted her head and looked sorrowfully in the direction of Marshfield and let out a long low soulful hoot like a homesick train.

Dan'l Webster hated to do it. But he couldn't have a sea serpent living in Green Harbor River and scaring the stock—not to speak of the universal consternation and panic there'd be in the countryside when such a thing was known. So he lifted Learned Selden and gave her both barrels for a starter, just a trifle over her head. And as soon as the gun exploded, the sea serpent let out a screech you could hear a mile and headed back for open sea. If she'd traveled fast before, she traveled like lightning now, and it wasn't any time before she was just a black streak on the waters.

Dan'l Webster stepped out of the blind and wiped his brow. He felt sorry, but he felt relieved. He didn't think she'd be back, after that sort of scare, and he wanted to leave everything shipshape before he went down to Washington, next morning. But next day, when he told Seth Peterson what he'd done, he didn't feel so chipper. For, "You shouldn't have done that, Mr. Webster," said Seth Peterson, shaking his head, and that was all he would say except a kind of mutter that sounded like "Samanthy was always particular set in her likes." But Dan'l didn't pay any attention to that, though he remembered it later, and he was quite short with Seth for the first time in their long relationship. So Seth shut up like a quahog, and Dan'l took the cars for Washington.

When he got there he was busy enough, for the British treaty was on the boil, and within twenty-four hours he'd forgot all about the sea serpent. Or thought he had. But three days later, as he was walking home to his house on Lafayette Square, with a senator friend of his, in the cool of the evening, they heard a curious noise. It seemed to come from the direction of the Potomac River.

"Must have got a new whistle for the Baltimore night boat," said the senator. "Noisy too."

"Oh, that's just the bullfrogs on the banks," said Dan'l Webster steadily. But he knew what it was, just the same, and his heart sank within him. But nobody ever called Dan'l Webster a coward. So, as soon as he'd got rid of the senator, he went down to the banks of the Potomac. Well, it was the sea serpent, all right.

She looked a little tired, as well she might, having swum from Plymouth Bay. But as soon as she saw Dan'l Webster, she stretched out her neck and gave a long low loving hoot. Then Dan'l knew what the trouble was and, for once in his life, he didn't know what to do. But he'd brought along a couple of roe herring, in a paper, just in case; so he fed them to her and she hooted, affectionate and grateful. Then he walked back to his house with his head bowed. And that very night he sent a special express letter to Seth Peterson at Marshfield, for, it seemed to him, Seth must know more about the business than he let on.

Well, Seth got to Washington as fast as the cars would bring him, and the very evening he arrived Dan'l sent him over to interview the serpent. But when Seth came back, Dan'l could see by his face that he hadn't made much progress.

"Could you talk to her, Seth?" he said, and his voice was eager. "Can she understand United States?"

"Oh, she can understand it all right," said Seth. "She's even picking up a few words. They was always a smart family, those Rock Ledge serpents, and she's the old maid of the lot, and the best educated. The only trouble with 'em is, they're so terrible sot in their ways."

"You might have warned me, Seth," said Dan'l Webster, kind of reproachful, and Seth looked uncomfortable.

"Well, to tell you the truth," he said, "I thought all of 'em was dead. Nor I never thought she'd act up like this—her father was as respectable a serpent as you'd see in a long summer's day. Her father——"

"Bother her father!" said Dan'l Webster and set his jaw. "Tell me what she says."

"Well, Mr. Webster," said Seth, and stared at his boots, "she says you're quite a handsome man. She says she never did see anybody quite like you," he went on. "I hate to tell you this, Mr. Webster, and I feel kind of responsible, but I think you ought to know. And I told you that you oughtn't to have shot at her—she's pretty proud of that. She says she knows just how you meant it. Well, I'm no great hand at being embarrassed, Mr. Webster, but, I tell you, she embarrassed me. You see, she's been an old maid for about a hundred and fifty years, I guess, and that's the worst of it. And being the last of her folks in those particular waters, there's just no way to restrain her—her father and mother was as sensible, hard-working serpents as ever gave a feller a tow through a fog, but you know how it is with those old families. Well, she says wherever you go, she'll follow you, and she claims she wants to hear you speak before the Supreme Court——"

"Did you tell her I'm a married man?" said Dan'l. "Did you tell her that?"

“Yes, I told her,” said Seth, and you could see the perspiration on his forehead. “But she says that doesn’t signify—her being a serpent and different—and she’s fixing to move right in. She says Washington’s got a lovely climate and she’s heard all about the balls and the diplomatic receptions. I don’t know how she’s heard about them, but she has.” He swallowed. “I got her to promise she’d kind of lie low for two weeks and not come up the Potomac by daylight—she was fixing to do that because she wants to meet the President. Well, I got her to promise that much. But she says, even so, if you don’t come to see her once an evening, she’ll hoot till you do, and she told me to tell you that you haven’t heard hooting yet. And as soon as the fish market’s open, I better run down and buy a barrel of flaked cod, Mr. Webster—she’s partial to flaked cod and she usually takes it in the barrel. Well, I don’t want to worry you, Mr. Webster, but I’m afraid that we’re in a fix.”

“A fix!” said Dan’l Webster. “It’s the biggest fix I ever was in in my life!”

“Well, it’s kind of complimentary, in a way, I guess,” said Seth Peterson, “but——”

“Does she say anything else?” said Dan’l Webster, drawing a long breath.

“Yes, Mr. Webster,” said Seth Peterson, his eyes on his boots. “She says you’re a little shy. But she says she likes that in a man.”

Dan’l Webster went to bed that night, but he didn’t sleep. He worked and worked those great brains of his till he nearly wore out the wheels, but he still couldn’t think of a way to get rid of the sea serpent. And just about the time dawn broke, he heard one long low hoot, faithful and reminiscent, from the direction of the Potomac.

Well, the next two weeks were certainly bad ones for him. For, as the days wore on, the sea serpent got more and more restive. She wanted him to call her Samanthly, which he wouldn’t, and she kept asking him when he was going to introduce her into society, till he had to feed her Italian sardines in olive oil to keep her quiet. And that ran up a bill at the fish market that he hated to think of—besides, her continually threatening to come up the Potomac by day. Moreover, and to put the cap on things, the great Webster-Ashburton treaty that was to make his name as Secretary of State had struck a snag and England didn’t seem at all partial to admitting the American claims. Oh, it was a weary fortnight and a troublesome one!

The last afternoon of the fortnight, he sat in his office and he didn’t know where to turn. For Lord Ashburton was coming to see him for a secret conference that night at nine, and he had to see the sea serpent at ten, and how to satisfy either of them he didn’t know. His eyes stared wearily at the papers on his desk. He rang the bell for his secretary.

“The corvette Benjamin Franklin reports——” he said. “This should have gone to the Navy

Department, Mr. Jones.” Then he glanced at the naval report again and his eyes began to glow like furnaces. “By the bones of Leviathan! I’ve got it!” he said, with a shout. “Where’s my hat, Mr. Jones. I must see the President at once!”

There was a different feeling about the house on Lafayette Square that evening, for Dan’l Webster was himself again. He cracked a joke with Seth Peterson and took a glass of Madeira and turned it to the light. And when Lord Ashburton was announced—a nice, white-haired old gentleman, though a little stiff in his joints—he received him with all the courtesy of a king.

“I am glad to see you so much restored, Mr. Webster,” said Lord Ashburton, when the greetings had been exchanged. “And yet I fear I bring you bad news. Concerning clauses six and seven of the proposed treaty between Her Majesty’s Government and the United States of America, it is my duty to state——”

“My lord, let us drop the clauses for a moment and take the wider view,” said Dan’l Webster, smiling. “This is a matter concerning the future welfare and peace of two great nations. Your government claims the right to search our ships; that right we deny. And our attitude seems to you preposterous. Is that not so?”

“I would hesitate to use the word ‘preposterous,’” said Lord Ashburton cautiously. “Yet——”

“And yet,” said Dan’l Webster, leaning forward, “there are things which may seem preposterous, and yet are not. Let me put a case. Let us say that Great Britain has the strongest navy afloat.”

“Britannia rules the waves,” said Lord Ashburton, with a noble smile.

“There were a couple she didn’t rule in 1812,” said Dan’l Webster, “but let that pass. Let me ask you, Lord Ashburton, and let me ask you solemnly, what could even the power and might of Britain’s navy avail against Leviathan?”

“Leviathan?” said Lord Ashburton, rather coldly. “Naturally, I understand the Biblical allusion. Yet——”

“The sea serpent,” said Dan’l Webster, kind of impatient. “What could all Britain’s navy do against the sea serpent out of the Scriptures?”

Lord Ashburton stared at him as if he had gone mad. “God bless my soul, Mr. Secretary!” he said. “But I fail to see the point of your question. The sea serpent doesn’t exist!”

“Doesn’t he—I mean she?” said Dan’l Webster, calmly. “And suppose I should prove to you that it does exist?”

“Well, ’pon my word! God bless my soul!” said Lord Ashburton, kind of taken aback. “Naturally—in that case—however—but even so——”

Dan’l Webster touched a bell on his desk. “Lord Ashburton,” he said, kind of solemn, “I am putting my life, and what is dearer to me, my honor and reputation, in your hands. Nevertheless, I feel it necessary, for a better understanding between our two countries.”

Seth Peterson came into the room and Dan’l nodded at him.

“Seth,” he said, “Lord Ashburton is coming with us to see Samantha.”

“It’s all right if you say so, Mr. Webster,” said Seth Peterson, “but he’ll have to help carry the sardines.”

“Well, ’pon my word! Bless my soul! A very strange proceeding!” said Lord Ashburton, but he followed along.

Well, they got to the banks of the Potomac, the three of them, and when they were there, Seth whistled. Samantha was lying mostly under water, behind a little brushy island, but when she heard the whistle, she began to heave up and uncoil, all shining in the moonlight. It was what you might call a kind of impressive sight. Dan’l Webster looked at Lord Ashburton, but Lord Ashburton’s words seemed sort of stuck in his throat.

Finally he got them out. “Bless my soul!” he said. “You Americans are very extraordinary! Is it alive?”

But then all he could do was goggle, for Samantha had lifted her head, and giving a low friendly hoot, she commenced to swim around the island.

“Now, is that a sea serpent or isn’t it?” said Dan’l Webster, with a kind of quiet pride.

“Indubitably,” said Lord Ashburton, staring through his eyeglass. “Indubitably,” and he kind of cleared his throat. “It is, indeed and in fact, a serpent of the sea. And I am asleep and in bed, in my room at the British Embassy.” He pinched himself. “Ouch!” he said. “No, I am not.”

“Would you call it sizable, for a sea serpent?” persisted Dan’l Webster.

Lord Ashburton stared again through his eyeglass. “Quite,” he said. “Oh, yes, quite, quite!”

“And powerful?” asked Dan’l.

“I should judge so,” said Lord Ashburton, faintly, as the sea serpent swam around and around the island and the waves of its wake broke crashing on the bank. “Yes, indeed, a very powerful engine of destruction. May I ask what it feeds upon?”

“Italian sardines, for preference,” said Dan’l. “But that’s beside the point.” He drew a long breath. “Well, my lord,” he said, “we’re intending to commission that sea serpent as a regular and acknowledged war vessel in the United States Navy. And then, where’s your wooden walls?”

Lord Ashburton, he was a diplomat, and his face didn’t change expression as he stared first at the sea serpent and then at the face of Dan’l Webster. But after a while, he nodded. “You need not labor the point, Mr. Secretary,” he said. “My government, I am sure, will be glad to reconsider its position on the last two clauses and on the right of search.”

“Then I’m sure we can reach an agreement,” said Dan’l Webster, and wiped the sweat from his brow. “And now, let’s feed Samantha.”

He whistled to her himself, a long musical whistle, and she came bounding and looping in toward shore. It took all three of them to heave her the barrel of sardines, and she swallowed it down in one gulp. After that, she gave a hoot of thanks and gratitude, and Lord Ashburton sat down on the bank for a minute and took snuff. He said that he needed something to clear his mind.

“Naturally,” he said, after a while, “Her Majesty’s Government must have adequate assurances as to the good conduct of this—this lady.” He’d meant to say “creature” at first, but Samantha rolled her eye at him just then, and he changed the word.

“You shall have them,” said Dan’l Webster, and whistled Samantha even closer. She came in kind of skittish, flirting her coils, and Lord Ashburton closed his eyes for a minute. But when Dan’l Webster spoke, it was in the voice that hushed the Senate whenever he rose.

“Samantha,” he said, “I speak to you now as Secretary of State of the United States of America.” It was the great voice that had rung in the Supreme Court and replied to Hayne, and even a sea serpent had to listen respectful. For the voice was mellow and deep, and he pictured Samantha’s early years as a carefree young serpent, playing with her fellows, and then her hard life of toil and struggle when she was left lone and lorn, till even Seth Peterson and Lord Ashburton realized the sorrow and tragedy of her lonely lot. And then, in the gentlest and kindest way you could ask, he showed her where her duty lay.

“For, if you keep on hooting in the Potomac, Samantha,” he said, “you’ll become a public menace to navigation and get sat upon by the Senate Committee for Rivers and Harbors. They’ll drag you up on land, Samantha, and put you in the Smithsonian Institution; they’ll stick you in a stagnant little pool and children will come to throw you peanuts on Sundays, and their nurses will poke you with umbrellas if you don’t act lively enough. The U. S. Navy will shoot at you for target practice, Samantha, and the scientists will examine you, and the ladies of the Pure Conduct League will knit you a bathing suit, and you’ll be bothered every minute by congressmen and professors and visitors and foreign celebrities till you won’t be able to call your scales your own. Oh, yes, it’ll be fame, Samantha, but it won’t be good enough. Believe me, I know something about fame and it’s begging letters from strangers and calls from people you don’t know and don’t want to know, and the burden and wear and tear of being a public character till it’s enough to break your heart. It isn’t good enough, Samantha; it won’t give you back your free waters and your sporting in the deep. Yes, Samantha, it’d be a remarkable thing to have you here in Washington, but it isn’t the life you were meant for and I can’t take advantage of your trust. And now,” he said to Seth Peterson, “just what does she say?”

Seth Peterson listened, attentive, to the hootings.

“She says the Washington climate isn’t what she thought it was,” he said. “And the Potomac River’s too warm; it’s bad for her sciatica. And she’s plumb tired of sardines.”

“Does she say anything about me?” asked Dan’l Webster, anxiously.

“Well,” said Seth Peterson, listening, “she says—if you’ll excuse me, Mr. Webster—that you may be a great man, but you wouldn’t make much of a sea serpent. She says you haven’t got enough coils. She says—well, she says no hard feelings, but she guesses it was a mistake on both sides.”

He listened again. “But she says one thing,” he said. “She says she’s got to have recognition and a husband, if she has to take this Lord Ashburton. She says he doesn’t look like much, but he might get her introduced at Court.”

A great light broke over Dan’l’s face and his voice rang out like thunder. “She shall have them both,” he said. “Come here, Samantha. By virtue of the authority vested in me as Secretary of State, and by special order of the President of the United States and the Secretary of the Navy, as witness the attached commission in blank which I now fill in with your name, I hereby attach you to the United States Navy, to rank as a forty-four-gun frigate on special duty, rating a rear admiral’s flag and a salute of the appropriate number of guns, wherever encountered in American waters. And, by virtue of the following special order, I hereby order you to the South Seas, there to cruise until further orders for the purpose of seeking a suitable and proper husband, with all the rights, privileges, duties and

appurtenances pertaining to said search and said American citizenship, as aforesaid and Hail Columbia. Signed John Tyler, President. With which is subjoined a passport signed by Daniel Webster, Secretary of State, bidding all foreign nations let pass without hindrance the American citizen, Samantha Doe, on her lawful journeys and errands.” He dropped his voice for a moment and added reflectively, “The American corvette, Benjamin Franklin, reports sighting a handsome young male sea serpent on February third of the present year, just off the coast of the Sandwich Islands. Said serpent had forty-two coils by actual count, and when last sighted was swimming SSW at full speed.”

But hardly had he spoken when Samantha, for the last time, lifted her head and gave out a last long hoot. She looked upon Dan’l Webster as she did so, and there was regret in her eye. But the regret was tinctured with eagerness and hope.

Then she beat the water to a froth, and, before they really saw her go, she was gone, leaving only her wake on the moonlit Potomac.

“Well,” said Dan’l Webster, yawning a little, “there we are. And now, Lord Ashburton, if you’ll come home with me, we can draw up that treaty.”

“Gladly,” said Lord Ashburton, brushing his coat with his handkerchief. “Is it really gone? ’Pon my soul! You know, for a moment, I imagined that I actually saw a sea serpent. You have a very vivid way of putting things, Mr. Webster. But I think I understand the American attitude now, from the—er—analogy you were pleased to draw between such a—er—fabulous animal and the young strength of your growing country.”

“I was confident that you would appreciate it, once it was brought to your attention,” said Dan’l Webster. But he winked one eye at Seth Peterson, and Seth Peterson winked back.

And I’ll say this for Dan’l Webster, too—he kept his promises. All through the time he was Secretary of State, he saw to it that the forty-four-gun frigate, Samantha Doe, was carried on a special account on the books of the Navy. In fact, there’s some people say that she’s still so carried, and that it was her give Ericsson the idea for building the Monitor in the Civil War—if she wasn’t the Monitor herself. And when the White Fleet went around the world in Teddy Roosevelt’s time—well, there was a lookout in the crow’s-nest of the flagship, one still calm night, as they passed by the palmy isles of the South Seas. And all of a sudden, the water boiled, tremendous and phosphorescent, and there was a pair of sea serpents and seven young ones, circling, calm and majestic, three times around the fleet. He rubbed his eyes and he stared, but there they were. Well, he was the only one that saw it, and they put him in the brig for it next morning. But he swore, till the day he died, they were flying the Stars and Stripes.

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