“Send for the bellamy now, Captain Horace P. Wallaby,” cried Binkman, a powder runner on the Tinker’s Damn. “Call for the bellamy now!”

Captain Horace P. Wallaby, being dead, did not.

They captains body crowd surfed over the throng of pirates, until it came to the cleated gunwales of the Tinkers Damn and there were no arms to receive it but only the ocean, and into this it sank. With a splash and a volley cheer, the mutiny of the Tinker’s Damn was ended and her crew controlled their own destiny.

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