

**TEMPEST  
NORTH**

**RODGER CARLYLE**

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# BOOKS BY RODGER CARLYLE

## **The Team Walker Series**

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**Part One**

**THE CIVILIZED  
WORLD**



## Chapter 1

March 16, 1820

**T**HE LEAD BALL ripped through Chad's forearm smashing into his body and slamming him to the deck. Face down and dazed, he struggled to his hands and knees, then slipped in the blood and collapsed.

Sweat stung his eyes, waking him. The nightmare of a battle six years ago when he was a young naval officer, robbed him of sleep. What might happen today was different. But the fear tearing at his stomach was the same. That battle wound had put him in bed for months; its long-term effects were more emotional. A lead ball tearing through his body was not something he wanted to repeat. Yet, that might well be how he finished this day. The nightmare only heightened his fears.

Chad rolled out of bed and put on his black riding breeches, a silk high-collar shirt, dark green vest, and long-tailed wool riding coat. Finishing, he slipped quietly down the stairs at Murphy's boardinghouse, pulled his leather riding boots from under the bench and tugged them on.

Minutes later, he led Hudson from the stable and swung

into the saddle. How many times had he stolen away from his parents' home and headed to the beach, to spend time looking under rocks, searching tide pools? The morning ride would parallel the ocean. Looking out, he could see the white sails of two ships, and two or three fishing boats in the estuary.

The sea was something he shared with his father, Carl, gone now five years. The German aristocrat at twenty years old had signed on for a four-year tour as an officer in the Russian navy, a tradition of many young German officers. Returning home, he realized that he was too adventurous to settle into the family business, and there were no officer billets available in the German military.

His father crossed the Atlantic, arrived in America, and acquired a small piece of land. A few years later, he was called by his new country back to the sea. America was going to war with her mother country, Great Britain, in a fight for independence. Her fledgling navy had few experienced officers and most of them were immigrants.

Carl served throughout the conflict, rising to the rank of captain and was with the French allies as they blockaded Charleston Harbor. After the war, in reward for his years of service, he was granted a large parcel of land adjacent to his small farm. At the age of forty, with a new home finished, Carl wooed, won, and married Chad's mother, Mary Chadwick.

Half of Mary's family had been in America for over a century, and the other half forever. Her father was of English heritage, her mother Algonquin, a Native American tribe of eastern North America. She had been educated in Boston, England and France, mastering the piano, learning to paint and to write poetry. Through her travels, she never lost her love of America and its wilderness. Chad came along about four years later, the only natural child of the family.

The family later adopted Chad's younger cousin, Cable, after



his parents were killed. Chad, the more adventurous brother, followed his father to sea. Cable was the prodigious student. At the time of Chad's christening, his father changed the family name from Von Grittenburg, to simply Grittenburg, dropping the aristocratic "Von." He felt strongly that it had no place in his new country. Chad's name came from combining his mother's maiden name and his father's, Chadwick Grittenburg, but everybody called him Chad, except for his Navy buddies who often called him Gritt.

Chad could now feel the warm sun on his back, smell the salty sea, hear the creak of the saddle and the rustle of the morning breeze touching the leaves at the tops of the trees. His best college friend, Miles Roberts, was waiting for him at Ferguson Tavern.

## Chapter 2

March 16, 1820

**M**ILES WAS WITH one of Chad's navy friends, Will Johnson who had served with Chad in the war. Unlike Miles, who had left the service and gone to college, Will had stayed in and at twenty-seven years old, was now a full lieutenant in the scaled back American Navy. He commanded a powerful forty-four-gun frigate, which because of budget constraints, almost never left the dock.

Chad, the oldest at twenty-nine, was just over six foot tall. His Teutonic heritage came out in his strong jawline, sandy blond hair, blue eyes, and solid 200-pound frame. His Algonquin side gave him high cheekbones, a light tan complexion and fluid, almost graceful, body movements. Both sides of his heritage contributed to his intensity.

Will Johnson, the youngest of the three, was all Norwegian. At six foot five and 185 pounds he should have looked thin, but his broad shoulders and wiry, muscled arms instead left the impression of a spring bear not yet fattened. His continuous smile telegraphed an easygoing nature.

Miles, the man in the middle was the antithesis of Will. Of Italian ancestry, the twenty-eight year old had curly black hair and sparkling coal black eyes, weighed no more than 150 pounds but his gregarious nature made him seem much larger, and his joyous bundle of nerves made him always a man in motion.

“So, Chad, you have asked Priscilla to marry you?” asked Will.

“Yes, he has,” responded Miles.

What I have not told either of you is that I too have a girl,” said Will.

“Really?” asked Chad.

“Her father is a merchant in New York. She is young, only nineteen years old, and very pretty.”

“Is she the one?” asked Miles.

“Well, I have not asked her yet, and I certainly haven’t talked to her father. I’m sure he would turn me down; after all, it would be very difficult to support a family on the wages of a peacetime officer. Without prize money, an officer’s salary barely keeps a shirt on his back.”

“I can have a conversation with Mr. Vanderwal about finding you a position. We are always looking for seasoned officers and in fact, there may even be a captain’s position open in the next year or two,” replied Chad.

“I was hoping you would. That’s why I rode up from New York. This other thing, you know I didn’t even know about it until I got here, and Miles informed me.” His own nervousness was matched by the other men’s.

Will sipped some coffee. “What about your little brother? What’s he up to?”

He graduated from Dartmouth three years ago. For the last couple of years, he has been apprenticing with a banker here in Boston. He also watches over the family farm. He has some

interest in the shipping industry, but a glass of water makes him seasick. Sailing is not going to be his contribution to the company.”

Miles laughed. “How much of the company do you and your brother own?”

They were interrupted by the arrival of breakfast.

“With the contribution of the dock and the warehouse, we came in as equal partners, but since Captain Vanderwal ran his company for so long and understands it so well, he remains the managing partner. I hope to learn the business side while I am shore bound. Vanderwal will be taking my ship to Russian America and then to China.”

Reaching for his pocket watch, Miles snapped it open.

“Well, Chad, it’s about time. That bastard Jules Carpenter will be waiting. If you are even five minutes late, no matter what the outcome, the whole town will hear about it. And of course, his brothers will be there to spread whatever negative words flow from his black mouth.”

“Chad, a bit of advice from an old shipmate. Let the bastard stew for ten minutes. The more he runs off at the mouth, the more he loses his composure. Better yet, you don’t have to do this.”

“Will, I could never hold my head high again if I walk away from Carpenter’s insults.”

“Chad, those who know you will not only understand, but we’ll also admire you for suppressing your pride. The insults of a drunk and bully are no reason to risk your life.

“You don’t have to go Will,” replied Chad, lifting his coat from a peg by the door.

Miles and Will watched their friend walk to the hitching post. “Will, your common sense is colliding with the pride of a stubborn man,” whispered Miles.

The men led their horses down the lane from the inn to the meadow at Ferguson Bite. They could see Jules Carpenter with his brothers Edward and James, and their friend Matthew Odem standing off to one side of the meadow. At the other end, the Reverend Joshua Spender stood waiting for them, running his finger down a page of his open bible, his lips silently repeating the words.

The Reverend Spender had been a man of the cloth since he was twenty years old. Except for fifteen years spent as a military chaplain, to the best of anyone's knowledge, he had never been a minister with a flock or a church of his own. Now, at sixty years of age he went around the churches of Boston and the city government doing what he could, working odd jobs, and by three o'clock every afternoon was at the local pub where he stayed until closing. To say the Reverend Spender was a drinker would be the same as saying the falcon was a flyer. Alcohol was the second profession of this man with a good heart, but little to go with it. Some said the Reverend Spender had never had a drink until he watched his unit cut to pieces in 1813 by the British regulars as they marched on Washington in the War for Trade and Freedom on the Seas. The few who survived were captured by the British, who then went on to burn Washington. Reverend Spender had never resigned his commission. Instead, he began serving his country in one tavern after another, ending up in Boston.

A man of the cloth, he still did his duty to help mankind in any way he could, when of course he was sober enough to know that his fellow man was about him. He had been supping at the Pond Hill Inn on Saturday night with friends when Chad rose from a nearby table and, tapping his wine goblet with a spoon made his announcement.

"It is my distinct honor to tell you all that Prig, I am sorry, I mean Miss Priscilla Vanderwal, has consented to be my wife."

Polite applause and tears in the restaurant had been interrupted by a crash as Jules Carpenter stood and roared.

“I have called on Priscilla often before you ever came to this town. She will lie down with anyone. Is she pregnant with your bastard child? Is that why she would marry you?”

In two strides, Chad was across the Inn laying a perfect right fist directly on the nose of Jules Carpenter, knocking him flat on the floor. Then, grabbing him by the hair, Chad dragged him past the tables of the gasping patrons out the front door. The inn virtually emptied behind the two men as Chad pulled Jules past the hitching post and into the street. Jules stumbled to his feet.

“You apologize to Priscilla.”

“I will not apologize to the whore, or you.”

Chad smashed him in the face, knocking him into the mud of the damp road.

“Chad, please stop. Jules is a man of breeding, but no manners,” cried Priscilla, coming through the door. “Please do not allow him to ruin this evening.”

Chad turned back to Jules, just in time to feel the lashes on Jules’ riding gloves sting his face.

“I demand satisfaction!” sneered Jules. “I have pistols in my saddle bags. I will have satisfaction here and now.”

The Reverend Joshua Spender pushed through the crowd and stepped between the two men. Turning to Jules, he quietly asked if there was any way to satisfy his honor other than with pistols.

“It is the only way,” said Jules. “It is the only way!”

Turning then to Chad, Spender continued, “And I am sure your honor will require you to accept this challenge, am I correct?”

Chad nodded.

“But there will be no honor if you kill this man in his current state, drunken, and unruly, and unable to control himself.”

Turning back, the Reverend Spender, looked deeply into Jules’ eyes. “You shall have your satisfaction, but not today.”

And back to Chad he said, “You will pick the day and the place. That is your right.”

Without a thought, Chad responded, “Ferguson Bite, Tuesday morning, ten o’clock.”

Jules walked to his horse, untied his saddlebag, put his hand inside of it, but drew no weapon. Instead, he tipped a round of port to his lips, most of the sweet wine rolling down his chin, adding a second color of red stain to his white shirt.



At was twenty minutes after ten and Chad and his second, Miles, were statues. Jules, with his brother Edward as his second, his brother James, and their friend Matthew Odem, stood at the other end of the meadow.

“They cackle like hens with a coyote at the door,” commented Miles.

“Mr. Grittenburg, Mr. Carpenter, if you will join me?” called Reverend Spender the referee.

Miles and Chad approached. Jules, and his second Edward, also began walking toward the Reverend, carrying the saddlebag from Jules’ horse.

The Reverend Spender held up his hand. “Mr. Carpenter, you will return the saddlebag to your horse, please.”

“But they contain my pistols.”

“Mr. Carpenter, you will return the saddlebag to your horse please, we will use my pistols. That way I know that they are equal, and that each man faces fair play.”

Throwing his saddle bags over his saddle Jules snapped, “It makes no difference which pistols.”

The Reverend Spender lifted a beautifully carved oak box. Opening the box, the men looked down onto an exquisite pair of Deboubert, French-made, 45-caliber dueling pistols.

“One would not expect to find such weapons in the possession of a man in your profession,” said Miles.

Spender looked up, sadness in his eyes. “They belonged to a man I left sprawled on the grass after a similar battle of honor. I have kept them all these years to remind myself of how futile these tributes to honor are. There will be no winner. No one can be victorious by not loving his fellow man enough to swallow his pride. Before your seconds and I load these weapons, I must ask you one more time, is there no other way to satisfy your honor?”

“No, never!” replied Jules. “He either fights me now or I will shoot him down in the street like a coward.”

“Alright then, gentlemen, if it must be this way, so be it. Chadwick, you are the challenged one. You may choose your weapon first.”

Chad reached into the box and lifted the closest pistol. “They look so matched; I assume it makes no difference.”

Jules ripped the other pistol from the box and smiled.

“He’s right. It makes no difference.”

“The seconds will follow me. We will sit under the oak tree by the river.”

The seconds each checked the pistols. Did the hammer cock, was the pull of the trigger the same on both pistols? Was the flint lodged tightly? When the trigger was pulled, did the hammer strike true, sending adequate spark to ignite the powder in the pan?

“The pistols are acceptable,” mumbled Edward Carpenter.

“I agree,” echoed Miles.



Leaving the seconds to rejoin their parties, the Reverend Spender shuffled back to the middle of the meadow.

Before the Reverend could call the men to business, a clatter from behind Will and Miles drew their attention. A buggy was pulling into the meadow with a tall, graying black man and a dark-haired woman in a white dress with a yellow sweater wrapped around her shoulders.

Chad turned, anguish in his face. “Priscilla, pray, what are you doing here? I asked you not to come.”

Stopping next to Miles and Will, the black man stepped from the carriage, and helped Priscilla to the ground.

“Ott Smith, why would you bring her here?”

“Mr. Gritt, you know I had no choice. When Miss Priscilla says to come here, I bring her here. I tried, but there was no keeping her. I stalled for as long as I could. In the old days I might feel the lash.”

Ott Smith had belonged to the Vanderwal family for more than twenty-five years. Now he lived as a free man in the small cottage behind the house. He’d married a free woman, and together they’d had two children. The Vanderwal family had seen to their education as Ott Smith became more of an uncle than a family servant. Still, he knew his place, and Priscilla was very insistent.

“Priscilla, you should not have come.”

“Chad Grittenburg, you are not usually such a selfish man. You are here because of me, you are here for me, and I, I am here for you. You choose not to stop this nonsense and I cannot.”

Chad walked slowly toward Priscilla. He put his arms around her for a minute and kissed her gently.

“If the gentlemen are ready,” the Reverend Spender called, “you will please meet me.”

Chad turned back towards the Reverend, who was gesturing to Ott Smith.

“Mr. Smith, you will please move the carriage away so that nobody is hurt if the horse bolts with the gunfire.”

Ott Smith slipped onto the seat of the carriage and moved it back down the lane. Priscilla slipped an arm through Will’s arm. The Reverend Spender, with no hint of a smile asked, “Are you gentlemen both ready?” Miles turned from Chad, taking a place next to Priscilla who gripped his arm.

Both men nodded. The arrogance that Jules displayed since Chad had arrived at the meadow was replaced by a look of nervousness, but also determination. Somehow, Chad felt sorry for Jules. It was strange how some men, born into a life of wealth and privilege, felt a constant need to prove that they deserved it. Jules was such a man. He lived a life of arrogance. He was foul mouthed, lecherous, deceitful. Family money had allowed him to remain that way.

“Gentlemen, please present your weapons.”

“Here are the rules. You will both turn and stand back to back, one pace apart. I will back away ten paces. I will count from one until ten, and you shall each take a step. When I reach the number ten, you will both turn, aim, and fire. And I pray to God that you both miss. Now, please take your mark.”

The Reverend Joshua Spender, a man who had faced the same situation as Jules and Chad, a man who many felt had only one socially redeeming value, and that was to be a bad example, a man of the cloth, began to count.

“One. . .Two. . .Three. . .”

The sweat rose on Chad’s brow. It trickled along his nose. Thank God it was not running into his eyes, was all he could think.

“Five. . .Six. . .”

It was amazing how hard each step was. How heavy the pistol felt in his raised right hand.

“Eight. . .Nine. . .” *Kaboom!*

Before the Reverend Spender was able to utter ‘Ten,’ Jules turned and fired. The heavy, forty-caliber slug, ripped through the tail of Chad’s coat, through the edge of his riding breeches, smashing into his left thigh, almost knocking him down. Chad turned.

“Ten.” The Reverend Spender said the last number only because he was obliged to.

Chad faced Jules, now standing wide-eyed with an empty pistol. Holding his left arm behind his back, extending his right leg to steady his injured left leg, Chad brought his pistol down, and aimed at Jules chest. . . and held it there. Finally, he raised the pistol into the air, and squeezed the trigger.

*Kaboom!*

Jules stood, open-eyed, watching Chad.

“Jules Carpenter,” said Chad, “I do not need to kill you. It serves no purpose. With all the witnesses, everyone will know what has gone on here. Leave, now.”

Chad reversed the pistol, holding it by the warm barrel. He turned from Jules and began to walk back to Priscilla and his friends. He was only a stride away, when he watched the look on all three of their faces turn to terror.

“Chad, look out!” screamed Will, and as he turned, another shot rang out. *Kaboom!* Somehow, Jules had produced another pistol. The shot ripped through Chad’s coat, smashing him along the ribs, and knocking him to one side. Stumbling back to his feet, he faced Jules, who now reached into his boot, pulled a knife and charged.

Chad struggled to meet him. His injured thigh hurt his ability to move quickly, and his side felt like a mule had kicked him. Still, his experience from the war took over, and as Jules charged, Chad allowed the man’s momentum to tumble them to the ground. Rolling with Jules and landing on top of him,

Chad wrapped his hand around Jules' wrist and hand holding the dagger. Chad slammed his other fist down on the meshed hands gripping the knife. The dagger caught Jules at the base of the throat and plunged into his body. Jules pushed Chad to the side and ripped the knife out of his own throat. He rolled onto his side, and then his knees, and then he staggered to his feet, hands to his throat, trying to stop the gush of blood flooding down his shirt. He looked at Chad, then toward his brothers, before sinking to his knees and collapsing onto his face.

"You will pay for this!" screamed James Carpenter. "You will pay!"

Jules' brother Edward stood in shocked silence, but only for a moment. "You will be silent, James," demanded Edward. "You will be silent."

Chad struggled to his feet, blood dripping from his side and leg, and turned back to his friends. Priscilla was sitting on the ground. Miles was kneeling next to her, and Will stood looking first at him, and then at Priscilla. And then Chad noticed the scarlet stain on her yellow sweater and the bit of scarlet on her long white dress. Everything seemed to be in slow motion. He saw Ott running from the trees where he left the carriage. He could hear him screaming something.

"Miss Priscilla, Miss Priscilla!"

Chad stumbled forward a few steps and then knelt on his one good knee.

"What has happened here, Miles, what happened?"

Before he knew it, Spender was kneeling next to him. Miles put his arm behind Priscilla's head, and laid her back on the grass, and then looked up at Chad.

"The bullet must have gone through you and struck her. She never uttered a sound. She just watched, and after she saw you

roll onto your side and start to get back to your feet, she simply sat down, and said, ‘Miles, I believe I am struck.’”

Chad leaned over Priscilla, her eyes bright with tears. “Priscilla, how are you?”

“Chad, I believe the bullet, the second bullet that struck you, has struck me down. It hurts, but not terribly. I don’t think it is too bad, but I don’t know about things like this.”

The Reverend Spender leaned over, and pulling away her sweater, studying the wound through her white dress. “It appears to be low, on the left-hand side. It may have hit the lung, I cannot tell. All I know is that we need to get both of you to the doctor right away.”

Chad looked down at Priscilla and then at his friends. “Take her. Take her now. I will be just fine.”

Ott and Chad’s friends gently lifted Priscilla and carried her where the carriage waited, laying her in the back seat. Will, a man who had treated many battle injuries, held a scarf tightly against the wound as Ott pulled the carriage up onto the road, and turned toward Boston. Spender sent Miles by horseback so that the doctor would be waiting at home when the carriage arrived. Then the Reverend Spender stood, turning to the Carpenter brothers, and ordered, “Take your brother now, and leave.”

As the Carpenters loaded Jules’ body onto his horse, Spender helped Chad remove his jacket and his shirt, which he tore into patches to make bandages and the remainder into strips to bind them tightly against Chad’s ribs and thigh. The Reverend helped Chad into the saddle, and then mounted his own horse. Taking Hudson’s reins, he led the way out of the clearing and onto the road.

The Vanderwal home sat high on a hill in downtown Boston, overlooking a pond on one side, and in the distance, the lower end of the harbor. It took almost two hours for Chad

and Spender to reach the Vanderwal home. They'd stopped twice to rebind the wound on Chad's thigh.

The Vanderwal carriage was nowhere to be seen, but in front of the house was a small, two-person buggy that both men recognized as belonging to young Doc Franklin. They rode around back to the carriage house. The door was open; inside, Ott Smith was brushing down the pony from the hard drive into town. Spender dismounted in front of the doors, and Smith came running out to help him ease Chad out of the saddle.

Holding the crown of the saddle, Chad stood next to Hudson while the other two men briskly discussed Prig's condition. Noticing that Chad hadn't moved, Ott put his arm around Chad's back, and lifting Chad's near arm over his shoulder, began to walk him to the house. "We better get you inside, Master Chad."

Chad took about three steps. "Perhaps Ott, you had better just let me sit for a few minutes, here in the garden. I really have very little left right now."

Ott helped Chad to the bench underneath the hickory tree, just breaking from buds to leaves. As he sank to the bench, Chad realized that he hadn't heard a word of the conversation about Prig.

"How is she, Ott? How is Miss Priscilla?"

"I really do not know, Master Chad. The doctor is with her now, that Doctor Franklin. He is a nice young man, but I do not know how much he knows."

"Other doctors in Boston think him quite competent."

"That may be so, Master Chad, but he is running around like a crazy man, and that nurse of his, she is ordering people around the house just like she owned the place. And nobody can get in to see Miss Priscilla. They just cannot see her. Miss

Priscilla is tucked away in her room, and only the doctor and the nurse know what is really going on.”

“I suppose I should go see what I can find out. If you will just help me, I think I can make it into the house.”

“No, you just sit, Master Chad. Let me get some more help.”

In a minute, Ott was back, and hot on his heels came Miles. Slipping one of Chad’s arms over each of their shoulders, the men lifted him from the bench and helped him inside. By the time they got him into the kitchen, his leg was bleeding again. They laid him on the settee in the hall, tucked a pillow under his head, and Miles raced up the stairs to find Doctor Franklin.