

Stories of the Sea

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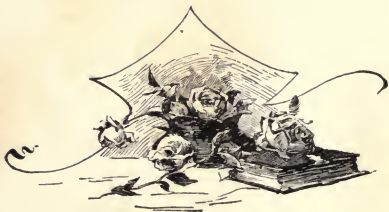


W. H. Wood



*“Books that you may carry  
to the fire, and hold readily  
in your hand, are the most  
useful after all”*

—JOHNSON



STORIES OF  
THE SEA





STORIES FROM SCRIBNER



STORIES OF  
THE SEA



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# STORIES OF THE SEA



THE PORT OF MISSING SHIPS

BY JOHN R. SPEARS

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THE FATE OF THE GEORGIANA

BY MARIA BLUNT

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CAPTAIN BLACK

BY CHARLES E. CARRYL

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THE LAST SLAVE SHIP

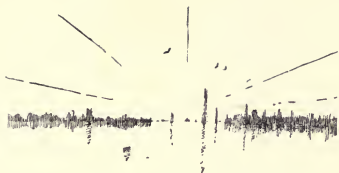
BY GEORGE HOWE, M.D.



THE PORT OF MISSING  
SHIPS

BY JOHN R. SPEARS





THE big sky-sail clipper ship Governor George T. Oglesby, of Bath, lay beside the pier at the foot of Wall Street, almost loaded with a miscellaneous cargo for Portland, Oregon. A line of trucks with goods for the big ship reached from the ship's gangway across South Street and nearly half way up to Front Street. The engineer in the little coop that covered

the hoisting engine on the pier was red in the face from his extra exertions with throttle and coal-shovel, for the stevedore up on the ship's rail was making things jump, in the hopes of completing the cargo before six o'clock that night. The 'longshoremen on the pier, about the deck, and in the hold of the ship worked with unwonted zeal, while the ship's mate, having set a young man from the agent's office to checking off the goods that were hoisted from the pier to the tune of the stevedore's whistle, was trying to see how near he could come to standing in two parts of the ship at once without splitting himself, and at the same time keep his two eyes aloft on the riggers at work on all three masts. The riggers were stretching the sails, fresh from an overhauling in the sail-loft, along the yards and making them fast there, and the mate was taking his oath that he "never see such a gang of lubbers as them riggers," and offering



to bet his soul against a worn-out chew of tobacco that the first capful of wind that struck the ship would strip the canvas off her, fore and aft. The ship's master, Captain Walter W. Allen, of Newburyport, was not in sight, having gone to the office of the agents to settle some accounts and sign the papers, but what with the moving of the trucks, under the shouts of noisy truckmen, and the hoisting of the cargo, with the noise of whistle and steam-engine, and the hoisting and stretching of sails to the orders of mate and riggers, there was no end of animation about the Governor George T. Oglesby; a landsman would have said there was a babel of confusion, but to the eye of the sailorman everything was working with a smoothness and regularity seldom to be found under like circumstances except on the deck of a Yankee clipper.

Just after three o'clock—six bells, the stevedore called the hour—when the stir

and noise, as he would have said, had reached flood tide, there was a splash in the water alongside the big clipper. Half a dozen loungers on the next pier, on the south side, became suddenly animated with the appearance of life, and hurried to the string-piece, over which they leaned and pointed excitedly toward something that was struggling and splashing about in the water.

"It's a woman," said one, excitedly ;  
"I see her har."

"What's yer givin' us? It's the dog off'n the Guv'ner Ojelsby," said another.

"Yer a stuff; it's a man. Why in hell don't some of yous run for a cop?" said a third.

Nobody ran, but every one knew just what was the matter and what some one else ought to do. There was a man drowning in the water close alongside the big black hull; that was plain enough. One big, dirty hand was clawing at the

smooth copper in a vain effort to reach up so that the ends of the fingers could catch in the seam between two of the wooden planks. Although unable to reach the seam, the efforts, somehow, kept the man from going under for good, but he was fast getting weaker when the mate of the big ship heard enough of the disturbance on the adjoining pier to cause him to give one impatient glance in that direction. That glance was enough. To his eye it was plain that some one was overboard ; nothing else ever excites the dock loungers enough to make them gather excitedly together at the string-piece of the pier. Grasping a coil of rope that hung on a belaying pin under the main rigging, he gave it a throw that sent it flying, lariat fashion, out over the water. As the end whizzed down he climbed over the rail and in a moment more was up to his waist in the water, clinging to the rope with one hand and holding the drowning man's

head by the hair above water. Finding the man docile, the mate supported him by twining his legs under his arms and then made the loose end of the rope fast to him and bawled to the men on deck to "hist away, keeful like," which was done.

The mate himself scrambled up hand over fist and lent a hand, as he said, in getting the man on deck, where he was soon stretched out in the sun. The ship's boy was sent to ask a policeman to call an ambulance, while the mate tore the man's shirt open, wiped his face, neck, and chest dry with a towel and then, finding that he breathed regularly, poured a liberal dose of whiskey, which the ship's steward had brought from the cabin with the towel, down the man's throat, "jest to take the wire edge off the salt water he's been a swallerin'," as he said.

Under this treatment the man revived quite a little, but he "was loony yet," as the mate said afterward.

“Did they both sink?” asked the man.

“Was there more on ye?” said the mate.

“Aye. Did the collision sink ither vessel?”

“What ye givin’ us?” The man looked around as if bewildered and then said:

“I say, matey, what ship is this?”

“The Governor George T. Oglesby, of Bath,” said the mate.

“I seed she was a Yankee,” said the man, glancing with admiring eyes aloft. Then he noticed the riggers and the tackle by which the cargo was hoisted in. He looked perplexed at this.

“Did ye have to jettison the cargo? Carried away every rag, eh, matey? Bendin’ on new sails, eh?”

The mate looked puzzled. “What ever is he talking about?” he said.

“What did ye make yer longitude, to-day?” continued the man. The mate turned to the stevedore and said:

"He thinks he's at sea. Crazy as a loon."

Just then the pilot of a Wall Street ferry-boat, starting to leave the adjoining slip, blew a long blast on the steam whistle. The man raised himself on one elbow, looked off over the bow of the ship where the end of the jib-boom seemed about to poke itself into the second story window of a red brick building, looked at the long row of old-fashioned buildings to the south, and then at the endless number of spars that towered at the adjoining piers.

"God," he said, "this is New York. How in —— did I get here?"

Then he fainted away. The mate, thinking he had died, had him carried aft and laid out beside the wheel-house and covering him with a tarpaulin left him there to await the arrival of the ambulance.

An hour and a quarter later the am-

balance with much clanging of the gong worked its way through the trucks on the pier and stopped at the gangway ladder. The ship's boy had found a policeman around in Water Street talking to a young woman who was selling early editions of evening papers to down-town merchants. The policeman, after hearing what the boy had to say, had walked down to the pier, where he hailed the stevedore.

"Is it all roight about th' ambylince?" he said.

"Yis," said the stevedore. Then the policeman walked hastily to the Old Slip station, where the sergeant, after hearing the facts repeated twice, telegraphed for the Chambers Street ambulance.

Walking up the inclined ladder to the ship's rail the surgeon met the mate, who said that the patient was dead. The surgeon was about to return to the hospital, at this, and notify the keeper of the

morgue, but concluded to examine the patient to see whether he really was dead, and on laying his hand over the man's heart found it still beating.

Among the flotsam and jetsam of the street that had swirled in behind the ambulance as it headed out on the pier were The Kelly, the keeper of a sailor's boarding-house in Peck Slip, and a Sifter of Rumors. Kelly looked at the face of the half-drowned sailor in a queer way for a moment and then said hastily to the surgeon :

" It's Jack Servenmalet, surgeon. He's a frind o' moine, and ef yous can pull 'im through Oi'll take im."

The surgeon thought he could pull him through, and the man was accordingly bundled into the ambulance and carried to Kelly's house. As the vehicle left the pier Kelly turned to the Sifter of Rumors and said :

" It's Jack Servenmalet as was wint last



out of this port as carpenter into the Nucleus, Captain McDonald, for Rio, and she given up for lost and the insurance paid on ship and cargo more nor a year agone. How'd he git here? Will yez tell me that, now?"

That was a question no one about the ship could answer. The mate of the big ship, the men about her deck, the loungers on the adjoining pier were all questioned, but not one of them had seen him before Spook Maguire, one of the loungers, so called because of his affection for the mysterious, saw him struggling to get his fingers into the seams between the planks near the water-line of the big clipper.

The Sifter of Rumors followed the ambulance to Kelly's place along with the usual ruffraff that forms the wake of these vehicles as they plough their way about the streets of New York. Kelly's place was a four-story brick building, painted

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yellow, with a cheerful saloon in the basement and a barren sitting-room on the first floor front. Above this the floors were cut up into little rooms with two beds in each of them, except those at the front ends of the halls, which had but one bed each. These were for the use of the mates and captains who sometimes patronized Kelly.

Into one of these hall-rooms Jack was carried and there cared for by the surgeon. The Kelly and the Sifter of Rumors helped to remove the man's clothing and rubbed him with dry cloths and did such other things as are commonly done for the partly drowned. After a while Jack opened his eyes, and the surgeon gave him a stimulant of some kind that still further revived him. After looking at each of the three men present severely, he recognized Kelly.

"It's all straight and reg'lar," he asked, "about this bein' New York?"

“Yis, hyar y’ are, Jack,” said Kelly. “What Oi’m wantin’ to ax yez is, how’d yez git hyar, and whar yez might av left the Nucleus?”

“Aye, the Nucleus,” said Jack, in a low voice, with his eyes on the ceiling as if he were looking through it to something a good ways beyond. “She’s in port, The.; I don’t understand it, but I’d a been there now ef I had kept my eye on the Atlantic steamship when we bumped up alongside of her. I was picking a rope yarn as was dangling about on the spanker boom, ontidy as a cobweb in a parlor, when her guard rail struck us on the stabbord quarter, and the shock threw me into the water. While I was floundering about some one grabbed me by the hair, and the next I knew I was on the deck of that ’ere big clipper at the foot of Wall Street.”

“He’s wandering yet,” said the surgeon to Kelly. “The Atlantic, you know,

was the big steam packet that sailed for Liverpool some time in the fifties and was never heard of again. There were several hundred passengers on her."

"Aye," said Jack. "The deck was covered with 'em, but I was under water and out agin that suddin I don't know whether she lowered a boat or not."

"Tell us all about it," said the surgeon, whose curiosity happened just then to be stronger than his professional zeal.

"Give it to us straight, Jack," added Kelly. "Take yer deparcher from the Hook, see? Did Spencer thump all hands before yez dropped the Neversink as Oi promised yez?"

"Aye," said Jack, rallying, at the thought, "Spencer was as handy with his daddles as any mate I was ever ship-mates with, and he didn't limit himself in nowise in the matter o' implements for the crackin' of a sailorman on the nut. Bein' somewhat quicker on my pins than the



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most of 'em, ef I do say it, I didn't get my sheer of the hard knocks, but don't none of you go to thinkin' he was that partial as to neglect me altogether. It was a heap more knocks nor doughboys for all hands.

"Hows'ever, that's nither here nor there. We had fair slants of wind till we be to strike the no'theast trades, somewhere in about 21 degrees of latitude, and mayhap 32 of longitude, and then the weather began to thicken and the glass went down ter'ble. The wind, as had been singin' sweet for a week or more in the riggin', begin for to tune up. That was during the afternoon watch, and we on deck, somewheres about June 21. The watch be to get in the kites suddin', see, and then all hands was turned to to snug her down.

"'Twant no reg'lar storm, d'ye mind that. The weather just thickened till the sun got the color of a ghost, then

went out like a fog had covered it, and the wind increasin' sure and steady like, and the waves rollin' up faster nor I'm tellin' of it. Not that we had much time for noticin' these things; that 'ere Spencer were right after us. First he scattered us about stowin' the flyin' jib and the fore and mizzen to'-gallant-s'ls. Then he bunched us into two lots and driv one on 'em to the main to'-gallant and t'other to brail the spanker.

"By the time that was done the wind was boomin' and the rain comin' down in solid chunks fit to knock a man off the yard, and things was gettin' lively.

" 'Lower away yer fore and mizzen top-sail halyards. Lay aft to the main clew-garnets and buntlines. Ease away yer tack and sheet—Made a mistake there, eh? Too much of a hurry, eh?' Up goes the old Nucleus's stern, on a comber as gripes her under the weather quarter and tosses her up where the seffer as was

bowlin' along gives 'er one for keeps, and the next minute that 'ere mainsail were slatted clean outen her bolt ropes. Swear? You bet. Knock the men endwise as let go of the tack and sheet? One on 'em, The ; only one on 'em, fer Spencer hisself was at the tack.

" ' Now aft agin and get both the mizzen topsails,' for no man could steer and she a gripin' so. ' Up you go and furl that upper topsail. Now, down on deck and clew up the lower.' Jump or Spencer'll lay yer head open. ' Clewlins and buntlins, slack away to leeward. Now you've got 'er. Ease off to windward.' Boom! The old ship rose on another big comb-er, and away went the upper main top-sail.

" ' Now git aloft and furl the mizzen before it blows away, too. No use, yer too late.' In spite of yer clewlins and yer buntlins, she begins to slat out and you'd better look for'ard a bit. For'ard we



runs, chased by the mate like a flock o' sheep with a dog arter 'em, and lucky we did, for just then one of them combers as had been chasin' us up catches and walks over the quarter, sweepin' things clean. Good luck the man at the wheel had lashed hisself fast, and the captain were under the weather rail, or else both 'ud gone overboard sure.

"How long will she stand that? Not long, me b'y. The gale's risin', and the seas gettin' up stiddy. Better lay 'er to. Aye. We'll lay 'er to. 'Man the jib down-haul. That's well; now the forestaysail.' Lay out there and furl 'em? No. Too late for that. The man as goes out there washes off. 'Git the fore-lower topsail then, and be quick about it.' Aye. We do that. Now for the foresail, and then we'll put the helm down and see her come up. That's what we think. We man the strings again. We're savin' the ship now. Ease off

the tack first. Zip! zip! Boom! We didn't save no foresail, that's for sartin.

"Ha! she was boiling along in a smother of foam without any canvas a pulling, but the main-lower topsail, but t'want no fun, ef we were a headin' of our course. 'Git a tarpaulin in the weather mizzen riggin' and cut away that flappin' headgear.' No. The gale saves us part of that work, and makes more, for a big sea shoves the ship's nose under like a rootin' hog's, and when she wallers up out of it she leaves 'er jib-boom behind in the water and the foreto'-gallant mast goes over to stab-bord. Now we go at it with axes to clear the stuff away, and then we're ready to bring her up to the wind.

"It's an even chance that she won't make it, but if we hold on as we are we are lost for sartin.'

"'Lay aft all. Haul in the lee braces and ease away to windward. That's

well; belay. Now git yer tarpaulin into the mizzen-riggin'. Stand by, you at wheel, and when you git the word jump on 'er, d'ye hear? Wait a minute, till this big 'un clears us——

“ ‘ Now hard down! hard down! Jam 'er.’ ”

“ ‘ Aye, she's hard down, sir.’ ”

“ Great Lord, and still she hangs, and there's a tidal wave makin' to windward! 'Show the peak of that spanker. Haul her out! Haul, you——’

“ Too late! Too late! The wave's atop of us, even as we git the word, and we be to scamper like rats to git under the rail or wherever we could get a line to take a turn around ourselves with and cling for life to it, and so the wave sweeps slow across the deck, and the screamin' o' that 'ere storm and the sight of it is lost in the roaring waters that presses us down and a' most crush the life out of us.”

As he told the story of the gale the sailor became more and more flushed and excited until he came to tell how they vainly tried to get her head to the wind. Here he rose up in bed and bel-  
lowed the orders at the top of his voice, and struck out with his fists as if driving obdurate seamen before him. Then he fell back, saying, "too late," and half gasped for breath as he told of the crushing weight of water that bore down on the ill-starred ship.

This done, he stopped talking for a time, while the look of anxiety that had been on his face slowly gave way to one of peace. Closing his eyes for a time he opened them with a smile on his face and went on with his story.

"How long we was under that 'ere wave is more nor I knows, but it seemed like a trick at the wheel in the mid-watch. We just hung on to our lashin's and held our breath till I was ready to give up that

the ship had gone down. Then all unexpected the wave passed away, and the Nucleus was atop agin, but I was that beat out I dropped down on the deck.

"While I was a layin' there onable to help myself and waiting for Spencer to come along and burst in my ribs with the toe of his boot, and order all hands to jump to that 'ere outhaul again, I feels one o' them catspaws on my face what a sweetheart o' mine used to call gentle seffers. I opened my eyes suddint at that ere, and what d'ye think? The storm—wind, clouds, and the whole smother of it—had passed away with that 'ere tidal wave, and there we was a rollin' in as pretty a seaway as ever the trades kicked up. I never hear of a storm, as lasted like ourn had, goin' away that suddint, but there was no denyin' what I see with my own eyes arter I'd rubbed 'em wery hard to make sure on 'em. So I makes shift to git on

my pins again, and has a severe look around to see whar them clouds had gone, and didn't see nothin' of 'em nowhere."

"Wonderful change of the weather, that," remarked the surgeon.

"True for it, sir; but strange things be to happen in them latitudes, and I don't pretend to understand 'em at all, nither, sir. Hows'ever, there was the ship with her top hamper in a ter'ble mess—we be to understand that; there was the men crawlin' from their lashin's and what not, as they'd been hangin' on to, and nary a one be to lose the number of his mess; there was the officers and the man at the wheel—all on us more nor less used up, in course, but all on us oncommon well pleased to find the Nucleus on top agin, and the storm gone.

"As I was a sayin', though, sailormen on ships as has had their sticks knocked

outen them don't have no time to go a pherloserphizin' about things they don't know nothin' about, and you'd a lay yer last dollar on that 'ere ef you'd seen the mate start for'd the moment he'd got a bit over the daze what the weight o' the water 'ud give him.

“ ‘ Here, git up, y' lazy dev—,’ says he ; and then he clapped a stopper on to that 'ere, and didn't finish his remark, while a quare sort of a look come over his face. So he swallows verry hard like suthin' was into his throat, and heads away on a different tack, some'at.

“ ‘ Now, then, me bullies,’ he says, ‘ clap on to them fore and main staysail halliards and snake 'em up. Hard down with yer wheel thar, Jimmie, and we'll have her nose to sothard agin, eh? ’ ”

“ Hold fast, Jack,” said Kelly. “ Give us the straight on it, see? D' ye mane to soy them was Spencer's wurrads? ”

“ Aye, in course.”

“Poor Jack,” said The., mournfully, “and him sich a fine mon in his day. Would a sup of ould rye help 'im a bit now, dother, do yez think?”

The doctor, impatient at the interruption, gestured dissent, and Jack, with a grin at The.'s mournfulness, continued:

“Done him good to git the life squeezed outen his gall, hey? That's what I thought then, anyhow. But that 'ere's nither here nor thar, for we be to clap on to them halliards, and so, the helm bein' down and the head of her to sou'west, and the wind easted, we're soon comin' to.

“‘How's her head?’ says Spencer, when the sinkin' sun comes abeam.

“‘The binnacle's bust,’ the man says, arter he has a look at the compass; and when the captain and the mates has a look at the binnacle and then at the tell-tales into the cabin they find there's nary a compass on board but's bust, while even



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the two chronomymters was stopped out o' hand when the wave struck us. I don't remember to a ever hearin' of a ship git-tin' quite that shorthanded in the matter o' navigatin' implements. Hows'ever, matters might a been worse, as the captain said, for any one can steer to sothard when he can see the sun and stars; and so arter a lookout were sent to straddle the r'yal yard if so be any other ship might be sighted as we could get a compass of, as well as the time at Greenwich, we fell to makin' sail and repairin' damages.

"I don't need to go spinnin' to you about that ere, only I make bold to say that when me an' the second mate got the new jib-boom ready for to be shipped at the end o' the mid-watch arter eight hours' work, there didn't never nobody see a dandier one nor it."

"But what about your meals all this time?" asked the Sifter of Rumors.

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“ Ay, the grub. We didn't even have a biscuit. Forgot it clean, from feeling that uncommon good over our narrer escape, I reckon, and bein' all took up with gettin' of her to rights. Jim McCaig, the doctor, in course he goes ahead and gits supper ready, but when he were ready to sarve it the old man says :

“ ‘ Avast ! whatever is the use o' botherin' and interferin' with men as is enjoyin' of themselves ? ’ and Jim, he says, ‘ True for it, sir, whatever is it ? ’ and so there didn't no supper git sarved. But when Captain McDonald see that 'ere jib-boom me an' the second mate had blocked out, he wanted ter do suthin', I reckon, as 'ud show us he sot a vally on our work.

“ ‘ Gentlemen, ’ he says, ‘ that's the fashion'blest stick I ever see. Why, any heathen cannyble in the middle o' Africa as never see a ship 'ud know what it were ; but afore we ship it I'm a thinkin' we'll pipe to breakfast, ’ an' we did. We hadn't

had it a weighin' on our minds afore, but when we gits our messkids full we was sharp set and no better stores was ever sarved aboard ship."

"Must 'av served cabin grub to yous *gintlemen*," said Kelly with marked emphasis. He had snorted at Jack's use of the word "gentlemen."

"I don't dispute y', The.," said Jack, in a helpless sort of a way. "Things never was the same arter that 'ere wave swept over us. I hain't got no learnin', The., and can't give no whys nor why-fors."

"How far did you find you'd sailed and drifted during the storm?" asked the Sifter of Rumors.

"Ay, the latitude and longitude. 'Twar a lettle cur'us, now I think on it, though nobody didn't hold no convention in the lee of the galley for to consider it then. When the old man found his chronomymeters was bust he says, and he says it quite

solemn: ' We be to sail by dead reckonin'.'

" We hove the log as soon as ever we got all plain sail onto her and she were a reelin' off eight knots, and from that 'ere time we never teched glass nor reel.

" Arter breakfast, see, which it were arly and afore seven bells, the old man said for to call the watch and the rest turn in, which we weren't expectin' nor axin' for, seein' we was feelin' all right and all that 'ere work to do, and so I makes bold to say as we was ready to turn to. But the captain he says stow that 'ere, for 'taint square for no man to do no more nor he signed articles for, and so we turns in. As for me, I no sooner lost my reckonin' in my bunk nor I went off dreamin' I was carpenter an' cooper aboard a whalin' vessel. Hows'ever that's nither here nor thar, only I be to dream the stuff every watch below.

" As I was a sayin', so soon as ever we

gits the new spars on end and the yards crossed and the canvas bent, we turns to and begins to paint her. Spencer he explains that this 'ere breeze from eastard and sothard was a liftin' of her across the doldrums, and we be to make port in three or four weeks. So we gits up the paint pots, and the second mate he serves out white lead and ile—say, ye never see the likes of it; none of yer yellersh fever-colored common stuff, mind, but a genuin' white like the smother under the bows of her, see, and we begins at the truck and we paints down, includin' doublin's of the masts and the yards and the lower masts fit for a gentleman's yatchet. Then, in course, we takes the hull in hand and done that likewise, and what with a runnin' a belt o' carmine around 'er in the wake o' the plankshear, and a touchin' up the gold scrolls under her bowsprit, and a polishin' of the bright work, she were gallus.

“Hows’ever, that wasn’t all we done. When Captain McDonald he comes for’d fer to have a severe look around and says as how we’d done him proud, we gives him a surprise party as was a stunner to him, and now I comes to think on it, it were quare. It was as I be to tell, but how it were and the whys and the where-fors, as The. may be puttin’ in his oar for to ask, I can’t say.”

He stopped talking for a moment at this, as if considering “the whys and the whyfors,” but continued shortly.

“We be for to notice afore we’d been puttin’ her to rights many days that when we done anything it were done to stay. There didn’t no bright work turn yellor and green, nor no iron work as was rubbed up to sparkle get no rust on to it no more : and no scrubbin’ of the decks arter we done it once, nor no chafin’ gear wearin’ out. So in our trick below we turns to unbeknownst to the captain and polishes

up the anchors till you'd a tuk yer dyin' oath they was silver plate from shackle pin to crown, and didn't the old man's eyes bung out some'at when he see us snatch the tarpaulins off as we'd covered 'em up with?

"With that we says, 'Captain, is it the standin' riggin' next?' and he says, 'It be and I'm with ye,' and what does we do but turn to and polish them 'ere shrouds and stays, every wire and every inch on 'em, and the chain-plates, until I reckon ef any one 'ud been a steerin' our way, so as he be to get the glint o' the sun on to us, he'd a made sure our top-hamper was a blazin' burnin' offen us. Last of all, one at a time, we takes the sails down on deck and scrubs 'em like snow, and when we gits 'em done there we was, sailin' like—sailin'——"

The sailor stopped talking again and lay perfectly still, staring at the blank wall, trying, perhaps, to think of words to

fitly describe the ship as she then appeared to him, but after a moment he shook his head and continued.

“How long was we doin’ of it? Give it up. All I knows is I didn’t care. It were proper work for a sailorman and couldn’t last too long. That ’ere evening arter we got it done, and all hands be to eat supper in the cabin in honor on it, we dresses up in our shore togs, and at four bells the starboard watch be to eat first. We was all on the quarter deck, and, be-in’ carpenter, I was a leadin’ the way down into the cuddy and the captain standin’ at the foot of the ladder ready to give us a hearty welcome when the look-out as was a straddle the fer-r’yal yard sings out:

“‘Sa-a-i-l ho-o-o! One pint for’ard the stab-bord be-e-am!’

“With that we all rushes down to the stabbord rail. Sure enough, there be the r’yals and the to’gallants’ls of a full rig



ship jest a pokin' across the sun as was a droppin' rapid out o' sight, and there we stands leanin' out over that rail and strainin' our eyes till she crosses the sun and gets fogged in by them colored hazes and mistses beyand.

“So we be to have somethin' new ter talk about at supper, and we gits that 'ere strung up over it, not a one of us be to sleep a wink that blessed night, only tramp the deck and work our jaw-tackles. In course we'd kept away a bit, if so be we might head her off.

“With the fust streak in the east away we all goes to the r'yal yards and hangs there, a peerin' into the dark and waitin'. Our trick on the lookout weren't fer long, hows'ever, for we soon sees a shadder of her as the gray of the mornin' was a spreadin', and then, suddin like, up comes the sun. Whew! I e'na'most fell offen the yard. She were scrubbed and painted and polished alow and aloft like the Nucleus.

“ While we were a starin' there and a never sayin' nothin', only breathin' hard, we sees a line a hardenin' above the horizon beyand her, which all on us recognized to oncet, and we hails the deck together.

“ ‘ Land ho-o-o ! ’

“ Meantime the breeze had been freshenin' with the risin' sun, and it drives us swishing and splashing along and the coast rises rapid. While we was waiting for to git a some'at better squint at it we notices the shore fishes to be oncommon plenty—more nor any of us ever see, and such flocks of birds as I never hearn on afore. In course we don't be to pay much attention to them 'ere, only the captain, as noticed 'em likewise, says he see plenty of birds among 'em as he supposed had been done for long ago, and in consequence we be to come to a island or coast o' some sort what nobody didn't know much about.

“So the captain and Mr. Spencer be to keep screwing the binoculars into their eyes and goin' down and lookin' at charts by turns, and the more they looked the puzzleder they gets, especial when they sees a bay or harbor openin' out afore them with two headlands of cur'us form a guardin' of it. The both on 'em had sailed the length of the whole coast of America many's the time, and the Nucleus were oncommon well found in charts, but neither on 'em ever see or hearn of a coast and harbor like this, and so the captain he says we're comin' to a port as ain't down in no chart, and if so be it are a undiscovered country, all we can do is to keep a sharp lookout.

“It were soon settled about it bein' a country as hadn't been discovered, for wery soon arter the captain were sayin' of it we begins to sight sails atween them headlands, and by and by, as that 'ere bay opens out afore us, we sees that



a mighty fleet had gathered there. How can I tell it to you what I see and make you believe it, about the great open hulks as had only one mast and was rowed with oars and yet could carry the Nucleus's cargo: the ships with jib-booms and no jibs but squares'ls instid; ships with lateen fores'ls and others with lateen mizzens, and no end of other rigs such as no man ever see nor no sailorman 'ud have nothin' to do with, not to mention the craft rigged as we've seen ships rigged afore-time, and them as was shipshape, and some as I remember of seein' afore. Wherever did they all come from? whatever were they there for? How did we happen to be sailin' into that ere harbor? Why did hundreds—aye, hundreds on them cur'us hulks, with cur'user flags and streamers, and with their sails embroidered all over with pictur's, and the crews playing on no end o' musical instruments, come out alongside the ship as was ahead

of us and give her a welcome heartylike, as we could hear a mile away, and then bear up to meet us?"

"We tumbled down from aloft, and standin' on the rail about the quarter-deck, right glad as we'd got the ship to rights in time, stood by to greet 'em as was becomin' in a Yankee ship. I see them as they comes veerin' around, I sees the smiles on their faces, hears their shouts and their music, notices in partic'lar that 'ere big side-wheeler the Atlantic, as was headin' for our lee quarter like she would give us a line or suthin'; and then Captain McDonald, as was a looking' aft, happens to see a rope-yarn a danglin' from the end o' the spanker-boom as untidy as a cobweb in a lady's parlor. Pintin' at it quick he whispers to me:

" 'Mister Servenmalet, kindly remove it.'

"I jumped fer to do it, feelin' wery

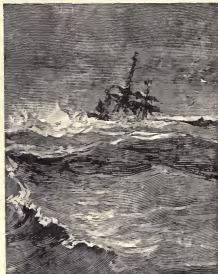
much ashamed on account of its bein' there, and just as I gets my fingers on to it that 'ere Atlantic with her big paddlewheels reversed sweeps up alongside and the swell bumps her agin our stabbord counter, and off I tumbles, with the shock. I flounders about for a time and then some one grabs me by the hair and pulls me out. I opens my eyes—alas! I finds myself—here."

The Sifter of Rumors had a copy of the *Commercial Bulletin* in his pocket. He drew it out and began to glance down the column headed "Marine News." An item caught his eye, and he read it aloud. Here it is:

"NEW LONDON, October 11.

"Whaling schooner Henrietta Hazeltine, Norton, from South Atlantic, arrived with full cargo. June 22, 1886, latitude 21° 17' north, longitude 32° 3' west, during prolonged squall, in which

had main trysail carried away, saw ship sink about half mile to leeward, being swamped by a tidal wave, which the



Hazeltine rode in safety. On drifting down to where ship disappeared, found one man clinging to a spare spar, and having bad cut in head. He afterward signed articles as Jack Ser-venmalet, cooper and carpenter. Never fully recovered mentally from

effect of wound, but did duty in a satisfactory manner. He could not remember name of ship, but talked in his sleep a good deal about the New Class or some such name of a ship."

The sailor listened attentively to the



reading of the item, and when it was done said :

“ The Henrietta Hazeltine, whaler, me cooper and carpenter. Sure, that do be the name. Cur’us things be to happen at sea, eh ? ”

After a few minutes he turned on his side, and putting out his hand took hold of Kelly’s, and then said, in a lower tone :

“ Matey, did ye say the Nucleus had been missing nigh hand to a year ’n more, and that that ’ere Atlantic were a missing steamship too. I don’t know; I don’t think so. I think I be to go back to the Nucleus, matey. My head feels a bit quare, but I reckon I’ll soon make that ’ere harbor and that ’ere fleet agin.”

And he did. He turned to the wall, at this, smiling at the thought of once more joining his shipmates in the beautiful harbor, and closed his eyes as if to sleep. A clock in the barren sitting-room

below began to strike, and the sailorman counted the strokes of the bell in a whisper.

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight. Aye, aye, sir; eight bells. All the starboard watch, sir."

He sprang up from his pillow as if to leave the bed, and then dropped back again and lay perfectly still. The surgeon looked alarmed now and hastily felt of his pulse. There was none in wrist nor temple, nor could any beating of the heart be felt. Jack Servenmalet had gone to meet the crew of the missing Nucleus. He was dead.

THE FATE OF THE  
GEORGIANA

BY MARIA BLUNT





## THE FATE OF THE GEORGIANA.

by Maria Blunt.

CONANICUT is a pleasant place to spend a summer. Of late years, indeed, so many people have thought so that its pleasantness has been diminished and, for some shy spirits, destroyed.

But if its favored and advertised localities have been improved to their ruin, there are tracts along the rugged line of shore, among the "Dumplings" and the huckleberry bushes, as yet unspoiled. Here the land is broken into steep, sugar-loaf hills whose ribs of rock are covered with wiry grass, slippery to unaccustomed

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feet ; and, extending into the water, these hills form a fringe of small conical islands displaying more rock and less grass than they show on shore.

They are the Dumplings seething in the giants' caldron of soup when the storms descend from the ocean.

If this is not a pleasing simile I am not responsible, for such is the local tradition, embodied in the local name. Whatever else they are, they are picturesque : in tempests, when the waves are flung upon them in spray ; or in calms, when each "floats double," looking down upon its shadow.

To the left is Newport Harbor, its break-water and Fort Adams ; to the right, the slim point of Beaver Tail and the open ocean.

Here blows the salt breath of the Atlantic, untainted by drainage ; here break foam-tipped billows, unvexed by bathing-ropes ; here, below the tapering hills and

bristling, pointed rocks, the gulls still watch for fish, as above them the few ancient farm-houses, gray, storm-beaten, and lonely, watch their bleak sheep-ranges and the wide sea. Here man may come—though we selfishly hope he will not—and close to Newport and its pageants, its social splendor, its naval pomp, its military parade, with all the dash and glitter of a gay world before his eyes, may live the life of a hermit or a savage.

By which of these names the owners of two or three jaunty little cottages, perched high upon the cliffs, would wish to be described, I do not know, but I do know that when one of the quaintly fashioned, soft-toned, peaked and gabled structures was offered to Dick Kimball, he felt himself an unexpectedly lucky man.

Dick had been for some years chief buyer for a prominent jobbing house and was considered a man of push and energy. These qualities had lately led him to start

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in business for himself, and he was spoken of as "rising." Now, as one seldom rises with a bound, but advances, like history, along a slow spiral, Dick found, as others have done, that if there is more glory in independent transactions there is more safety in an assured salary.

For a time there seemed to be nothing very certain about his business except its bad debts.

So he and Julia economized, wore their old clothes, and hopefully indulged in more or less expensive experiments in marketing on co-operative principles. During the winter they talked very bravely of staying in the city all summer, and Julia said she could take the children to the Park for air and exercise.

But when the heats came and the sun on the pavements began to look white, and the breath from the streets was such that no one knew which was worse, the hot, foul air outside, or the close, foul air in-



side, Julia weakened and declared the baby could never stand it. They must go somewhere to open fields and trees—anywhere—details could be arranged afterward. But details, when they pressed for arrangement, did not prove so manageable and she was still worrying, undecided, when one warm evening Dick came home to dinner with a letter in his pocket.

“There, Julia,” he said, throwing it down by her plate. “There’s luck. The Browns are going to Europe.”

“Yes, if they like it,” Julia answered languidly, for the weather was oppressive and her luck had seemed small.

“Well, Brown’s as good a fellow as he always was when he was foot of our class, and I had to help him scrape through. Success doesn’t spoil him a bit. He knows I’ve been hard up this year. Read the letter. He wants us to take his cottage near Newport for the summer.”

“A cottage near Newport!” cried Julia,

breathless. "Why, Dick, you are dreaming! If we can't afford Bayshore, or the Catskills——! You know I haven't a dress; and as for the children——"

"But it isn't that. Nothing of the sort. Flannel dresses and gingham—*or* sack-cloth and ashes if you choose. I lived in a tennis shirt and knickerbockers when I was there that summer before we were married, don't you remember? Lovely place, lots of sailing and fishing. We both said, when we got rich we would build there. Brown got rich faster than I did, and you see he has done it. He and Sidney—that's his wife's brother, you know—each have cottages. They spend the summers there, painting. But this year, as you see, Brown says he's going abroad."

"Dear me!" said Dick's pretty sister Georgie, looking over Julia's shoulder, "American art must be flourishing. Why aren't you an artist, Dick? Pictures must

sell better than wool if Mr. Brown and Mr. Sidney get seaside cottages and trips to Europe out of theirs."

"They don't," said Dick, promptly. "Not a bit of it. Brown's pictures sell very well, but they never built that cottage. Just wait till you hear him on the grossness of the American public! No, it was more likely wool, for when old Henry Sidney died he stood at the head of the trade. He left a big pile and there were only Mrs. Brown and her brother to share it. They can do what they like. Perhaps," Dick added, with a half-patetic glance at his own curly-headed heir, "Bobby can be a painter too, some day, if I stick to wool."

Julia jumped up and ran to his end of the table, regardless of etiquette, or even of the example she set to Master Bobby.

"I don't care how nice Mr. Brown is, I won't take his cottage. And leave you! Why, Dick, I could not do it."

But she finally did. The offer was really too good to be refused, and of course Dick protested that he longed to be left, and talked jocosely of bachelor freedom, Coney Island, and the peanut galleries. Besides, he would often run up to see them.

A hot wave came on. One of the children fell ill. Georgie packed the trunks with the thermometer at 90°, and after an uncomfortable night on the Newport boat, Mrs. and Miss Kimball, two children, and the very important personage who had been induced to come with them as cook, stood among their bags and bundles on the high cottage balcony and turned their bleached faces seaward to the strong salt air.

They knew at once that they had done wisely and well, and began to put things to rights with enthusiasm. In this task they were much assisted, and their enthusiasm was sustained, by the kindness of

their neighbor, Mr. Sidney, who promptly came over from the adjoining cottage, initiated them into the ways of the island—and the islanders—engaged a boy for them, placed his boats and man at their disposal, and introduced his friend Jack Horner, who was spending a vacation with him.

“Another artist,” Georgie wrote to Dick. “They do thrive surprisingly out here. But I believe Mr. Horner is not rich. He might as well be in wool. He can paint, though. At least Mr. Sidney says so, and that he is truly a genius. I hope he is, but I know he can swim magnificently, and they are teaching Julia and me to row. We should be perfectly happy if only you could come. We hate to think of you in the hot city while we —” etc., etc.

Dick did come, when he could, to spend the Sundays, sometimes adding a Saturday or Monday, when the three men

would go out in Sidney's boats and fish all day, coming back sunburned and happy, whether they caught anything or not.

Julia established a small table and an urn upon the balcony and made coffee there in the summer evenings, and Sidney and Horner testified their approval by coming over very regularly to drink it.

Georgie found them delightful companions. She was bright and active, and could play tennis and handle a pair of oars to admiration. On hot mornings when a land breeze made these sports unattractive, the balcony was still the coolest place, and the two men formed a habit of loitering there.

There would be needlework and talk; they even were not above reading aloud. By and by Sidney, with some diffidence, set up his easel and begged permission to put Miss Georgie's shapely head upon it, and after that she sat quite regularly.



Horner looked on and criticised. Julia suggested effects of costume and drapery. It was all very cosey and intimate.

## II.

"ANYHOW, I can paint a boat. She's as dainty as a shell. Who'd know her for the old tub we pried off the rocks yonder?"

A fresh breeze blew briskly from the sea. The crisp waves ran before it, tossing their foamy crests. The wet rocks glistened; the water glanced and sparkled; the radiant sunlight gave the air a

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metallic glitter like tiny points of diamond dust. White breakers chased each other on Agassiz's Point, and across the bay a few reefed sails were scudding with the swift-winged gulls. One felt the rush of the world through space.

Below the cottages wooden stairs led from ledge to ledge, down the steep sides of a basin-shaped cove where Sidney's various pleasure craft were rocking at their moorings. A tiny sloop was laid up on this sheltered beach, and, paint-pot in hand, Horner wriggled out from under it. He stopped half-way and, lying on his back, put some extra touches to the stern, where the name, "Georgiana," shone resplendent in gold on a buff ground.

"You've made those letters big enough," said Sidney.

"'Tis to be read afar," retorted Horner. "The meteor of the seas. If you give a month to the lady's portrait, shall I take less pains with her name?"



"She says it is not her name," murmured Sidney, maliciously, but the wind blew his words away. He was crouching, for protection against this wind, behind a big boulder and was painting a jutting point of rocks over which the waves were dashing. With his pocket box of colors and a handful of fine brushes, he had managed to catch the spirit of the breezy morning, the wide sea and brilliant sky, upon a foot, or so, of paper.

Horner came up and leaned over the boulder, rubbing his daubed fingers.

"Your perspective tilts a good deal, seems to me," he said, but presently he burst out, "By Jove, I don't see how you do it. It's more wonderful than genius—of which, you know, you haven't a spark — Or, no, it *is* genius, the genius of manipulation."

"Well," said Sidney, serenely, "what is all genius but the power to do?"

"Now if I had been doing that," pur-

sued Horner, still stretching over the rock, "I should have wanted a canvas as big as the side of a church, something huge and inspiring like the ocean out there. But here you have it on an insignificant scrap, as if you had seen it through the small end of a spy-glass. It is positively immoral. You belittle nature."

"My dear fellow," said Sidney, smiling, "what value has size in art?"

"But how can you see in such a light?" Horner grumbled. "This intolerable dazzle would put my eyes out."

"If I waited till everything suited me, how much would I ever do?" asked Sidney, going over his shadows with a careful hand.

The relationship between these two, though close, was peculiar. It dated from their school-days, when Horner, as the more experienced and muscular, had stood Sidney's friend with aggressive

classmates, and although Sidney had since repaid this kindness many times, their relative positions had never greatly altered. Horner was still the better man, in his own eyes and in those of his friend.

Yet Sidney was rich and Horner poor. More than this, Sidney's family connections opened to him literary and artistic circles—we will not call them rings—that Horner could scarcely have entered alone. His was a sporadic genius springing from meagre soil, and he might have struggled uselessly his life long, but for the lucky chance that united him to Sidney. Yet it was he who seemed to give. A certain obtuseness is often part of the endowment of rich and simple natures, and Horner's affection for Sidney had never quite lost the slight tinge of patronage with which it started—an attitude easily made ridiculous, had it not been so unconscious and sincere. Its justification was his greater power, a fact, although it must be said

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that as yet he had not done very much to prove it. Sidney, working with method and precision, unswayed by wayward impulses, quietly increased in artistic stature and in favor with critics and hanging-committees. He was, in short, successful, and we all know that only the disappointed care to sift too carefully the causes of success. Horner, at times, came perilously near this latter class.

He made his daily bread—with condiments—by illustrations for various periodicals, but although this is honorable employment, it failed to satisfy him. His ambitions were vast and vague, and filled him with their restlessness. He was forever planning largely and working furiously, until he dropped exhausted and was obliged to lie by and gather strength for another onset.

One of these forced recruiting seasons was upon him now, and he was defending himself against its depression as best he

could, fretting secretly at his idleness, but rowing, fishing, and swimming as if such pastimes were the end and aim of his being. He walked all over the island and sailed all over the bay, and finally wreaked his reviving energies upon an old boat that he found stranded on the rocks. Having repaired her, he painted her, and regarded his work with much satisfaction, as we have seen.

As, less contentedly, he watched Sidney's nimble fingers, a riotous gust struck him and whirled his cap from his head. When he caught and replaced it, his eyes travelled round the little harbor with its boats.

"Where's the skiff?" he asked, abruptly.

"Miss Kimball has it," Sidney answered, without looking up from his work.

"Why didn't you make Bates take a heavier boat such a day? By the way, Bates went, I hope, and not Frank."

“I—why, really I don't know.” Sidney put down his brushes and looked troubled. “I meant to go with her myself, but she got off before we were down. But I suppose so. She would not want a boy with the sea like this.”

“Heaven knows what she'd want; I don't,” Horner muttered, half under his breath. “Whatever it is, it's likely to be more than I can fathom. But I know what I want—that she should not pass the Point in a cockle-shell to-day.”

Sidney looked gravely at the racing breakers, then resumed his painting, as with an effort, saying only :

“I think we may trust Bates.”

Horner sat idly gazing at the Georgiana, whistling softly to himself, when a cry from Sidney startled him.

“By Jove ! It can't be.”

“What—where ? ”

“Look there ! ”

“Good—— ! ”

A little skiff, wave-tossed, was slowly rounding the Point, and in it, toiling in rowing, sat Georgie, alone. Her hat was blown back and lay upon her shoulders; a strand of her loosened hair curled over it; and her veil and fluttering ends of ribbon whipped about her head. They were picturesque, but made her look as if she were flying signals of distress.

Both men sprang up and ran down to the shore—one had turned white.

They could see that she looked often over her shoulder, as if anxious, and, although she pulled stoutly, she was evidently tired. The skiff made little progress; the oars scarce held the water; the white-caps danced about her mockingly, and the two men watched her in a tense silence. Horner had even started back to get another boat when Georgie, barely clearing the outlying rocks, turned sharp round under the temporary shelter of a big Dumpling and headed directly for

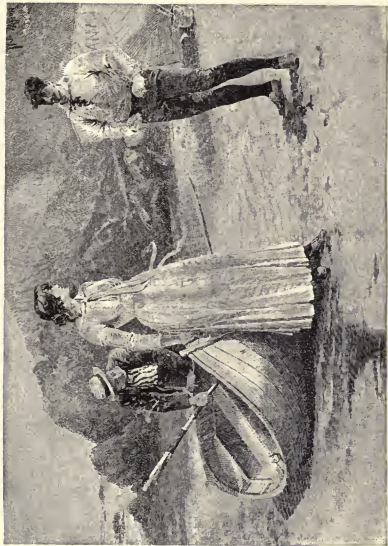
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the shore. The wind was now at her back, and the little boat, borne by an incoming wave, sped to land. They could see her trying to guide it to the cove, and she showed both skill and courage, but it was quickly beyond her control.

As it rushed up, Sidney and Horner splashed into the water and caught the prow. Georgie shipped her oars quickly, a curling sea broke over them all, nearly sweeping the men from their feet, filling the boat with water, and flinging them all forward, breathless from the shock, upon the beach. Georgie clung desperately to her seat; Horner, struggling for a foothold, lifted the skiff by main force and ran it out of reach of the pursuing waves. As the last one broke ineffectually behind them, Sidney held out his hand to Georgie, who rose with an affectation of ease and a panting attempt to laugh.

She shook out her drenched skirt, tossed the hair from her forehead, looked





brightly up a moment to challenge criticism, but then leaned back against the boat unable to conceal her exhaustion.

She was very pretty. The graceful outlines of her figure, showing here and there through the folds of her wet and clinging garments, and the soft color of her charming face were well set off against the tilted skiff and a background of blue sea.

But if the color-loving eyes that saw her took involuntary note of these harmonies, it was in no tone of admiration that Horner began, excitedly :

“Of all the crazy things I ever heard of, this exceeds. I did not think even you could be guilty of such folly.”

“Oh—thank you,” Georgie struggled to say lightly. “How nice to exceed the expectations of one’s friends !”

“You never should have done it. Where was Bates ? Or Frank ?”

“I do not know. Busy, no doubt ?”

“ You mean to say you have been all the way to the Landing—alone—in that shell—in this gale? And back? Why didn't you send for me? Great Powers of Heaven! It makes me cold to think of it.”

He seemed so. He was pale, almost as breathless as she, looking at her with a curious mixture of anger and entreaty.

She returned the look with a hint of defiance, as if his tone incensed her.

“ Why did you do it? What made you? Promise me never to do such a thing again.”

“ You make too much of it,” Georgie answered, very quickly. “ Nonsense. I went because I liked. It was—exhilarating. Good-by.”

She turned lightly off. Sidney, who had been busy about the boat and silent, now came forward and, still silent, offered his arm to lead her up the stairway. She shook her head—perhaps because she

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could not speak—and sprang up the steps; then turned and laughingly waved her hand back to them—a bit of bravado that did no good, for it only showed how white she had become, and neither of the men smiled.

Sidney presently gathered up his sketching paraphernalia and prepared to leave the cove. “Are you coming?” he asked, as Horner made no motion to follow.

“I’m going for a stroll,” Horner strove to say, indifferently. “The day is too fine for the house.”

“I am going to get into something dry,” said Sidney, in an odd tone. “I advise you to do the same.”

“I’m not wet,” said Horner, impatiently. “At least—” for he was soaked—“I don’t care. I’m not going in just now.”

Georgie’s smile died away long before she reached the top of the bluff, and she was very glad to sink down under the lee of the cottage walls, where Julia was

watching the children at play. Mrs. Kimball had thriftily tied the children's hats over their little ears for safety from the romping wind, but of what other mischief that wind might be doing she was happily ignorant. Happily too, as Julia's own beach hat limited her field of vision like a tunnel, Georgie could keep her bare head and dripping dress out of focus and recover breath unmolested. When Julia remarked that she had not seen either of their neighbors that morning, Georgie refrained from answering that she had, but then, womanlike, nearly betrayed herself by breaking out, petulantly, "I should think you'd be glad of it. We see enough of them, I'm sure. And Mr. Horner is a perfect bear."

"Oh, if you compare him to Mr. Sidney——" said Julia, laughing at this ungrateful burst. "What can you expect? But he is very polite. He has even named his boat for you."

“For me?” retorted the girl, indignantly. “You know better, Julia. At least you know that my name is not Georgiana.”

### III.

A SLEEPY sea with a few idle sails upon it. Hazy distances melting into a sky full of hot sunshine. Subdued murmurs from the beach, where lazy waves lapped gently in and went out again with a low swish, like a sigh.

Such are the changes of the seaside.

Who would take that calm expanse for the boisterous main? Or that sedate and white-robed maiden for the rash rower of yesterday? Aphrodite, born of spray and landing from a sea-shell, is a convenient metaphor, but Georgie had probably resembled her less when really coming out of the raging deep, all wet flannel and blowing locks, than she did now when seated in a low wicker chair, safe

and dry on the shaded balcony, with her soft, billowy draperies piled about her like foam.

She was doing nothing—that is, she was gazing dreamily upon the dreamy sea and sitting for her portrait, that Sidney was industriously, and at the moment silently, painting.

Julia, who could seldom afford to do nothing, had taken her work-basket to the other end of the balcony, where she said there was more breeze. As there seemed to be none anywhere, it was clever of her to find this out, but possibly her cleverness had suggested other reasons for going there. At all events she fastened her attention upon her sewing, until Horner's restlessness diverted it.

He had come up after Sidney's easel had been placed, and for a little while lounged about, making comments, as was his wont. But he had soon grown abstracted, then silent, until he suddenly

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went over and joined Julia. There he sat upon the rail and swung his feet, looking off to sea, making an aimless remark or two, or letting Julia's lively talk ripple over him unregarded, until she said he made her nervous and asked him why he did not read to her. The book they had begun was on the library table ; would he get it ? How nice ! He went obediently, but he did not come back.

All over the house the windows were open, the shutters bowed, and the rooms in that cool twilight beloved of good housekeepers—if not artists—in garish summer. Coming from the outer glare, Horner's eyes were dazzled and he saw only what he brought with him—the image of a white dress projected upon a square of blue.

He went mechanically to the table as directed, and being there forgot book—Julia—himself—and all the world. He stood between two windows ; near to one



was Sidney's easel, and through the half-closed blinds the low talk drifted in.

"I have something to ask you," he heard, in Sidney's quiet voice. "Do you know—I am sure you do not—how much you frightened—a—us all yesterday? It still seems a miracle that you are here now. If you knew how cruel such rashness can be——"

"It was foolish," Georgie answered, without a trace of resentment. "In fact, it was very wrong. I know I owe you an apology for the wetting I gave you."

"No," he said, "not for that."

"Well, for the fright too," she assented, and Horner could tell that she smiled. "To tell the truth, I was frightened myself."

"Promise me never to do such a thing again."

They were the same words that Horner had used the day before, but with what a difference! He in his excitement had

slapped them at her rudely. He could see this himself now. Sidney's tone was deferential, soothing—it was more, it was maddeningly caressing. Would she suffer it? Would she not assert her independence?

No. She was answering with the utmost meekness and docility.

Horner felt the blood rush to his temples, then woke to the fact that he was listening, eavesdropping, spying upon—with how sharp a stab the knowledge came!—his rival's privacy.

He went blindly out.

He did not hear a chair pushed back, nor know that Georgie had risen and was coming into the house, so when he met her in the hall the surprise overcame him.

“Do you mean it?” he said, savagely, barring her way, “or are you only fooling—him, and me, and all of us?”

“Do I mean what?” asked Georgie,

bewildered, then more indignantly, "I don't understand you, Mr. Horner."

"That is not true," he answered, harshly. "A woman always understands."

"I do not understand how you, or anyone, can speak to me like this," she said, coloring angrily. "What do you mean?"

Truly what did he mean? To make a fool of himself? He turned with a short laugh of self-derision and strode out of the opposite door.

The sun was hot upon the hills and on the bare, unshaded rocks, as Horner plunged down among them to the shore; so hot, indeed, that although he felt a fierce desire for motion he sank down presently in the stingy shadow of a cliff, panting and oppressed. He tossed off his hat and tore his collar open, and longed for a storm, for a rushing, mighty wind, for something to struggle with and overcome. For this deadly calm seemed

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typical of Sidney's suavity and underlying fervor.

"He seems soft enough, but I know him," he said, with clinched hands. "Nothing can move him when he is once set."

And wave after wave of passion surged through him as he gauged the depth of meaning in Sidney's tone and manner.

Before him was the dazzling, glassy water; behind him sunny uplands slumbered; far off drowsy earth and heaven met. Quiet? Peace? Why, in his breast a scorching sirocco seemed to blow, drying up the springs of life and spreading ruin and desolation.

He took his head in his hands, digging his nails into the scalp, and went back over his life, thinking of what Sidney had been to him. When his mother died; when his father wished him to give up art and go into business; when he had won his first prize; when orders began to

come in for his illustrations—at every turn, in hours of trouble, in hours of rejoicing, it was always Sidney—Sidney. It was Sidney whose generous admiration he had so loftily received; it was Sidney whose help he had not scrupled to take; and it was Sidney—could it be Sidney?—who was to crush him at last.

“Curse him—curse him! I owe him everything I have,” he groaned. “I never can repay him. He has been ahead of me all my life. Money, standing, talent—no, I swear, I’ve more than he. But he has success—success in art, in life, in——” He could not bring himself to say “in love,” but ground his heel into the sand and set his teeth and cried:

“He shall not have her. He shall not have her. I’ll kill him first.”

The shadow of the rock shifted slowly with the advancing day, and Horner shifted his place mechanically to be out

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of the unbearable sun. The tide had crept away, leaving a stretch of stones and shells covered with languishing seaweed. Here and there a stranded crab, or other water creature, crawled about forlornly. Horner noted the analogy with a dull rage. Had the vigor of his life ebbed away from him? What had happened in these few hours to change the world? A girl had looked him in the face. A girl! There were hecatombs of girls. But his heart answered instantly, "One only—one—out of ten hundred thousand only one for me. Not for me. Never for me."

It seemed as if that blighting moment of sudden knowledge had indeed changed his whole nature. Where were his will, his energy, his certainty of power? Stripped from him! And he saw himself a failure and a fool.

Out of the salt waste before him all his past disappointments rose and con-

fronted him. He had had many, as all ardent, striving souls must have, but he had said to himself that he accepted them, overcame them, or went on in spite of them, patiently pursuing his ideal and letting that be in itself his success.

Now he saw that this had been only his vanity. His ideal was worthless, or miles out of reach, and he a futile idiot, posing with fatuous conceit for Sidney's admiration.

And Sidney, who beat him always, in every way, could very well afford to be condescending and helpful and magnanimous.

"I will not have it so. It shall not be. I'll beat him yet," he cried aloud, wrestling with his anguish, and starting up to go—anywhere.

A breeze was ruffling the water and the few sails were filling. Horner was too far under the cliff to see that a black cloud was rapidly rising in the west, but

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when he reached the cove and saw the Georgiana gently swaying on her line, a longing to escape took possession of him.

On the land was bondage, intolerable humiliation and despair; on the sea was freedom, at least, and air. He broke into a run and bounded down the floating dock to the sloop.

"What are you up to?" called Sidney's voice from the shore. "You're not going out?"

Horner paid no attention, but hauled at the sail. Sidney now appeared, hastening along the dock.

"Can't you see the sky?" he cried. "We're going to have the worst kind of a storm in half an hour."

Horner still took no notice, but pulled the mainsail to position with a vicious jerk and turned his attention to the jib. Sidney came alongside, and laid his hand on the mast.

"Horner," he said, seriously, "be ra-



tional. Look there, man. You can never do it."

"Get out of my way," cried Horner, furiously. "D'ye think there's nothing I can do? If I go to the devil, what's that to you?"

He seized the tiller and, obedient to his will, the Georgiana, with a graceful dip, began to glide from the dock. A strange look of comprehension, half incredulous, half resentful, flashed over Sidney's face; the next instant he leaped the widening streak of water and alighted in the boat. Turning his back to Horner he gazed seriously ahead, keeping his thoughts, whatever they might be, to himself.

The dense cloud that had piled itself up in the west now rolled a long arm across the sun. From under its curled edges a sickly light fell, causing the caps of the rising waves to show lurid against the horizon. Each rock and headland,

every house and tree, stood out in sharp relief; the landscape looked ghastly and unnatural. All the little craft had scurried home in haste, but here and there a schooner lay under bare poles, her men working briskly to stow every rag of canvas.

As the Georgiana emerged from the shelter of the cliff, the wind swooped down upon her, seizing and shaking her violently, but after a moment's shivering pause she tore on with her boom ploughing the water. A fisherman running along the shore shouted to her. Another, high on the rocks, made a trumpet of his hands, and when his words were whisked away by the wind, pointed vehemently to the sky.

Horner noticed with savage joy that Sidney was quite pale and sat with eyes intent and tight lips. He himself seemed mad. The whistling wind, the dash through the waves, the straining sail and

cordage, filled him with fierce delight. But suddenly Sidney turned and looked him in the face, a long, silent look of questioning; then sprang up, whipped out his knife, and cut a rope. The mainsail fell and Horner woke from his delirium, too late.

The focus of the storm had reached them. A shrieking gust tore off the jib and whirling it away let them see it fluttering like a white bird far over the dark bay. The wet sail hung low; the trembling Georgiana, careening, shipping sea after sea, yielded to another blast and went over.

Horner had barely time to kick off his shoes when he flew out into space, and his thought as he struck the churning water was that Sidney could not swim.

What happened next he never distinctly remembered. He found himself, panting and bruised, hanging to the Georgiana with one hand and desper-

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ately clutching Sidney's coat with the other.

They scrambled up and laid hold of the centre-board.

#### IV.

THE bottom of a capsized boat, rolling and tossing on a stormy sea, is at best a slippery perch. As the two men clung to it, Horner felt instinctively—for neither could speak—that Sidney's strength could not keep him there unaided, and he threw his body forward as well as he could to support part of Sidney's weight and serve him as a bulwark. This greatly increased the strain on his own arms, but he was strong. He had need to be.

The rain fell in heavy sheets, beating them down and nearly drowning them. It beat down the waves too, somewhat, until at last, when almost exhausted between the tumultuous floods below and the pouring floods above, they felt them-

selves drifting into calmer water. They were under the lee of a sea-girt Dump-ling, whose sombre bulk, indistinctly seen above them, broke the force of the storm. Some portion of the Georgiana's submerged rigging caught upon the rocks below the surface, and here she stayed, rocking back and forth, perilously near the island cliff where she would dash her slight frame to pieces, but never quite reaching it, held by her chance moorings, whose strength none could gauge.

As night came on, the rain ceased and the wind with it, but land, sea, and sky, were all alike of ink. Even the Dump-ling, at once their protector and their most dreaded enemy, was but a deeper black upon the blackness that surrounded them. The men breathed more easily, but dared not relax their hold, for without warning, out of the darkness, some huge breaker would every now and then roll over them. Horner had managed to

get his companion's head upon his breast, and as Sidney rested so, Horner felt sure that it was because of inability to move. Probably the mast, or other part of the boat had dealt him a disabling blow as they upset.

Lying thus, through painful, speechless hours, did Horner feel that he held his fate in his arms, and ask himself why he spent his strength and lessened his chances of life for this man, the thought of whom, so short a time ago, had filled him with frenzy? Who shall say? Men are both worse and better than they know.

If he had acted with blind impulse when they were struggling in the water, he had ample time to think now. If he should let the next wave sweep them from the boat—he could swim. Or, if he simply opened his arms—they were cramped and stiff—what would happen? Who could blame him? Who would know?

Once safe on land with Georgie, and Sidney and all his intolerable benefactions at the bottom of the sea—where is the man who is not sure a girl could readily be made to love him if only that other man were out of the way?

The surging of the waves about them and the echo from the rocks; the sound of the storm-bell's faint and monotonous clang; the groaning of the tortured Georgiana as she seemed to swing through a fathomless abyss of night and darkness; and all the hundred indefinite, dismal noises of the deep—it needs something more than these to drown the voice of the tempter in a man's ear.

Horner's grasp had not loosened, but it tightened quickly as Sidney's voice broke weakly through these dreary cadences.

"I don't know what keeps us here. If it is a rope, it will soon fray and then nothing can save us. Horner—you can

swim—make your way to the rock while you can. Why should both die ? ”

It seemed a long time to Horner before he managed to answer :

“ You can't swim.”

“ I might make shift,” Sidney answered ; “ I do swim a little. But I think this arm is broken, I cannot move it.”

Horner heard himself reply :

“ While the rope holds, we'll stay.”

By and by the night grew lighter. But as the sullen clouds parted and through narrow rifts a few stars threw long, broken reflections upon the heaving waves, they brought no cheer with them. They rather served to emphasize the gloomy gulfs, the drear immensities of space, among which two men and a little boat were so incalculably insignificant. Horner was the first to speak again.

“ Sidney, we have been friends a long time.”

“ Yes.”



Sidney was in pain and very tired.

“ You have laid me under many obligations,” Horner went on, with growing steadiness. “ I had no right to take them. I’ve been a fool. This upset is my fault, but you had no business to come. Now answer me one question. Do you love her or not ? ” Sidney tried to lift his head from Horner’s shoulder and sit up ; he tried to free himself from Horner’s supporting arm. Failing, he turned his widely opened eyes up to the haggard face close above him, and said, simply :

“ If you let go of me, Horner, I shall drown.”

“ I did not ask you that,” said Horner, sharply ; “ I know it. And if that rope breaks we may both be dead in half an hour. Now answer me. Do you love her or not ? ”

“ You know that too,” said Sidney.

“ Does she love you ? ”

"I don't know."

"Tell me the truth—in the face of death."

"It is the truth. I do not know."

He stopped, then said quite steadily :

"I have thought—at times—she cared for you."

"Oh, no." Horner's answer was a bitter laugh. He had forgotten for the moment where he was, and saw only Georgie's indignant face when he left her that afternoon. A rolling swell recalled him, and when it had passed Sidney spoke.

"I did not know until I saw you in the boat that you cared. I suppose the thought had come to me, but I turned from it. Then I knew. For a moment I hoped you would go out. That is why I came. I've done no good, but I couldn't stop you and—I dared not let you go alone. I want you to know that if I get back I mean to ask her to marry me."

"If I thought you wouldn't," Horner cried, "I'd drown you now. Man—she loves you."

It was evidently very hard for Sidney to speak at all. His voice grew feebler, but he went on with resolution:

"I want you to know this, and I want you to know that if I won't take any decision but hers, I'll abide by that. If—if she doesn't care for me, I'll go away and give you a chance."

"I've got no chance," said Horner. "You can't give it to me. I tell you she loves you"—how he turned the knife in his own wound! "If I distrusted you—but I don't. I know you are true. And if I get to land, so help me God, you shall—for her. But if ever you change, if you're not good to her, I'll come back, I'll come back, if it's from the ends of the earth, and I'll kill you."

Sidney made no reply. Horner could not tell if he had heard.

The clouds had broken, drawing off in shadowy masses as a pale yellow light stole upward in the east. Against its growing flush the cold waves rose and fell, and with them the boat and the two benumbed men. Gradually the grim face of the cliff softened until it shone with reflected glows of morning.

Out of the darkest hour of his life calm had come to Horner's breast. As Sidney's helpless head lay pillowed there, a something he could not name, nor fully understand, filled his struggling, torn, exhausted soul with peace.

He had seen the vision of a fair garden that he was not to enter: he had helped to push another in and to shut the gates upon himself. Yet the strife and turmoil of the night had dropped away. A dawn was breaking whose radiance he had never known before.



## V.

"I NEVER would ha' believed it if I hadn't seen it. The cloud then was a-comin' up like a racer. I run along the rocks an' yelled, but I knowed they couldn' hear me."

Two cowering women listened to the oracle and started, shivering, as each whip-lash of lightning, sharper than the last, cracked across the sky.

They were in the cottage dining-room, where, through the immense window that filled its whole seaward wall, they saw much more than they liked of the tempest's fury.

Dick was looked for that evening, and Julia had sent in much anxiety for Bates, to confer upon the best means of getting him up from the Landing. The usual way, by boat, was quite impracticable, for even should the storm cease, the

waves would run high until morning. Bates came, in evident excitement,

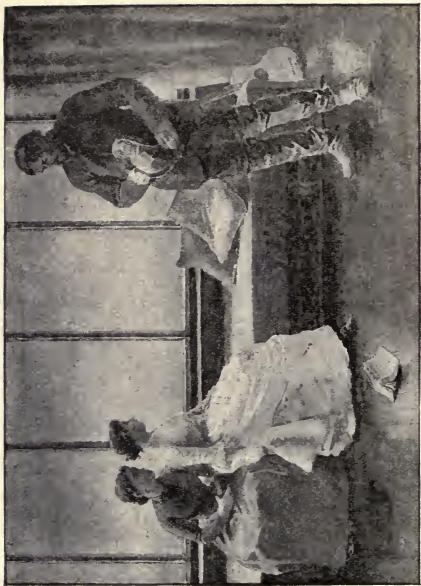
His emotions were all so deeply subterranean, and any hint of them upon the surface was so unusual, that Julia vaguely took the alarm, thinking only of her husband. But Georgie looked into the boatman's rugged face and cried, "What is it, Bates? What has happened?"

Then they heard it in a burst of feeling. The Georgiana was out, the two men in her. The Lord only knew what would come of it.

Georgie's face grew suddenly as gray as the solid wall of rain that now shut out all the world save one rocky Dumping, where foam and spray were leaping. It was Julia who exclaimed:

"But what will they do? How dreadful!"

"I dunno what they *will* do. They ain't had time to make the breakwater. I've been a-sailin' Mr. Sidney for five





years and more, an' I ain't never knowed him do no sech fool trick before. An' that there Mr. Horner, he 'peared useter the water. I give him credit for more sense. He kin sail a boat tolerbul, for a amatoor. But they can't ne'er a one of 'em run the Georgiana—an old patched-up thing like she be—in this blow. She'll sink, sure's I say it."

A clap of thunder covered the cry that Georgie uttered, but she started to the door with such unmistakable intention that Julia caught her arm. "You can't do anything, Georgie," she cried, aghast at the girl's face. "Don't be crazy."

"Oh, Julia, how can you hold me? Let me go. I will go, I tell you! They will drown. I can save him. I can row."

She pulled open the door, and the entering blast took away her breath. She struggled with it vainly a moment, then dropped upon a chair. Bates shut the door and turned to Julia.

"I kin take a boat an' go out an' row round. But it won't help them none for me to git spilt, an' there ain't no boat built could live while this racket lasts. No. They're either run in behind the fort, or gone up the bay, or——" He left the sentence unfinished for a suggestive moment, then added, "I'll see to gittin' Mr. Kimball with the wagon all right. An' I'll ask roun' at the Landin'—maybe they put in there. Don't you fret, Mis' Kimball."

"There, Georgie," cried Julia, catching at straws, "it's all right. They are at the Landing. We are worrying for nothing."

"Anyway we can't help 'em now," muttered Bates, as he walked away. "But they wasn't aheadin' that way when I see 'em."

Georgie said nothing. She sank slowly upon her knees in the wide window and watched the sweeping gale. Julia left

herself growing hysterical. Why was the girl so moved?

The children and their early tea and bedtime created a diversion. Julia was glad to busy herself with them, and as the storm frightened them she sat upstairs a long time, until they fell asleep.

But when she went down Georgie still knelt where she had left her, her white dress gleaming in the darkness, her face framed in her hands against the pane, and her eyes straining into the black night, over the waste of tumbling waters dimly discerned below.

It was an unspeakable relief to hear the sounds of Dick's arrival, but when she ran to let him in, the boom of surf upon the shore entered with him, so loud and angry that, although the wind had ceased, she trembled and was silent. Dick came in as if nothing had happened, but he looked amazed when he saw Georgie. She had risen and turned to him in mute

appeal. He watched her furtively, but spoke with resolute cheerfulness. Yes, Bates had told him. High old storm, wasn't it? Poor little woman, scared almost to death? No, they were not at the Landing; why should they be? They would go to Newport, of course, and get a good supper and be vastly amused to-morrow when they heard how frightened— But Dick stopped there. The good fellow could not keep it up. Bates had told him too much. He went up to Georgie and took her cold hands.

“My dear little girl,” he said, affectionately, “you are very much overwrought. The storm has upset you——”

But she shook her head.

“No—no,” she whispered. “You don't know——”

“What?” he said, gravely. “Do you care so much?”

“I love him, Dick,” her white lips framed noiselessly; “I love him and he——”

She hid her face, and Dick, drawing her to his shoulder, had no heart to ask more. He soothed her gently, though perplexed enough. By and by he found a chance to murmur aside to Julia, "Which?" But Julia only looked at him reproachfully, and he was none the wiser.

It was curious how, although they said over and over that the men were safe in Newport, at Fort Adams, up the bay; that there was no reason to be alarmed; yet at the first hint of light they were down upon the beach with a dozen others, boatmen and fishermen, all anxious to give advice and have someone else act on it. To take boats and go out and row up and down—what was the good? Yet it seemed better to do that than to do nothing, and they waited only for more daylight before starting. Bates's years of service had made him really fond of Sidney, and he wandered anxiously

along the shore, scanning the water with practised eyes. Suddenly he turned and came tearing back. Dick ran to meet him.

"What? Where?" he cried. But Bates would not stop to answer.

"I dunno. I dunno. I'm goin' out. I want two strong fellers with me."

Two were promptly ready, and Dick jumped in too, as the boat pushed off.

What Bates had seen was the hull of the Georgiana pounding about behind a corner of the Dumpling, but he was not sure if there was anything on it, or not.

The men had to skirt all around the jagged islet to avoid its fringe of rocks and breakers. It seemed a long pull to them with its uncertainty, but longer to the two women who stood on shore and watched them slowly disappear. Longest of all was the time before the boat came back, creeping from behind the rocks, turning landward, now seen, now



hidden by some combing wave. The men were bending to their oars with a will, and Dick and Bates were bending too, over something heavy, dark and motionless, in the stern.

"Are they alive? Is it one, or two?" were the questions Julia dared not utter, as she felt Georgie's hands clinch convulsively upon her arm.

The boat came in, and the waiting group of men ran out through the waves to meet it,

Sidney was lifted out unconscious. Horner's eyes were closed, but as he was borne ashore they opened and roved eagerly from face to face. Finally, as he was laid upon the sand, they rested upon Georgie and filled with sudden light. He struggled to raise himself upon his elbow.

"Don't fear," he gasped, "I have saved him for you." The exertion was too much, and he sank again. Georgie stretched out her arms. She uttered a



sound between a laugh and a sob. Then she dropped upon her knees and hid her face.

## VI.

SIDNEY'S condition was thought critical for a day or two, and Horner would not leave him. Besides, Horner needed some little time to recover his own tone after such a strain. But at last, one morning when the early air was fresh and sweet, he stepped out upon the breezy hillside.

He wore what he was accustomed to call his town clothes, and he carried a bag in his hand. He walked across the grass to the Kimballs' cottage, but he did not go in. He did not even step upon the familiar balcony. He stood looking at it a moment, then turned and faced the sea.

Again that blue plain lay before him, dimpling as innocently as a smiling child.

Doubt, storms, despair—none of these could exist in such a shining world.

Happiness was there, and peace—yes, and love.

His breast heaved. Something low and inarticulate escaped him. Then he caught up his bag, lifted his face once to the cottage windows, and strode heavily down the hill.

One of the window-blinds shook; it opened a little and a girl's face, wondering, pale, peeped out. Horner did not see it. He walked fast, then faster; by and by he began to run.

A whistle sounded from the wharf, still distant. It was the early boat, warning her passengers that she was about to start. Horner could easily have let it go without him, but just as the plank was drawn in, he came down the bank full speed and leaped aboard.

He stood outside as the puffing little ferryboat rounded the tall, white light-

house on the breakwater. The sun shone brightly on Conanicut, on the steep Dumplings, and the red roofs of the cottages, half hidden behind the grassy slopes. Then the boat swung round, and Horner saw nothing but the dancing sea.

A few hours later he was in his rooms in town.

Sidney found a note upon the hall table and read it when he came to breakfast. It was short, not more than a line, but he thought it over all the morning.

Late in the afternoon he managed, with some assistance, to dress himself in his usual clothes and went across to the other cottage. Entering unannounced, he came upon Georgie sitting idly in a window. She sprang up as he entered, and he suddenly found that he could not trust himself to speak. He had not regained his strength, and the walk had been more of an exertion than he knew,

but what stirred him most was the change in Georgie.

The girl was very pale, and her eyes looked dark and sunken; her lips, too, were working nervously, as if she wished to speak, but could not.

It was evident that she had suffered, and Sidney felt that he had come expressly to ask her why; but the answer to this question meant so much to him that he could not put it. Thus two agitated people faced each other for a brief moment, each striving for composure. Its outward semblance came first to Georgie, and she said, bravely :

"I am glad to see you so much better, Mr. Sidney."

For an instant Sidney felt as if he had received another blow. Then he braced himself, looked straight at her, and said, directly :

"I came to ask you something. I hope you know what it is. But first, I must say

this : Horner saved my life. But for him I should have been drowned."

"Oh, what possessed you?" cried the girl, her composure vanishing; "what made you go out in such a storm?"

Sidney looked down.

"I thought I could help him, but I did not. I was made helpless myself. He held me on the boat. I told him if I came to land I should tell you."

She did not ask him why, and when he noticed this he stopped. He felt that she was not thinking of him at all. And he was right. Horner's panting words upon the beach; Horner's face raised mutely to her window; these, and that rough question, "Are you fooling him — and me?" had haunted Georgie's thoughts all day, and now a feeling of being forced to the wall and turning at bay swept over her.

"I am to blame," she cried, abruptly. "It is my fault. If it had not been for

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me, he would not have gone out. But the time has come to speak the truth. He went away this morning. Why?"

Sidney looked at her without speaking.

"Was it sudden business?" she persevered.

Still looking at her, Sidney answered, "No."

"Then why—why," she exclaimed, "why did he go when he knew——" Her resolution failed her, and with a scarlet blush she turned quickly off.

At least Sidney knew.

The light from the window touched her hair and all the soft curves and outlines of her pretty figure. He could see her hands clasped tight against her breast, and without seeing could feel the tears that only her strong effort held from falling. Yet what he said was :

"He did not know. He went because he did not know."

His voice sounded low and even. It gave no hint of pain or passion. But suddenly, as if they had just leaped into sight, he saw every article in the room: each rug upon the floor, each picture on the walls, every commonplace chair and table, every defect, scratch, or disarrangement. As long as he lived he could recall every trivial detail. Then over all fell a mist in which Georgie's figure seemed to float away from him, and in a voice that seemed to himself strange and remote, he asked:

"Shall I write to him to come back?" and when she did not answer, he added, "to you?"

Then Georgie said, very low, but ah, how distinctly:

"Yes," and he did not need to look at her to know that she was happy.

This knowledge, that might have maddened some men, softened him. He went up to her and held out his hand,

and though he was pale, he spoke steadily, like a man.

"Will you say good-by? I may not see you again."

"Oh!" cried the girl, turning quickly to remonstrate; but when she saw him, she stopped and hung her head. She seemed about to speak, but finally gave him her hand in silence.

"I will write to him at once," he promised her. "Good-by."

He held her hand a moment, said again, "Good-by," and when she could see, he was gone.

Horner had made up his mind that the city was unendurable, and that if he spent another night in his hot and stifling rooms he should shoot himself. He resolved on a run into the country somewhere, and started for any train he could catch.

At the street corner he met his postman and took from him this note :



“DEAR H—, I sail at noon on the Umbria. Let to-morrow find you in Conanicut. Bates has all necessary orders.

“Yours, H. S.

“P. S.—I go to study for a year or two in Rome.”



# CAPTAIN BLACK

BY CHARLES E. CARRYL



MR. GEORGE FARNHAM, counsellor-at-law, having devoted ten years of his life to the remunerative toil of entangling certain persons in, and extricating certain others from, the meshes of the law, found himself, at the age of thirty-five, with a respectable balance in bank and a pronounced craving for rest and recreation. Summer was coming on, the courts would soon be closed, and a torpor was settling down upon the field of litigation, and the idea of a vacation abroad presented itself to his mind with alluring force. He was weary of briefs and bills of exceptions; his office was taking on, to his jaded eyes, an aspect of dreary dinginess that promised to become unendurable in the near future, and the long rows of buff-clad digests and revised statutes seemed

to glare down upon him from their shelves, like wolves in sheep's clothing, with grim suggestions of long nights of toil. Under these impelling influences



he turned his back upon the law, packed a portmanteau, and found himself upon a bright morn-

ing in June on the steamer *Servia*, fairly committed to a three months' sojourn in foreign parts.

As the hour of sailing drew near he stood on the hurricane deck, leaning against the rail and watching with lively interest the animated scene on the pier below. A double line of passengers and their friends was thronging up and down the gangway giving access to the lower

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deck, a crowd of spectators, idlers, and itinerant vendors of steamer-chairs and other comforts of the sea was swarming below him on the pier, and a number of agile cabin-stewards in blue jackets were rushing up and down a supplemental gangway, bringing aboard an endless variety of steamer-trunks, hand-bags, and bundled rugs. Carriages drove up, discharged their living freight and made their way back through the surging crowd amid volleys of imprecations; while the decks of the steamer swarmed with people chattering, scolding, and weeping farewells with the feverish vehemence peculiar to such occasions. Farnham, enjoying the spectacle with all the relish of a school-boy abandoning his books for a time, turned to a fellow-passenger who stood beside him at the rail, and remarked, "A busy scene, sir."

"I should call it a bedlam," said the other, without looking up. "I never

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could understand the insane curiosity that impels people remaining at home to subject themselves to the most unpleasant feature of going abroad."

"Meaning the crowd?" inquired Farnham.

"Yes," replied the other, shortly, "the rabble, the deafening racket, the infernal discomfort of the whole business;" with which he turned abruptly and walked away as if not in the mood for further conversation.

Farnham, at complacent peace with himself and with the world, looked after him with good-humored surprise. He was a tallish man of powerful build, with a full brown beard and hair slightly marked with gray, exceedingly well dressed, and having the unmistakable bearing of a man of the world. By a momentary glimpse of his face as he turned away, Farnham saw that he had regular features, a dark complexion, and





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a certain self-contained expression that was not altogether prepossessing. As he disappeared in the crowd Farnham turned again and resumed his watch of the scene below.

At this moment the bell for "all ashore" was rung, and the crowd on the gangway began to resolve itself into a stream bound shoreward, occasionally broken by a belated passenger hurriedly making his way upward through the living tide. Then the stream dwindled to a few stragglers, and finally to the inevitable last man, scrambling downward while the gangway was swinging in the slings; the long plank was lowered and cast off, a mighty pulse began to throb beneath Farnham's feet, and the great ship backed majestically out of the slip amid a tempest of shouts of farewell.

It was at this instant that Farnham's attention was attracted to a cab that came rattling along the pier, scattering the

crowd in every direction. As it drew up at the gangway opening, a man sprang out and crying frantically, "Stop! stop!" rushed to the edge of the pier and began running back and forth upon the string-piece as if meditating a desperate attempt to leap out and clutch at the side of the receding ship. A roar of derisive laughter burst from the bystanders as this preposterous intention became evident, and two of the wharf hands seized the distracted man and roughly dragged him back, struggling and protesting, until he was lost to view in the crowd that surged about him. Farnham fancied, from a sudden expression on his face as he was dragged away, that he had recog-



nized some one on the upper deck, and glancing around involuntarily, discovered the bearded passenger standing beside him at the rail, gazing down upon the scene with an angry scowl. At this moment they came abreast of the end of the pier, where a scene of waving handkerchiefs and tossing sun-umbrellas of every hue and shade burst upon them like a mighty kaleidoscope, and at the same instant the belated traveller appeared in the surging mass of people, hatless and dishevelled and clutching wildly at the air, as if he would stay the departing ship. "Intolerable ass!" muttered the bearded man in a savage whisper, and striking the rail furiously with his clenched fist, he strode angrily away.

The sail through the river and down the bay was enough of a novelty to keep Farnham busily observant, and it was not until the Hook had been passed and the pilot taken off that he bethought himself

of going below to don his steamer-cap and shoes, and otherwise prepare himself for a week of seafaring leisure. He had secured a berth in an outside room in the double row just aft the saloon companion-way, and as he entered the passage leading to it he met his bearded acquaintance just coming out of the room. "Mr. Farnham?" said the dark man, interrogatively. "That is my name," replied Farnham. "I am Captain Black," said the other, bowing stiffly; "I believe we are booked as room-mates," and, pushing by him, walked away without pausing for a reply.

"I hope you'll pan out better than you promise, my good fellow," said Farnham to himself, philosophically; and entering his room, he was soon busily occupied in making a convenient disposal of his modest belongings.

The door stood open, and Farnham presently became aware of the presence, in the room directly opposite, of a fel-

low-passenger similarly occupied. He seemed to be of about the height and build of Farnham's room-mate, but his face, of which Farnham caught an occasional glimpse as he moved about, was as unlike that gentleman's as could well be imagined. He was clean shaven, of a pallor that was almost unearthly, and had a hideous scar extending from one corner of his mouth down across his chin. To all this was added a certain wildness of eye that was so distinctly repellent that Farnham inwardly congratulated himself that Captain Black had fallen to his lot instead of this unprepossessing stranger; and completing his arrangements, loaded himself with cigars and went on deck.

Events proved that if Captain Black was not companionable, he was at least unobtrusive. Except for the mere knowledge to the contrary, Farnham had the room virtually to himself. His companion rose, had his tub, dressed, and went on

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deck long before the overworked counsellor-at-law had finished his supplemental morning doze, and retired at night so late and so quietly that Farnham never so much as knew when he came into the room. As for the rest, the man was singularly preoccupied in manner, acknowledging with the merest nod and with an absent air Farnham's salutation when they chanced to meet, and keeping aloof from him and, with one exception, from the other passengers as well, with a persistence that was too marked to permit any attempt at a closer acquaintance.

The exception, to Farnham's surprise, was the uninviting-looking occupant of the opposite room. What made this remarkable selection still more surprising was the fact that the acquaintance between the two had evidently been made aboard ship, as Farnham had seen them passing and repassing each other without the slightest sign of recognition



during the afternoon of the day of sailing; yet before twenty-four hours had elapsed an intimacy had been formed and matured between these strangely contrasted men, so close that they seemed to be inseparable. Morning,



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noon, and far into the night they sat and smoked together in secluded corners, the man with the scar constantly talking in a smothered undertone, with a certain fierce vehemence and violence of gesture, and the captain listening with a brooding look upon his dark features and an observant eye upon the other's face. Farnham was puzzled, and, for a while, found a singular fascination in furtively watching the two men and mentally speculating as to what strange community of interest had brought them together. The few passengers with whom he chanced to fall into conversation knew as little about the scar-faced man as he himself knew about Captain Black, and beyond the fact that his name was Leath, learned incidentally from the cabin-steward, no information of any kind was obtainable. Farnham's interest in the matter, being rather antipathetic than otherwise, was short-lived, and in the course of a day or two sub-

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sided into a mere glance at the two men when he chanced to come upon them.

The weather was fair and promised to hold ; but shortly after passing the Banks the ship ran into a rough sea rolling heavily from the southward, evidently the tail of a storm that had passed up from the tropics. As the day wore on the sea continued rising, and by nightfall the ship was rolling heavily, and Farnham, who had thus far fared well, began to experience certain premonitions that impelled him, after a proud struggle against fate, to forego his after-dinner cigar and turn in at an unseemly hour, in the hope that a night's rest would set him right. He lay in his berth, occasionally falling into a doze and then being roused by an unusually violent plunge as the ship labored in the heavy sea, getting up from time to time to secure and make fast the various toilet articles that had drifted from their moorings, and then

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tumbling into his berth again with a qualmish apprehension that the supreme moment he was fighting against was upon him.

It was just after one of these excursions that the door opened and Captain Black came into the room. The curtain of the berth was drawn so that he was concealed from view, but Farnham, half dozing, was vaguely aware, above the creaking of the ship, of his movements about the room; and an occasional rattle of keys and the snapping of a lock indicated the opening of some article of luggage. These trifling noises not being disturbing in themselves, Farnham finally dropped asleep and was presently involved in a contested will case of extraordinary magnitude, with his most important witness a fugitive in the wilds of Madagascar. The details progressed with astonishing velocity, accompanied by distracting complications heretofore unheard of in law practice,

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and matters were assuming a portentous aspect with tremendous pecuniary penalties impending, when he awoke and started up with a sudden consciousness that the curtain had been drawn aside and that he had been looked upon as he lay sleeping in his berth. He pushed it back and looked out, and as he did so the door of the room was softly closed and he heard the heavy footsteps of Captain Black going out through the passageway. The incident was sufficiently annoying in itself, but Farnham found it doubly so from the manifest impossibility of resenting it at the moment, and after fuming over it to no purpose he lay down again, resolving to give his room-mate a bit of his mind in the morning; and bracing himself with his knees against the rolling of the ship, tried to compose himself to sleep. But sleep would not come. The sudden awakening and the resulting irritation had excited him, and he rolled and

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tossed about, dropping off into fitful naps and waking with every violent plunge of the ship, and occasionally muttering unseemly imprecations against the evil chance that had broken in upon his night's rest.

It was just after one of these wakings that he heard the sound of a hurried step descending the companionway, and some one came aft through the open cabin and turned into the passageway almost on a run ; the door of the opposite room was opened, closed again and locked, apparently with feverish haste, and all was still again. Farnham, listening with alert attention, heard six bells strike a moment after, and concluding from the hour that Captain Black would soon follow his friend, prepared to speak his mind then and there ; nursing which amiable intention he presently fell sound asleep.

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“ Beg pardon, sir,” said a voice, and

Farnham started up. It was morning, and the bath-steward was standing in the doorway. "Beg pardon, sir," said the man again, with a startled look upon his face; "but Captain Black isn't here, sir, and his berth hasn't been used."

"Well, I'm not responsible for his not coming to bed," said Farnham, testily. "What time is it?"

"Just gone seven bells, sir," said the steward.

"Very good, I'll get up," said Farnham, after a moment's deliberation. "See if you can get me a bath," and the man withdrew.

Farnham, reflecting upon the steward's rather startling announcement, found his irritation giving way to a vague foreboding of evil, with which came a disturbing recollection of Leath's hurried return to his room the night before. Could the man tell anything? He looked out into the passageway, but the door of the oppo-

site room was closed and Farnham could not bring himself to knock and learn—he knew not what; and he dressed with feverish haste, and went on deck with an increasing sense of an agitation which he could not shake off. He made a complete tour of the ship, examined every part of the decks, looked into the smoking-room, and finally went into the dining-saloon, where a vacant chair marked Captain Black's place at the breakfast-table; and then, coming across his cabin-steward, questioned him, and learned that the man



had been off watch the night before and could tell him nothing. The matter began to assume an ugly look, and Farnham went direct to the purser, and in ten minutes the ship was being thoroughly searched from stem to stern. Not a trace of the missing man could be found; Captain Black had vanished as absolutely as if he had been absorbed into the atmosphere.

When Farnham related the events of the preceding night it was determined to question Leath at once; and on the steward's report that the man was ill and was still in his berth, Farnham and the purser went to his room and knocked for admittance. Leath unlocked the door without parley and was back again in his berth as they entered the room, leaning on one elbow and glaring angrily at them as he demanded their business. The man was evidently ill and looked horrible. His face, apparently tanned by the sea air, had taken on a swarthy hue that made



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his extraordinary pallor even more ghastly than before, and the scar on his chin blazed with an angry flush as though he had been freshly branded on the face.

He listened to the purser's statement, manifesting extreme agitation as the story proceeded, and at its conclusion fell back upon his pillow and covered his face with his hands. "I can tell you nothing," he said, after a brief silence, speaking in a smothered voice that was singularly discordant. "I left him, smoking and leaning on the rail near the turtle-back, and came below at eleven o'clock. You must have heard me," he added, appealing to Farnham, who nodded assent. "What followed is as dark to me as it is to you. I had been drinking and my recollection is confused; I only remember that the sea was horrible to look at!" and with a shudder he turned his face to the wall, and Farnham and the purser, exchanging a significant glance, left him.

“We must go to the old man with this,” said the purser, with an ominous shake of the head, and requesting Farnham to follow him, led the way to the captain’s room. The news had already spread about the ship, and as they passed along the deck, little groups of passengers were discussing the tragedy with repressed voices, and Farnham observed, with great annoyance, that they glanced curiously at him as he went by, and felt that he was being connected with the affair in a thoroughly unpleasant manner.

The captain heard the grim story through and reflected for a few moments with a disturbed countenance. “There’s nothing to be done,” he said at length; “when we get in I shall ask this gentleman and the other to remain aboard until we can communicate with the authorities. If Leath refuses,” he continued, fixing on the unfortunate man with the same suspicion that possessed both Farnham and

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the purser, "I shall take the responsibility of detaining him. Meanwhile, take charge of the missing man's effects and tell the men not to talk."

And now that the dark premonition had grown into a gruesome fact, Farnham began to experience a depression of spirits that promised to put an end to his enjoyment of the remainder of the voyage. As the day wore on, the gloom fastened upon him like a pall, until he was impelled, just before nightfall, to go to the purser and ask to be given another room, where he could be free from the disquieting associations of his late quarters, and away from the immediate proximity of Leath, for whom he had conceived an unconquerable aversion. The purser fell in with his humor without demur, and Farnham found himself transferred to a stuffy inside cabin on the main deck with a positive sense of benefaction. His former apartment was abandoned to the goods

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and chattels of Captain Black, and Leath, locked in his room, was left alone with his secret, if he had one.

It was with a sense of infinite relief that Farnham, coming on deck one morning, saw the Skelligs rising like mammoth teeth from the sea, and soon afterward the green cliffs of the Irish mainland. His spirits rose as the steamer ran along the coast, passed inside the Fastnet Rock, and finally turned into the mouth of Queenstown Harbor; and he watched with lively interest the arrival alongside of the rakish little tender and the transfer of an interminable number of mail-bags to her ample deck. The procession of bag-bearing stewards having finished their labors, he crossed to the opposite side of the ship, and was engaged in serene contemplation of the whitewashed glories of the Roche's Point light, when he was touched on the shoulder, and turning, saw the purser at his side with two strangers.

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“We are beginning to get a little light on our affair, Mr. Farnham,” said the purser. “These gentlemen are officers from Scotland Yard with a requisition and a warrant for the arrest of Captain Black on a charge of forgery. Mr. Lethbridge and Mr. Darke—Mr. Farnham,” and the two detectives touched their hats and regarded Farnham with a professional air, as if longing to take him into custody in the absence of their legitimate prey.

“No statement to make, I suppose,” said Mr. Lethbridge, a sharp-featured, fresh-faced man with light hair.

“None,” said Farnham. “Mr. Neal knows all I can tell you.”

“Very good, sir,” said Lethbridge, affably. “Now, then, Mr. Neal,” he added, turning to the purser, “if you’ll be good enough to show us below, we’ll take a look at the effects;” and touching their hats again, the two officers followed the purser, leaving Farnham to resume his inter-

rupted observation of the lighthouse. Meanwhile, with a prodigious ringing of bells, the tender cast off and paddled up the harbor, the great pulse began to throb again, and the steamer, turning her prow seaward, went on her way up the Channel.

Farnham, slowly pacing the deck, presently saw the purser and Lethbridge emerge from the companionway and come toward him. "Mr. Farnham," said the former, "I'm afraid you and I, without saying much about the matter, have been doing that poor devil Leath a great injustice. Read this," and he handed Farnham an unsealed envelope. It was addressed "To whom it may concern," and opening it, Farnham found enclosed the following letter :

In the almost absolute certainty of being apprehended upon my arrival, I have chosen the only means open to me of avoiding the disgrace and punishment

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that would inevitably follow. I had hoped to escape, with the firm intention of never resting until I had made restitution for the only crime that has ever stained my life ; but it was not to be. The appearance, at the moment of departure, of a man upon whose blind confidence and dull apprehension I had relied, for such a tardy discovery of my betrayal of trust as would give me ample time for escape, has told me that the cable would assuredly carry the intelligence abroad long before I could reach English soil.

I had at first no intention of leaving New York. I expected, with incredible fatuity, to delay exposure until some lucky chance should permit me to cover, for all time, the traces of my wrong-doing ; but the mental strain consequent upon continued and complicated falsifying of accounts, became unendurable, and in an evil moment I appropriated certain funds from a quarter where immediate examination and discovery were improbable, and ventured all upon that mirage of defaulters—faro. I lost. There was no time for resort to the expedients of disguise and

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concealed identity which might have saved me. I attempted to deceive my associate by the desperate subterfuge of a forged cable message calling me abroad on family affairs; made up my luggage and boarded the steamer almost at the hour of sailing, only to find myself unmasked at the last moment.

I feel no longing for the life I am about to end, nor do I leave a single soul who will mourn my death. I regret, alone, that restitution is beyond my power. The sea is merciful to me in all else.

LANSING BLACK.

"Poor fellow!" said Farnham. "How bad a matter was it?"

"Extensive forgeries and about sixteen thousand pounds in hard cash, supposed to be with him," replied Lethbridge. "That's all we know. Particulars by mail."

"I am glad Leath is out of it, at all events," said Farnham, heartily enough.

"So am I, sir," echoed the purser; "but



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I'm blessed if it didn't look ugly for a while." With which reminiscence he and Mr. Lethbridge went below again to resume their examination of Captain Black's effects.

Leath kept his room with extraordinary persistence until the last moment. Farnham, with a vague idea of making amends for his recent suspicions by some sort of friendly advances, looked for him on the tender the next morning, but failed to find him in the crowd of passengers; nor did he get a sight of him until the very last of the number were disembarking, when Leath, wearing a mackintosh reaching to his heels, and with a muffler or scarf swathed about the lower part of his face, suddenly appeared at the head of the gangway leading to the landing-stage, and paused irresolutely, as if loath to come ashore. Farnham, who was awaiting his luggage on the landing-stage and chatting meanwhile with the two detectives, was

about to attract his attention by a sign of recognition, when Leath, as if suddenly mastering his indecision, strode rapidly down the gangway, and began roughly pushing his way through the throng of waiting passengers. At this moment Lethbridge touched Farnham on the arm and pointed significantly to a woman who was standing at the foot of the gangway with her eyes intently fixed upon Leath. She was a sad-faced woman, plainly clad, and Farnham noticed that she was holding her hand tremulously to her mouth, as if endeavoring to control excessive agitation. As Leath passed her without a glance of recognition, her eyes dilated as with a sudden sickening terror, and then, apparently moved by an uncontrollable impulse, she flung herself before him with her hands against his breast, crying, "Roger! Don't you know me?" Leath's face, for an instant, looked as if it had been turned to stone, then, catching sight of Farnham's



astonished gaze, he instantly passed his arm about the imploring figure before him and said hurriedly, "I did not see you. Come away," and pushed on with the woman, sobbing convulsively, on his arm.

"Rather a rum meeting, that," observed Mr. Lethbridge, dryly, and Farnham, who had witnessed the scene with an immediate revival of his former antipathy, shrugged his shoulders in infinite disgust, and washing his hands of Mr. Leath and his affairs, went off to look after his own effects.

No further incidents of importance marked Farnham's sojourn abroad. He traversed the beaten road of insular and continental sightseeing for his allotted time, and returned to his legal grindstone with such agreeable recollections of his vacation, that the following June found him again in London with the pleasant prospect of further rambles before him

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during the summer months. He had heard the particulars of the forgery while at home, but it was simply the old story of securities raised from their face value, followed by the coarser crime of actual theft, and ending with a ruined firm and a beggared partner ; and the affair had almost passed from his memory, when it was suddenly recalled by an incident of the most startling character.

Farnham, waiting for a friend, was standing at the window of that depressing apartment, the smoking-room of Her Majesty's Hotel, gazing aimlessly into the side street and observing the grimy wall of a noble lord's grounds on the opposite side of the way, when his attention was attracted to two men who came from the direction of the neighboring thoroughfare, and stopped, conversing leisurely, at the entrance to the hotel. With the man who faced him Farnham had no concern ; but he was

instantly and strangely interested in the other, who stood with his back toward him. The subtile individuality which occasionally asserts itself in the human back told him that he knew this man, and the consciousness sent an unaccountable thrill through his veins. A moment after, the other of the two walked away and the owner of the expressive back turned to enter the hotel. As Farnham caught sight of his face his first impression was that he had been mistaken; then there arose in his memory, like a flash of light, a vision of the deck of the *Servia* a year ago and the two consorting men who had so unpleasantly impressed him, and he recoiled as though he had been shot. The full brown beard had disappeared, and a carefully waxed gray mustache and pointed goatee had replaced it; but if Captain Black ever walked upon the earth he stood in the flesh before Farnham at that mo-

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ment. As this astounding fact divulged itself the man disappeared through the doorway, and Farnham sank breathless into a chair.

The apparition, for it seemed little more to Farnham's excited fancy, came directly into the smoking-room, glanced casually at him as he sat quaking in his chair, and went out without a sign of recognition. Farnham breathed again. He had grown stouter and wore a beard, and it afforded him unspeakable relief to feel that these changes in his outward man had effectually concealed his identity. He sat still, watching through the open doorway the man who had apparently risen from the sea, and saw him stop for a moment at the office window and then pass through the hall and up the stairs. He was evidently staying at the hotel, and Farnham, presently recovering his composure, sauntered out of the room with as much unconcern as

he could assume and inquired of the hall-porter who the gentleman was who had just come in.

"His name is Pelham, sir," said the man; "Mr. Francis Pelham, I think. He's not stopped here before, sir."

"Thank you," said Farnham. "Be good enough not to mention that I inquired; he might consider it an impertinence;" and impressing this injunction upon the porter by a judicious bestowal of a shilling, he went out and, oblivious of his appointment, hailed a hansom and was driven to Scotland Yard as fast as an indifferent horse could take him.

Lethbridge was absent, but upon Farnham's assurance that his business was urgent, he was sent for and presently came in, and Farnham was again reassured by finding that even the detective's keen eye failed to recognize him in his altered personality. A reference to the events of the preceding summer,



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however, immediately recalled him to Lethbridge's memory, and he told, as concisely as possible, the extraordinary discovery which he believed he had made. Lethbridge heard him through and then shook his head incredulously. "I've come across strange things in my line, Mr. Farnham," he said, "but this is the toughest yarn I've ever heard yet. It can't be, sir, it can't be. Darke and I prodded every corner of the ship, and I tell you the man wasn't there."

"And I tell you that the man is in London at this moment," said Farnham, vehemently. "Apply any test that you please, and you'll find I'm right."

Lethbridge pondered dubiously for a moment, and then asked Farnham to repeat to him, in their consecutive order, all the details of Captain Black's disappearance from the steamer. This Farnham did with scrupulous exactness, Lethbridge listening attentively and

checking off the narrative from time to time with affirmative nods of his head.

"Now," said Lethbridge, "go over the business on the landing-stage in the same way, so I may be sure I've got the thing straight in my head."

Farnham complied as before, and was carefully reciting the sequence of events, when he became suddenly aware of a change in the detective's manner. Lethbridge was leaning forward in his chair in an attitude of the most alert attention, and with a strange gleam in his eyes that betokened extraordinary emotion; and as the story ended, he brought his hand down upon his knee with a resounding slap and exclaimed exultingly, "By George, I have it!"

"Now look here, sir," he continued, before Farnham could speak; "you can help us if you will. If this is the right man, he is an extraordinary cool hand, and we mustn't touch him until we are

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ready for him. That won't be until day after to-morrow, as I must send a man out of town to bring up another party that we shall need."

"But suppose—" said Farnham, who would have preferred immediate action; "suppose, meanwhile, our man takes it into his head to leave."

"Then I'll stop him at a venture," said Lethbridge, with a grim smile, "but I don't want to move a minute too soon if I can help it. Now, I want you to take a table near him in the coffee-room—say to-morrow at breakfast."

"But I'm not staying there," objected Farnham.

"Take a room there over-night," said Lethbridge, promptly, "and give 'em a wrong name."

"I don't fancy doing that," said Farnham, after a moment's reflection.

"There isn't a bit of 'arm in it," said Lethbridge, "and it will help us a lot."

"And what then?" said Farnham.

"Why, then," continued Lethbridge, with a reassuring smile, "when you're ready to go in to breakfast, just step out of the 'otel door for a moment so I can see you, and then leave word if any one asks for you, to have him shown in direct to your table. That'll give me a chance for complete observation of your party without attracting any attention whatsoever, and without anybody being any the wiser but me. After that you can go off and leave the business in my hands until everything's ready. I suppose you'd like to see the end of it, sir?" concluded the detective, with a confident interrogation.

"Well—yes; after having gone so far—I would," said Farnham.

"Very good, sir, I'll look you up," said Mr. Lethbridge, cheerfully. "Mind you sit with your back to him."

Farnham went away with a disquiet-

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ing sense of having been cleverly impressed into the English detective service ; but an irrepressible desire to follow up the unravelling of the mystery that lay before him enabled him to stifle certain stirrings of conscience by the self-assurance that he was merely furthering the ends of justice. He wandered aimlessly about, avoiding the vicinity of the hotel until bedtime, when he sneaked in, carrying a satchel, and with a humiliating consciousness of imposture lying heavily on his mind, and was allotted a gloomy back room at the top of the house. Here he passed a horrible night, largely occupied in running down preposterous criminals of all grades, and awoke with a pardonable feeling of repugnance for his self-invited breakfast company.

Pelham was already seated in the coffee-room when he went down-stairs, and having bespoken the adjoining table,

he went to the entrance door of the hotel as agreed and looked up and down the street. Not a sign of Lethbridge could be seen, and Farnham, with a cheering hope that the appointment had miscarried, went in to breakfast and seated himself with his back to his unsuspecting neighbor. He had ordered his customary eggs and bacon and breakfast tea, and was looking through the morning paper, when a dark-complexioned man with a profusion of black hair, and wearing spectacles, was shown in to his table, and, before Farnham could utter a protest, seated himself, and taking from his pocket a bundle of documents, began, "I have looked into the matter of the mining prospectus, and I have all the figures here as you requested." With this there came a warning pressure of his foot beneath the table, and Farnham knew that Lethbridge sat before him.

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Farnham was already sufficiently out of humor to be excessively annoyed by what he considered a useless and ridiculous masquerade, and ate his breakfast in sullen silence, while Lethbridge rattled on with amazing volubility, giving the most astounding statistics about the mining property, and keeping meanwhile a stealthy watch upon the suspected man at the adjoining table, until having presumably familiarized himself to the proper standard, he gathered up his papers and took his departure, to Farnham's infinite relief. That thoroughly disgusted gentleman dawdled over his breakfast until he heard Pelham leave the room, and seeing him presently pass the coffee-room window, took his own departure, satchel in hand, mentally vowing never to be caught again in a similar mess.

The next morning, just as he had finished breakfasting at his own lodg-

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ings, Lethbridge, fresh-faced and fair-haired again, made his appearance in such confident humor that Farnham's spirits revived somewhat under the buoyancy of the detective's manner, and he inquired what was the next step to be taken.

"I'm going to bait a hook," said Lethbridge, with an expression of infinite relish, "and if your man doesn't rise to it you can call me a Dutchman. It may be a long fish, but if we catch anything it will be as good a day's work as ever I did in my life."

The baiting of the hook, which Farnham awaited with considerable curiosity, proved to be a simple matter enough. Lethbridge merely wrote the words "Captain Lansing Black" in a large bold hand on a sheet of note-paper, enclosed it in an envelope addressed "Francis Pelham, Esq.," and with an air of extreme confidence invited Farnham to accom-



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pany him to the hotel and witness the landing of the fish.

They strolled back and forth upon the Piccadilly pavement in a line of observance of the hotel entrance, until Mr. Pelham, gloved and well appparelled, was seen to go out. Then Farnham, acting under Lethbridge's instructions, walked into the hallway, and explaining that he was awaiting a friend, seated himself at one side of the entrance door and became absorbed in perusal of a morning paper. Presently Lethbridge strolled in and, after a brief interview with the manager in that gentleman's private office, placed the envelope in Pelham's letter-box in the hall, and seating himself on the opposite side of the entrance door, became a silent rival of Farnham in the matter of looking up the day's news. The hall-porter, a pompous fellow with a double chin and wearing a black skull-cap, seated himself in his

leather-covered bath-chair, all unconscious of the drama that was developing under his very nose, and dropped off into a nap—and the watch began.

It was a long one, as Lethbridge had surmised, and the hours wore slowly on. Farnham having digested the exhaustive details of events in Her Britannic Majesty's realm, and the scant references to other portions of the globe peculiar to the British press, was endeavoring to concentrate his attention upon the advertisements and occasionally relapsing into a doze, when Lethbridge coughed, and at the same moment Pelham opened the door and walked into the hall. Farnham, with his heart thumping like a trip-hammer against his ribs, glanced at his companion; but that imperturbable individual was so absorbed in the news that Farnham, for a moment, feared that he had not noticed that their man had arrived. The next instant, however,

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Lethbridge's eyes appeared, gleaming like coals of fire over the top of his newspaper, and Farnham, following their gaze, saw that the supreme moment had come. Pelham was at the letter-box.

A lump suddenly rose into Farnham's throat, and he was conscious that he was trembling violently from head to foot as Pelham took the envelope from the box, glanced carelessly at the address upon it, and then opened it. As his eyes met the name on the enclosed sheet he recoiled, glanced like lightning about the hall, and then, crumpling up paper and envelope, he thrust them into his pocket and was in the street again almost before Farnham could realize what had happened. Lethbridge, alert and as agile as a cat, was after him and at his side before he had taken a dozen steps, and Farnham, looking through the window, saw that there was a brief colloquy, followed by a shrug of Pelham's shoulders,

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and then the two men entered a cab and were driven away. "Now for it!" said Farnham to himself, and, calling a cab in his turn, he followed at all speed, in a curious whirl of speculations as to how the matter would end.

He was evidently expected at Scotland Yard, and on giving his name was shown without inquiry into a well-lighted room, where Lethbridge and a military-looking official, who proved to be the inspector, were conversing in a low tone in a corner. Pelham, who had apparently quite recovered his composure, was looking out of the window with his back toward them, standing with his legs well apart, and swinging his walking-stick with an air of supreme unconcern. He glanced indifferently at Farnham as he entered the room, and then, apparently relegating him to the obscurity of the official staff, resumed his former attitude at the window and gazed steadily into

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the court-yard until the inspector said, "Now then, Mr. Pelham, if you please," when he turned, showing a face deadly pale, but with features evidently under full command.

"Mr. Pelham," continued the inspector, with extreme urbanity, "it is probably unnecessary to inform you that we have no power to compel you to give us any information. In fact, it is quite within your discretion to preserve absolute silence if you choose, until you have taken legal counsel. At the same time, as it is quite possible that this is a case of mistaken identity, you can readily avoid further complications, and perhaps your further detention, by answering a few questions." Here the inspector paused, and Pelham, after a moment's deliberation, inquired haughtily, "What are the questions?"

"First," said the inspector, "are you Captain Lansing Black?"

"Captain Black was lost at sea a year ago," replied Pelham, without manifesting the slightest emotion. "The papers were full of the affair, and you must have known of it through them, if not through the investigations of your own department. The question strikes me as an absurdity."

"Next," said the inspector, with unruffled composure, "were you a passenger on the *Servia*, on her homeward passage in June of last year?"

"I was not," replied Pelham.

"This gentleman—" said the inspector, quietly, indicating Farnham by a motion of his head—"is prepared to swear that you were."

Pelham instantly concentrated his gaze upon Farnham, and regarded him intently for a moment with knitted brows, much to that gentleman's discomposure. The recognition that must have followed this scrutiny was, however, effectually

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concealed. Beyond a momentary flush upon his face, Pelham evinced no discomfiture whatever, and, turning to the inspector, said, with a contemptuous smile, "Then this gentleman is prepared to swear to a lie," adding, with a sudden burst of anger, "what rot all this is!"

"Possibly," replied the inspector, coolly, "but our description of the man we want tallies so closely with your appearance that the mistake is pardonable. Read it, Mr. Lethbridge," and Lethbridge, taking a folded paper from his pocket, read as follows, Pelham, meanwhile, fixing his eyes upon the ceiling, and resuming his former expression of nonchalance :

"Height, about five feet ten; erect, military carriage, broad shoulders, small hands and feet; brown eyes, stern in expression, regular features, dark complexion; reserved and haughty man-

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ner; wore, when last seen, a full brown beard——” here the detective paused.

“That doesn't help me,” remarked Pelham, with cool effrontery; “a man's beard may turn gray in a twelvemonth, and shaving is, I believe optional.”

“Go on, Lethbridge,” said the inspector, with his eyes steadily riveted on Pelham's face; and Lethbridge continued——“Had on his left forearm two crossed arrows in India ink——” when Pelham, removing his gaze from the ceiling, broke in sharply with “What's that?”

Farnham, who chanced to be watching Lethbridge as he read, saw him exchange a significant glance with the inspector, which for an instant puzzled him; but as he turned his eyes upon Pelham and noticed the expression of his face, the truth burst upon him like a flash. The man had been betrayed into surprise by the mention of this mark *in a description of himself*.



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Pelham instantly saw his mistake, and his features moved convulsively for a moment before he could bring them under control. In the death-like silence that ensued the ticking of the clock was distinctly audible, and it seemed to Farnham's excited fancy to be solemnly marking off the few minutes that remained before the closing in of the net. Then, with a sang-froid which under the circumstances was amazing, Pelham began to unbutton the sleeve-link on his left wrist. "That is not necessary, Mr. Pelham," said the inspector, with his deadly gaze still upon the other's face. "Your word will be sufficient *in this case*," with an unpleasant inflection upon the last words which caught Farnham's alert attention at once. By this time the tension on his nerves had become almost unbearable, and as he moistened his dry lips and clinched his hands, he felt that he was perhaps the most agitated man in the

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room. Pelham, whose angry flush under the examination had given place to his former deadly pallor, had recovered his nerve and, but for the great beads of sweat upon his forehead, was holding himself well in hand.

The inspector spoke again. "We have one more test to apply, Mr. Pelham," he said, with an ominous accentuation of the name; and making a sign to Lethbridge, the detective left the room and almost instantly returned, followed by a woman, who stood just within the door gazing at the group with startled eyes. One glance at her showed Farnham a sad, worn face, and a trembling hand shielding the quivering lips, and he recognized the poor creature who stood on the landing-stage a year before, and stayed Leath with her hands against his breast. With this scene thus suddenly recalled to memory, he turned his eyes upon Pelham, who had fixed

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his gaze with terrible intensity upon the woman's face, and a strange horror came over him as he saw the semblance of Captain Black apparently fading into a contorted likeness of Leath as if a metempsychosis were unveiling itself before his eyes. The inspector's voice again broke the silence, addressing the woman. "Mrs. Leath, do you know this man?"

"Stop!" said Pelham, imperiously, before she could reply. "Don't question her. This lies between ourselves, and you have no concern in it. There is no use in further subterfuge. I shall make proper amends to this injured and deserted woman, and I believe there is no law requiring the detention of a man who has merely absented himself from his home and his wife."

"None whatever," replied the inspector, with a grim smile.

"And this gentleman," continued Pel-

ham, turning with a ghastly smile to Farnham, "will, I hope, pardon the rudeness of a man caught in a hole. The confusion of my face with that of Captain Black was natural enough. We were not altogether unlike, and the lapse of a year might well mislead anyone;" and with this he turned to Mrs. Leath with an assumption of heartiness and held out both his hands. But the woman recoiled with horror in her eyes and with her hands held up to repel him. "God save me!" she cried, tremulously, "it's like him and it is not. I don't know him."

"It's the beard that confuses you," said Pelham, anxiously insisting upon his identity. "See, Margaret!" and separating the hair upon his chin, he revealed the hideous scar running downward from the corner of the mouth. "Isn't *that* enough?" he added appealingly to Farnham, who could only stare

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in utter bewilderment at this seemingly incontestable proof; and then realizing that his protestations were being received in ominous silence, he turned to the two officers and cried passionately, "What more, in God's name, do you want?"

"Well, if it isn't asking too much," said the inspector, quite unmoved by this outbreak, "it would be a little more satisfactory to have your wife recognize you."

"She does recognize me. She must!" exclaimed the suspected man, with desperate eagerness. "We had not met in eighteen years when she saw me land at Liverpool, and I left her there almost without a word. The woman is simply misled by her absurd emotion. Can't I be allowed even to know who I am?"

"Certainly," said the inspector, coolly, "but you have been several persons lately. If you are quite sure who you are *now*, you may expose your left arm.

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It was Leath who had the mark of the crossed arrows."

Farnham, glancing at the man who had been so adroitly unmasked, saw him recoil as though he had been stung, and averted his eyes to avoid witnessing the distressing spectacle of collapse which he thought was at hand; but the other, nerving himself for a final defiance, turned his back upon Mrs. Leath with brutal indifference and said, with cool insolence, "I seem to have fallen into your clumsy trap, and," he added, with a vindictive scowl at Farnham, "I congratulate this gentleman upon his police work as a spy, in running me down. I am Lansing Black. Is there anything more?"

"Yes," said the imperturbable inspector, "*What became of Roger Leath?*"

Black glared at him wildly for an instant, and then sank back into a chair and covered his face with his hands,

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while Mrs. Leath, with a heartrending cry, fell heavily to the floor.

The next morning Farnham was nervously pacing the floor of his breakfast-room, suffering from what may be concisely described as a surfeit of detective work, when Lethbridge was shown in; and a glance at that astute gentleman's face assured him that matters were not altogether as they should be in the affair of Captain Black. "He swears he never touched Leath," said the detective, "and we haven't anything to go on but the circumstantial evidence. I hoped he would break down and confess, but he is as hard as a flint."

"What explanation does he offer?" inquired Farnham. "The business couldn't possibly look blacker for him as it stands."

"Well, his story is pretty straight as it goes," said Lethbridge. "He says his

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attention was first attracted to Leath by the scar on his chin, having one precisely like it himself. Then he saw there was enough resemblance between them to pass among strangers if he took off his beard. He swears he wrote the note then without any definite plan and put it into his portmanteau simply to have it already there if he had to act without premeditation. Likewise, he says his idea was to buy up Leath to act with him in some way. That may be or it may not. As luck would have it, Leath drank heavily that night, and Black got his keys from him on pretence of going down to get him some cigars or something of that sort; and when at last they went out of the smoking-room, Leath, who was as full as a lord, put on the other man's ulster by mistake; so you see things seemed to work pretty handsomely for Captain Black. Now he says the end of it was that Leath insisted on



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sitting upon the rail, and, by George, the first roll the ship took, over he went."

"I shouldn't fancy standing trial on such a yarn as that," said Farnham.

"No more would I," said Lethbridge, with a fine idiom, "but there it is. When he was locked up in Leath's room, of course he read over his papers and was prepared to meet his wife, and by the way, sir, it was his dropping of Mrs. Leath as gave me the clue. He took her out to a cab and told her he'd go and look after his luggage, and that was the last she saw of him. Having been on the ship, I was called in to look him up, but he seems to have an extraordinary way of making way with himself, and I couldn't find a trace of him. Says he boarded an outgoing sailing-ship and went to Copenhagen, which is likely enough. Now," continued Mr. Lethbridge, who seemed to have conceived a marked admiration for Farnham's de-

ductive abilities, "I've another little thing on hand which perhaps you'd like to follow up with me."

"Thank you," said Farnham, dryly; "I believe I've had enough."

# THE LAST SLAVE-SHIP

BY GEORGE HOWE, M.D.



I WAS a medical student in New Orleans, La., and the course of lectures for the season of 1858-59 had just closed. My name, with others, had been submitted to the administrators of the Charity Hospital for appointment as resident student, a certain number being appointed annually, and the announcement of the names of the fortunate few was daily expected. Each morning I met at the hospital gates our late professors, who were visiting physicians and surgeons to the hospital, and with other students made the round of the different wards, each according to his special taste.

At nine o'clock on the morning of April 26th, while I was awaiting the usual arrivals at the gates, one of the professors, Dr. Howard Smith, drove up in his bug-

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gy, and without replying to my salutation, said: "George, how would you like to go to the coast of Africa?" The doctor was a very pleasant gentleman, and a great favorite among the students, and, believing him to be in a very pleasant mood, I replied: "First rate, doctor." "How soon can you get ready?" "I am ready now." He saw from my perplexed air that, although I thought him jesting, I did not understand or see the point. "I am seriously in earnest, George; would you like to go?" "Yes, sir." "When can you be ready?" "As soon as I can go to my lodgings and pack up." "Well, then, come with me;" and jumping into the buggy with him, I was hurried to the office of the McDonogh Commissioners, representing Baltimore and New Orleans.

En route, the doctor informed me that John McDonogh had died in 1850, possessed of valuable real estate which he had bequeathed to the cities of New Orleans

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and Baltimore for educational purposes; he had also a number of slaves, who were given their freedom conditioned upon their emigration to Liberia, after a certain period of years. That time had elapsed and arrangements were made for their transportation. At the last moment it was concluded to send a medical officer with them, and, said the doctor, "That selection having been requested of me, you are my choice, if you will go."

My engagement was soon made with the commissioners, to render the negroes such professional and other aid as would be necessary on the voyage. I learned further that all the negroes old enough to work had been taught trades and occupations, and that all the wages they had earned since their master's death had been placed to their credit, and would be distributed among them before they left; and that they were fully equipped with all the agricultural and mechanical appli-

ances they might need to make them self-sustaining upon arrival at their future home. There were carpenters, blacksmiths, coopers among the men; and cooks, laundresses, seamstresses, and nurses among the women. It had been intended to send them via Baltimore, by a sailing-packet leaving annually in the spring for the colony of Liberia with immigrants and general supplies, and returning with such products as the colony exported; but an opportunity offering, they would be sent direct from New Orleans on the sailing ship *Rebecca*.

In the office some of the gentlemen indulged in pleasant jokes about "wool and ivory," and one of them wrote a letter to the surgeon of the United States man-of-war *Vincennes*, stationed on the coast of Africa, saying: "This is a letter of introduction and may be of use to you." I was so engrossed with the idea of going to Africa that, although I heard, I did not



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attach that special importance to the jokes and remarks that I did afterward. Leaving them, I went to my lodgings and soon packed my books, clothing, etc.

On my way to the ship, I stopped at the telegraph office and sent to my parents in Natchez, Miss., the following message: "Gone to the coast of Africa." I was on board the ship at twelve o'clock, at the Government wharf, waiting for the tow-boat, to be conveyed to sea. I presented myself to the captain, who was busy with the details of departure. He, having received no notice of my employment, appeared annoyed, but asked me to the cabin and ordered the steward to prepare my room. Going upon deck I saw a motley group of negroes, mulattoes, quadroons, men, women, and children of all ages, numbering forty-three; they were busy getting their baggage on board. Many of them were not anxious to go, and were much disheartened at the



idea of leaving home. Just then arrived several of the commissioners with their wives, who were known to the negroes, and after a while they were so successful in imparting new courage and cheerful faces to the immigrants that their adieus were less sad than I expected.

The ship left the wharf at four o'clock in the evening. Early next morning we were at the mouth of the river, and in another hour on the open sea. A pleasant

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southerly breeze drove us along about eight miles an hour, and dinner being called, I found at the captain's table Captain C—, a naturalized Scotch-Englishman, the first mate, Mr. T—, a Long Islander, and two Spanish gentlemen speaking very little English, and myself. An introduction followed, one Spanish gentleman explaining that they were on their way to a trading point on the African coast, representing a commercial house in Havana, and that having waited a long while unsuccessfully for an opportunity to get there, he had taken passage on this vessel as far as its voyage extended.

Our dinner over, the mate remained in the cabin and the other officers came to the table ; we were thus introduced by the mate : " This is Dr. Sawbones ; I am mate ; here is the second mate ; there is the carpenter. Now, how is it that you were engaged at the last moment to come

with us?" After explaining all that I knew about it, he replied: "It would have been better for you to have known something about the ship and her destination before you accepted." This recalled the jokes of the commissioners and set me thinking.

That night, during the mate's watch, I approached him and, after a few remarks about the weather, etc., said: "Mr. T——, I did not quite understand your remark at dinner; if you can do so, please explain." After a long silence, he replied: "Well, you will find it out sooner or later, and I do not know that I am violating any confidence in telling you now; *this ship is a Slaver*. Yes; that is just what she is, and belongs to a company of Spaniards who are represented here by the eldest of the Spanish passengers, who will be the captain at the proper time; the other Spaniard will be his mate. They purchased this ship two months

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ago, and have had all sorts of difficulties ever since with the Custom-house. She sails under the American flag, and is supposed to be owned by a commission house in New Orleans, who are the agents there of the Spanish company. They wanted to obtain papers permitting the ship to go to the African coast ; just now everything destined there is regarded with suspicion, and the Spaniards wanted to go in ballast to seek a cargo of palm-oil, camwood, and any other merchandise offering. The Custom-house authorities declined, for various reasons, to issue the papers. In the meantime, the ship had been loaded with empty casks and a quantity of staves in the rough from which to manufacture other casks, if necessary. The question of getting sufficient supplies of food aboard was a very delicate one, for food could not profitably be carried as freight to that locality, and it was not required in barter. Then the Spaniards proposed

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to equip her as a whaling-ship, with her whaling-ground from Bermuda to the Cape of Good Hope. This would permit her occasionally to call on the African coast for water and fresh food-supplies, yet would require a much longer period to complete the trip. Just at this time the commission house heard of the purpose of the McDonogh commissioners to send the ex-slaves, via Baltimore, to Liberia. After considering the matter it was determined to offer this ship as a means of transportation at a very moderate price. If they had dared to do so they would have been willing to pay a handsome premium; the offer was accepted and the date fixed. The Spaniards now had a legitimate cargo for the African coast and easily procured the necessary papers for a trading point on the Congo River, stopping at Liberia on the voyage out. I can also tell you that your presence here is not pleasant for Captain C——, for he

had about determined to run down on the south side of Cuba with these negroes, leave them at a place he knows of, and continue on the voyage. Now, this cannot be done, unless you come into the arrangement ; but I do not think he will say anything to you about it. You are a stranger and we are constantly in sight of and speaking vessels, and it would be easy for you to say a few words which might spoil the entire expedition."

Next morning early, as we were taking coffee on deck, the captain, in a general conversation, remarked : " What a valuable lot of negroes these are ; all the men have some trade or vocation which makes them most desirable on any planta-



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tion. The women are all experienced in their duties ; they would bring a round sum in Cuba : and Cuba is very near, and I know where they could be landed without much risk."

I replied : " Captain, these negroes must be landed at their destination in Africa, and as long as I can, I will not permit any change of programme."

As if to disarm me of any suspicion, he said : " Of course, they must be landed in Liberia, I was only regretting that so much money is just thrown away."

During the mate's watch which followed, he asked me what Captain C—— had said to me and my reply ; for the captain, on his return to the cabin, had had a long and stormy conversation with the Spanish gentleman, who would not be persuaded that there was very little risk in landing the negroes in Cuba, whether the doctor consented or not. I repeated the conversation between the



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captain and myself. The mate replied: "Well, that matter is now decided, for we are sailing southeast, instead of southwest, and that means we will not stop at Cuba this part of the trip." Reassured at this, I pressed him to tell me what he knew of the voyage.

"Now," said he, "I am interested in this ship's voyage as well as the others, and you must pledge your word of honor to say nothing to anyone about it." I assented. "Well, this is my second voyage of this kind; the first was from New York to Africa and Brazil, and as slavery will probably be abolished in Brazil, and coolies are getting cheaper than negroes in Cuba, this is probably the last slave-ship; and if we are successful, we will land the last cargo of slaves. To begin, you must understand that there are necessary, one person as head manager, and three agents, each one with an assistant to replace the principal in case of acci-

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dent, sickness, or death. The head resides in Havana. One agent, with his assistant, the Spanish captain and his friend, on board with us, went to the United States to purchase the fastest sailing-vessel that money could buy, and he found, in New Orleans, the Baltimore clipper-ship Rebecca, near five hundred and fifty tons, carrying sky-sails, studding-sails to royal yards, and stay-sails to royals, with a record of fourteen knots to windward, sailing inside of four points from the wind. She was fitted out with new sails, cordage, extra spars and yards, and a large supply of material with which to make other sails at sea, and to replace uncertain stays, running rigging, etc. The Custom-house officers seemed to be suspicious of her, and watched everything connected with the ship very closely. Just at this time the offer to the McDonogh commissioners was made to take the negroes as passengers, and arrangements were com-

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pleted. Now began the purchase in large quantities of rice, white beans, pork, and biscuit, which were ostensibly for our passengers. With a long hose all the casks were filled with water from an opening below the water-line in the ship's bow, a supply of lumber was obtained, and bunks constructed between decks the whole length of the ship's hold, and for several times the number of passengers expected; a large cooking-furnace was also built on deck. Another agent and his assistant sailed some months ago for the coast of Africa, and has purchased and contracted to carry on shares as many negroes as can be stowed on board. The place where they are to meet is known on board only to the Spaniards; another agent and his assistant are established as fishermen on an unfrequented island on the south side of Cuba, I know that much. There, with a companion or two, they fish for the markets, so as to require a regular camp

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and a small vessel. They will be ready, when we arrive, to inform us when and where to land the cargo. The head in Havana keeps everything in working order, and it is his particular business to fee the customs officials and keep them away from where they are not wanted. One ounce of gold, seventeen dollars, per head, is the fee he pays to the officials for every negro landed, who divide among themselves, according to previous arrangements."

Life on board was a very pleasant one, our ship splendidly provisioned with every delicacy necessary to our comfort; with beautiful weather, our run in the Gulf Stream was full of interest. We passed south of Bermuda and entered the great Saragossa sea with its boundless fields of sea-weed. Each day experiments were made, by changing size and character of sails, to develop the greatest speed, and I

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often wondered where they could possibly put another yard of canvas. All the masts were again examined and put to their utmost strain; new stays and preventer-stays were added, until it was no longer doubtful about the masts being able to support any strain. We could easily make three hundred and twenty to three hundred and forty miles daily, running as close to windward as she could sail.

[The original narrative continues to describe the voyage and safe arrival at Monrovia, the capital of Liberia, where the McDonogh freedmen were landed. It has been thought advisable to abridge this. Dr. Howe then proceeds with his graphic story as follows :]

July 4th being observed as a "fête" day, the officers and myself were invited to dine with the President of the Repub-

lic and his ministers. Accepting the invitation, we landed on the beach, in front of the native huts, made of bamboo and thatched with straw when they had roofs ;



and ascending the cape by a tortuous path, we met the only white man in the republic, Rev. Mr. Evans, an Episcopal missionary during thirty years and also acting United States consul, under whose care we were taken to the executive mansion, were introduced to, and welcomed by President Benson; ex-President Roberts, and the cabinet.

Before returning to the ship, the Rev. Dr. Evans took me aside and told me he was in considerable doubt as to the char-

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acter of our vessel ; that the Baltimore ship had not arrived, and he had been authorized by the government to tender me as my home, during my stay awaiting the Baltimore ship, the cutter lying in the harbor, which had been presented by Queen Victoria and was their only war vessel. Thanking him for his kindness, I told him I would consider the matter.

Reaching the ship, I told the officers they were suspected. At once a council was held and a demand made for the landing next day of passengers and effects, as, so far, there had been no fixed date determined upon. The English gunboat had just returned to Monrovia and was but a short distance from us, and her company was not desired longer than possible. This demand created some surprise, as it was supposed we would be several days longer getting supplies.

Next morning a fleet of sloops, canoes, and yawls came alongside early. Just

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then the Spanish captain told me I could go with the vessel as far as the Congo River, where I might meet the mail steamer. Thanking him, I accepted and so informed the Rev. Mr. Evans. He further told me he suspected Captain C— of treachery, for the return of the cruiser looked like it. By noon passengers and effects were landed and the captain returned with the ship's papers, etc. The anchor was hoisted and away we went. The English cruiser followed with steam and sail as long as he could see us; but we sailed twelve miles to his eight, and before dark left him out of sight.

The Spanish captain now appeared on deck, a short, swarthy, black-whiskered man, with a cold, determined look, dressed in open shirt with a large silk handkerchief around his neck, white trousers, with a large red sash wrapped several times around his waist, a wide soft hat—a typical bandit. His assistant





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followed in almost similar costume, and went forward and rang the ship's bell ; the crew was called to the after-deck, where the Spanish Captain A—— thus addressed them, in Spanish and English :

“ Men, I am now the captain of this ship ; this is my first mate,” introducing his assistant ; “ the other subordinate officers are retained in their positions : the late captain and mate will be respected and advised with. The object of this voyage is a cargo of negroes to be purchased in Africa and landed in Cuba ; the trip is full of peril, but if successful, full of money. If there is one of you who desires to go ashore, the ship will stop at a place where he can be safely landed, and double wages to date given him.”

All expressing themselves anxious to sign new articles, the wages were declared, if the voyage was successful, to be : For American captain and first mate, \$5,000 each ; second mate, \$3,500 ;

carpenter, \$3,000; each sailor, \$1,500. Our crew numbered twenty-three, all told, Turks, Greeks, Italians, Spaniards, Scotch, Yankees, and Danes.

It was plain that the Spanish captain did not trust Captain C—, and although they were courteous to each other, there was an entire absence of familiarity. The crew had the same feeling, and on one occasion, while Captain C— was inspecting the rudder hinges and suspended in a bow-line over the stern, the sailor at the wheel took out his knife and made a movement as if to sever the rope and drop the captain into the sea. I saw the movement and called the Spanish captain's attention. He positively and firmly forbade anything like an attempt on the life of Captain C—, unless it was plain he intended treachery; then he would act, and promptly.

We were some weeks in advance of the time for the arrival of our ship at a point

agreed upon, where the first intelligence could be had of the agents sent there months before, and we sailed leisurely along until one day's sail from Mayumba. This portion of the coast was carefully guarded by the United States, English, Portuguese, and Spanish steam and sailing vessels, so that in approaching the coast there was considerable risk of being overhauled. Although our papers were regular to a point on Congo River, yet the vessel might have been seized as suspicious, and subjected to a return to Sierra Leone ; and there, the matter fully investigated by a court organized to condemn and confiscate.

One day our movements were so regulated that, by sailing all night toward the coast, we would be, at daylight, fifteen miles distant. A yawl was then lowered, and the Spanish captain with two sailors entered it, provided with two days' supplies and compass, and pulled away for

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land. We at once returned to sea, and forty days after were to return to the place where the Spanish captain had expected to land. We were now under the control of the Spanish mate and put to sea, four hundred miles from land, then sailed back one day, and the next returned to sea, for the entire period of forty days, never coming within two hundred miles of the shore. This was a very quiet and uneventful cruise ; on two occasions only did we see vessels, which proved to be whalers whom we gave a wide berth.

At daylight, on the morning of the fortieth day, we had approached the coast near enough to see distinctly objects along the shore. Yet, seeing no living creature, we were evidently a little out of the exact position, so sending a man aloft, to be sure no vessel was in sight, we ran along the coast a few miles, when we saw a negro waving a large white flag,



with a red cross its entire length and width ; this was the signal, and in a short time we saw several negroes dragging our yawl to the water from its place of concealment. In an hour, Captain A—— was again on board. It was plain that something had gone wrong ; the agent and assistant had arrived much later

than anticipated ; both had been ill with African fever and were at a trading post on Congo River, trying to get well. British cruisers had passed almost daily where we were then, and could be expected at any moment. A council was again held in the cabin ; the ship put to sea, and it was determined that, as our papers were regular and permitted us to go to Congo

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River, we would proceed there at once and there await events.

Long before we reached Congo River, we saw the discoloration of the sea from the muddy stream. Far at sea we met floating islands of vegetation as much as twenty feet square. Approaching the river from the sea, there was on the left an elevated plateau, at the base of which the French Government had a station, where negroes were apprenticed to employers in the French islands of the West Indies, for a number of years, for a little more than the Spaniards purchased them outright. The apprentices did not get the money, but the government agent, in consideration of the money, obliged his government to secure them a home, etc., at the expiration of contract. A French gun-boat lay at the station as we passed by.

The river is irregular in width, from two-thirds to one and a half mile, shallow,

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full of islands, with a very tortuous channel from side to side. We secured the services of a pilot, a prince of one of the Congo tribes near us, on the left bank as you ascend. His costume was an old military coat and a much dilapidated Panama hat, his wrists and arms encircled with thick silver rings and with a multitude of others of a kind of fibre. Short in stature, about five feet three or four inches, fine regular features, as are all of the Congoes, perfect teeth, handsomely developed limbs, and clean for a negro.

Light winds and the strong current delayed our arrival at the trading station, about seventy miles from the mouth, until the next day. Arriving, we found a boat with two white men in it; one was recognized as the agent's assistant, and before they reached us, we were informed that the agent had died of consumption and African fever. The speaker was



slowly convalescing, and all trading operations had been suspended until his recovery or the arrival of the ship. His companion in the boat was a trader at whose post he had found a home. We were now in for a delay of some time, as Spaniards move slowly. We were anchored about seventy-five yards from the shore or left bank going up stream.

One day we saw coming up the river a man-of-war's long boat, with an officer and ten men; they anchored almost immediately under our bow, and there they



remained as long as we were in the river ; they were from the gun-boat Tigris and had spoken the Vixen, which we learned had gone farther south to look out for us. The Tigris lay at the mouth of the river to intercept us, if an attempt be made to leave with a cargo of negroes. Again the Spanish captain left us for many days. It being necessary to replenish our store of water, it was done with a hose through the opening in the bow, without the boat's crew knowing anything about it, although but a few feet distant.

During this time I took several trips up the river, going farther than any white man had been known to ascend it, and saw many tribes of negroes who had heard of white men from the lower tribes, but had never seen one, and was much of a curiosity with my European clothing and my white skin.

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From the Spaniard with me I learned

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that enough negroes had been purchased and contracted for to be transported on shares, to load our ship,\* and that her departure was only a question of when they could be put on board without risk of small-pox reappearing among them. The negroes were then sent by easy marches to a place half a day's journey from the

\* From the factors I learned something about the manner in which the slave trade was carried on in Africa. A trader, Portuguese always, procured consent from a head of a strong tribe to establish himself among them, and paid liberally in presents for the privilege. Consent obtained, a barracoon was at once built, and each member of the tribe was a self-constituted guardian to protect it ; a scale of prices was agreed upon for negroes, according to age and sex, averaging two fathoms or four yards of calico, one flint-lock musket, one six-pound keg of coarse powder, one two-gallon keg of rum, some beads and brass wire ; an English value of about eight dollars gold for each negro captured by this tribe from neighboring and weaker ones. There had been a lower rate of prices until within a few years, when competition had slowly increased them to present rates.

sea-coast, where they would remain until the time agreed upon to move to the coast. This last march to the coast was always done at night, so that they had ample time to arrive before daylight. The ship was due at daylight, and if she could not reach the coast at that hour, the whole business was postponed generally one week, the negroes immediately returned to the half-day station, rested, and cared for. We returned to the ship on the river, and found quiet preparations being made to leave at a moment's notice; the officers purchasing goats, poultry, and fruit.

Captain A—— alone knew the locality where the negroes would be met, and it was impossible for any sailor to have given information of value to the English in their boat under our bow.

No opportunity had yet offered for my return to America, and the ship was about

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to sail. I could not make up my mind to remain on Congo River, and risk African fever for an indefinite period. The spirit of adventure, considerable curiosity, and great confidence in my good luck, prompted me to accept an invitation from the Spanish captain to remain with the ship. At this time we learned that a Portuguese man-of-war had visited the mouth of the river and, finding the English gun-boat Vixen there, had gone on to the north. This made things very much mixed, one cruiser south, one at the river's mouth, and one north, and the Portuguese was the worst one of all. At that time, if a vessel was captured with negroes on board, they, and the ship with her officers, were taken to Sierra Leone; the sailors being landed at or near the place of capture to look out for themselves. If the ship had a flag and could be identified, the officers were transferred at Sierra Leone to their respective governments for

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trial, the negroes sent ashore, and an attempt at colonization made, and the ship sold and broken up ; but if no nationality could be established, the officers were imprisoned for a term at Sierra Leone, with or without civil trials. If the Portuguese made a capture, every officer and sailor was sent to their penal settlements, and that was the last ever heard of them. The American Government had the sailing man-of-war Vincennes stationed near us ; we did not wish to meet her, for she was a fine sailer.

One morning, early, about October 1, 1859, the anchor was raised and we sailed down the river ; our papers yet protected us, for we had ostensibly made an unsuccessful mercantile venture, and were returning home. We took the English yawl in tow, and inviting the officer on board, enjoyed a pleasant trip to the mouth of the river, reaching there in the afternoon. The gun-boat steamed alongside to get

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her officer and learn our destination, and being informed "United States," said: "Oh! of course! perhaps!" Our course during the evening and night was northwest, as if we were returning to the United States. This was to get off shore and ascertain the strength of the wind at that season, at different distances, also to see what speed we could make. At daylight our course was shaped south, and all hands employed in removing every trace of name from bow, stern, and small boats. The ship's side was painted all black—we had white ports before. Every paper or scrap that could be found was, with our American flag weighted and thrown overboard.

"Now!" said Captain A——, "we have no name, and no nationality; we are nobody and know nothing. If we are captured, every mouth must be sealed, in that way only can we escape the severe penalties."

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For four days and nights we cruised about, keeping the distance of nearly one hundred and fifty miles from land. On the afternoon of the fourth day, having taken accurate observations of our position at sea, our course was shaped for the coast; every light was extinguished but that of the binnacle, which was hooded so that the man at the wheel could see the compass and yet the light could not be seen; an extra watch was kept, and at three o'clock next morning we were within two miles of the shore, latitude  $6^{\circ} 10'$  south, previously agreed upon. So correct were the chronometers, and the estimation of wind and current, that there was no error in our calculations, we could hear the roar of the breakers, but there was not light enough to see the shore. As it grew lighter we could see the low shore-line, which appeared to be broken into small hillocks of sand sparsely covered with a scrubby vegetation.



A number of small craft could be seen outside the breakers, they resembled oyster-boats. After a satisfactory scru-



tiny of the horizon with a glass from the masthead, our signal, a large white flag with a red cross, was hoisted, and as it blew out was answered from the shore. Very soon the beach seemed to swarm with moving objects which we could not yet distinguish. A number of long, black objects left the shore, and, when through the breakers, they stopped at the small craft outside. Now we could see that the negroes were being transferred to the boats outside the breakers, from canoes, which ran through them, with from four

to six in each. As the sloops were filled they sailed for the ship, and, ladders having been arranged, the negroes were soon coming over the ship's side; as each one reached the deck he was given a biscuit and sent below. It seemed slow work at first, but as the canoes were soon all launched and rushing through the surf, it presented a busy scene. The sloops were now flying to and from us, and a great number of negroes were already on board at 2 P. M.

The lookout at the masthead shouted: "Sail, ho! away to the southward." From the deck we could see nothing. A danger signal was hoisted at once to hurry all aboard faster; in a short while we could see from the deck a little black spot. Smoke! A cruiser! Another signal, a blood-red flag, was hoisted, informing those ashore of the kind of danger. If possible the bustle ashore was increased; our own boats were lowered, and they

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aided materially. The approaching vessel had seen us and the volume of smoke increased. She could now be seen, and was recognized as the Vixen with the naked eye. A signal from shore that a very few remained was hoisted, another hour passed, and the vessel was certainly within three miles. Our boats were recalled, and the entire fleet of sloops soon sailed toward us. Our boats were hoisted, and lines thrown to the sloops now alongside. The Vixen now changed her course slightly and fired a solid shot, which passed to leeward of us, beyond. At this the Spanish captain cried out : " Let go ! " The pin holding the staple in the anchor-chain was cut, and the chain parted. Sail was hoisted rapidly, the negroes in the sloops climbed over the ship's side, and as the sloops were emptied they were cast adrift with their single occupant, a Krooman. They scattered like frightened birds.

We seemed a long time getting headway, and everybody was looking very anxious, as other sails were set; studding-sails were added, stay-sails hoisted, and a large square sail on the mizzen-mast from the deck to topsail—such a cloud of canvas\* that I felt sure the masts would go overboard. The Vixen was now within one mile and she seemed to have wonderful speed; again she changed her course and there followed a puff of smoke. That was too close for comfort, I thought, as the splashing sea showed where the ball ricocheted, and so very near. We seemed to have gained some in distance during this manœuvre, and the wind grew stronger the farther we got from land. A cloud of black smoke showed that a grand effort was being made by our pursuer to recover the distance lost while changing her course to fire at us. We were now easily going ahead and the distance was greater between us, the wind so strong that we were

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compelled to take in the lofty studding-sails. Another hour, and it was getting near night, with the cruiser at least five miles astern, still holding on, hoping something would happen to disable us yet. Night fell, but we continued our course without change until midnight, when we sailed south southwest until daylight, so that if something should happen to our masts, we should be far from the route of our pursuer if he still followed us.

At daylight we were on a west by north course, and the southeast trade-wind was driving us along fourteen knots an hour. Looking around, I found a number of strange white men, Spaniards, representing the barracoon from which some of the negroes were taken on shares; one half for the ship, the other half for the owner, whose representative would purchase merchandise in the United States or England, and ship to St. Paul de Loanda in the mail steamer, and from there in small

sloops to destination. Among the sailors I found a number of strange faces, the crew of a captured vessel previously spoken of. They were glad to have a chance to return.

During the embarkation I was engaged separating those negroes who did not appear robust, or who had received some trifling injury in getting on deck, and sending them to an improvised hospital made by bulkheading a space in the rear of the forecabin. The others, as they arrived, were stowed away by the Spanish mate; so that when all were aboard there was just room for each to lie upon one side. As no one knew what proportion were men, all were herded together. The next morning the separation took place; the women and girls were all sent on deck, and numbered about four hundred. Then a close bulkhead was built across the ship and other bunks constructed. The women were then sent below, and



enough men sent up to enable the carpenter to have room to construct additional bunks. A more docile and easily managed lot of creatures cannot be imagined. No violence of any kind was necessary; it was sometimes difficult to make them understand what was wanted; but as soon as they comprehended, immediate compliance followed.

The negroes were now sent on deck in groups of eight and squatted around a large wooden platter, heaping-full of cooked rice, beans, and pork cut into small cubes. The platters were made by cutting off the head of flour or other barrels, leaving about four inches of the staves. Each negro was given a wooden spoon, which all on board had amused themselves in making during our forty-day trip. Barrel staves were sawed into lengths of eight inches, split into other pieces one and a half inch wide, and then shaped into a spoon with our pocket-



knives. It was surprising what good spoons could be made in that manner. A piece of rope-yarn tied to a spoon and hung around the neck was the way in which every individual retained his prop-

erty. There not being room on deck for the entire cargo to feed at one time, platters were sent between decks, so that all ate at one hour, three times daily. Casks of water were placed in convenient places, and an abundant supply furnished day and night.

When night came they

were stowed in their new quarters, the men amidships, the women in the apartment bulkheaded from the men aft, the hospital forward. Looking down through the hatches they were seen like sardines in a box, on the floor and in the bunks, as



close as they could be crowded. Large wind-sails furnished a supply of fresh air, and the open hatches sufficient ventilation.

A muster was made the next day to verify the lists held by each party represented. I was curious to know how each owner could single out his property among so many that did not present any distinguishing peculiarities. I discovered that each factor had a distinguishing brand; some a letter, others a geometrical figure; and every negro was branded with a hot iron on the left shoulder, a few days before shipment, by his owner or representative. They were all young, none less than twelve or fourteen, and none appearing over thirty years. Their contentment that



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day surprised me. They numbered, all told, near twelve hundred.

Captain A—— then selected about twenty of the strong men and clothed them with a sack which had holes cut in it for head and arms; these men were called Camisas (shirts), and were required to do the scrubbing and cleaning between decks, etc., and given daily a small allowance of rum. The women were divided into squads and sent on the after-deck for an hour for each squad. This changing kept up until night; the men were confined to the main-deck between cabin and fore-castle, and sent in squads of as many as could get on deck at once. As they came up on the first trip, each morning, every one plunged into casks of salt water and ran about until dry.

Notwithstanding their apparent good health, each morning three or four dead would be found, brought upon deck, taken by arms and heels, and tossed over-

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board as unceremoniously as an empty bottle. Of what did they die? and always at night? In the barracoons it was known that if a negro was not amused and kept in motion, he would mope, squat down with his chin on his knees and arms clasped about his legs, and in a very short time die. Among civilized races it is thought impossible to hold one's breath until death follows; it is thought the Africans can do so. They had no means of concealing anything, and certainly did not kill each other. The duties of the Camisas were also to look after the other negroes during the day, and when found sitting with knees up and head drooping, the Camisas would start them up, run them about the deck, give them a small ration of rum, and divert them until in a normal condition. The slaves fraternized as if belonging to the same tribe, and I do not recall a single instance of an altercation.

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We were now near the end of October and rapidly approaching the Caribbee Islands. Maps were examined, and, after some discussion, it was thought safest to run between the French islands of Martinique and Dominique, and our course was shaped for the fifteenth degree of latitude, being midway. One morning the mountains of each could be seen, and as we passed between the islands, they appeared about twelve miles distant. Thus far we had not met a sail, and in passing, although at considerable distance, sent all the negroes below, that we might appear to be an ordinary merchantman. We kept about one hundred miles south of Porto Rico, San Domingo, and Hayti, until we were near the extreme western end of Hayti. Our route was now between Hayti and Jamaica, as it was thought the winds would hold better than going to the south of Jamaica. While about midway, the lookout discov-

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ered a steamer far to the westward, and as its course was not yet known, we shortened such sail as could be done without discovery and waited. After half an hour it was seen that the steamer's course was almost east, and would intercept us. We slightly changed our course that we might pass behind, and sent all the negroes below as well as the greater part of the white men. We desired to pass so far distant that the absence of a name on our bow would not be noticed. The steamer was very slow, and was thought to be the English mail steamer from Kingston, touching at Hayti and San Domingo. She passed about five miles distant, and we breathed freely after her disappearance, then all sail was again made, the negroes sent on deck, and an extra biscuit given each one as a thank-offering.

We were soon north of Jamaica, but there was a dangerous place which worried us greatly, Cape de Cruz, the ex-

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treme southern point of Cuba, and on the eastern end. Our course was now north-west. Vessels from the United States approach very closely, thereby saving distance to Trinidad, a prominent port on the south side of Cuba, where sugar and molasses are largely exported. We knew that an American cruiser was stationed here to intercept slavers, and we did not wish to run a race with her. The speed of our ship was so governed that we could run by the dreaded locality late at night and at a considerable distance, about fifty miles. To do so we put on all the sail which could be safely carried.

I now for the first time learned our destination: Take a map of Cuba and you will see, south-southeast of Puerto Principe a chain of six little islands running parallel with the island of Cuba, and about twenty-five or thirty miles distant. The second one from the western end is the largest; it has a scrubby growth of

mangrove bushes about eight feet high, a few cocoanut-trees, and a most valuable spring of fresh water. It is less than a mile wide and nearly three miles long, of coral formation, but a few feet above the level of the sea.

It was necessary that our approach be after mid-day, so that the negroes could be discharged and the vessel disposed of before dark. By burning it at night the light would have attracted greater attention than in the day, and during the day it might have been supposed some brush was burning ashore. The place was a regular highway for all vessels approaching and leaving the south of Cuba.

November 3d, we were but fifty miles distant at daylight, with light winds, making about eight miles an hour. About ten o'clock, some few miles ahead of us, we saw an American bark bound in the same direction. It never would have done to approach her near enough to be spoken,



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for the captain would, in all probability, have invited himself aboard to have a chat for an hour or two. We could not shorten sail, for it would have attracted attention, the more so as her canvas had been reduced to enable us the sooner to overhaul her. What could we do? Captain A—— called the carpenter, who, with the assistance of the crew, brought on deck two large water-casks. The head of each was removed, ropes secured to the rim, and lowered astern, so that they would drag with the open end toward the ship; as soon as the ropes tightened our speed was reduced so much that the bark rapidly drew ahead, and in an hour could not see what we were doing.

It was now mid-day, and the chain of islands was in sight. We had calculated very closely the position of the one we were seeking; but our casks retarded our speed so that we would reach it later than we expected. At mid-day another obser-

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vation was taken and our island located exactly—about fifteen miles distant. As we approached it our signal flag—the large white one with a red cross—was hoisted to the top of the main-mast. Some time elapsed and no sign of any living creature on the island. We were more than six weeks behind the most liberal estimate of time, and our Spaniards began to fear that those assigned to meet us here had given up all hopes of a successful voyage and had gone to the main-land. Just as the gloomiest views seemed to be about realized, we saw two men running through the thin undergrowth to the water's edge, waving their hats and gesticulating wildly. A shout of recognition was the return salute. The ship was sailed to within half a mile, and in fourteen fathoms of water, and anchored. The four boats were lowered in a hurry and the landing of the negroes began. It was wonderful how many could be gotten into a yawl in the

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quiet sea. More than two hours were needed to land all of them, and a sufficient number of large sails for shelter and food supplies.

The carpenter had been sent below to scuttle the ship; all the combustible material aboard was collected in the fore-castle, between decks, and in the cabin, liberally saturated with oil, turpentine, and paint, and as the last of us left the ship the match was applied to each heap, and before we were ashore she was on fire from stem to stern. The rigging soon burned and the upper masts fell one after the other, still held to the ship by the heavy stays. She gradually sank, and before an hour there was nothing on the sea left to indicate a ship's destruction.

As the negroes were landed they were hurried back far enough to be out of sight of any passing vessel, the scanty growth of mangrove affording ample hiding. After dark the sails were so spread and se-

cured as to shelter the negroes from the dews, which were cold after the warm days: these tents were taken down before daylight, as they could have been seen by a passing vessel. Great was the joy of the Spaniards at being ashore in a place of security, for they felt tranquil about the part yet to come. Immediately after all were ashore the fishing sloop was despatched to the main-land with intelligence of our arrival, and during its absence I explored the island. I found it of coral formation and covered with thin soil and very little grass. Except the mangrove bushes there were no others but about a dozen cocoanut-trees, stunted in growth but with a good supply of fruit yet green, and highly esteemed as a delicacy.

The stay on the island was delightful, the waters furnishing us with a great many varieties of fish, which were appreciated. The joy of the negroes was great at being ashore, and so bountifully supplied with

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food and water. Each day vessels passed, and some of them so near that we feared they would discover the island's secret.

Before the sloop left us there was considerable discussion among the sailors about their pay, they wishing to be paid before the negroes were sent to the mainland, and the Spaniards desiring that the remaining risks should be shared by all alike and all paid at the final destination. The matter was compromised by the Spaniards agreeing to pay those who demanded it ; but that their protection ended there, and those paid would remain on the island until they were sent for after our arrival. Four days after the sloop left, two small schooners arrived bringing the money for those who demanded it, and they were paid in Spanish doubloons. The negroes were now transferred to the two schooners, and although they had appeared closely packed in the ship they were now jammed together in the hold, as

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none could be allowed on deck. The officers were divided, and were permitted to remain on deck in the little space that could be found.

We now left for Trinidad, about seventy-five miles distant, and before dark sailed right into the harbor amid a fleet of vessels. We were met by a custom-house boat and told where to anchor, and did so, less than one hundred yards from an American bark, which seemed to be our late would-be acquaintance. Our schooners had the appearance of ordinary coasters and did not attract any attention. At ten o'clock that night we saw a bright light on the beach at the extreme east end of the harbor, and we sailed for it. Arriving we were informed that arrangements were not complete for transportation, and could not be before next night. We returned to our anchorage and kept busy all night distributing biscuits and water to the negroes, who were hungry and restless.

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The night air was cold, and to keep warm I stood in the open hatch with my chin on a level with the deck, keeping my body in the warm air below while I breathed pure air ; to go below and remain a few minutes was terrible. I feared some of the negroes would die in such an impure atmosphere.

Morning came slowly, and again every care was taken not to betray in any way our character. Sail after sail passed us coming and going. What a long day ! The city of Trinidad, starting from the beach, rises to quite a height ; the old-fashioned houses and irregular streets had very little interest, as we tired our eyes trying to find something which could possibly relieve the monotony and sense of great danger we felt. My patience was exhausted long before dark. At last the sun went down, the air became cool, and night again obscured everything. At ten o'clock the light reappeared and we sailed

for it, showing a single lantern, which was extinguished as we approached. The sloop ran ashore in about two feet of water, and the negroes hurried ashore without noise, wading.

I saw in the darkness a long line of wagons, two-wheeled, with an open frame of poles and cords extending around the body of the wagon about three feet high. The women and youngest negroes were put in the wagons, the framework supporting them from falling and enabling many more to crowd in. The wagons started, the negro men following us on foot.

The route led over a mountainous country, through coffee plantations, into the interior. The travelling was slow for some time. We at last descended to a plain and moved along very lively, reaching, at 7 A.M., the plantation of Don S. B——, which was our final destination, nearly twenty-three miles from the coast ;



here we halted. The negroes were sent to an inclosure to be fed and rested, the officers were escorted to the residence of the proprietor, where we had a bath, change of clothing, a good breakfast, and felt greatly refreshed.

We were seated on the veranda of the residence, smoking, when there arrived a Catholic priest and an assistant, who passed on to the inclosure. Shortly after came a wagon filled with clothing, and being curious to witness anything else connected with the negroes I followed. Inside the inclosure the negroes were drawn up in rows. Their brands were examined and they were separated into lots representing each mark. The priest, assisted by his young man, passed along in front, the young man registering the name the priest had given each, as they were baptized. As the priest finished one lot they were at once furnished, the women with a sort of loose gown of coarse cot-

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ton-cloth, and the men with a long shirt, and then sent off in different directions. Dinner being called we returned to the residence. After dinner I returned to the inclosure, but there was not a negro there, and visiting the fields with the proprietor I did not see one that I thought had made the voyage with us. Don S. B—— said that there were but twenty-five of the new arrivals on his plantation, the others having been delivered to the planters who had already contracted for them, paying \$350 for each. We were guests of Don S. B—— four days, and were very hospitably entertained.

[Dr. Howe then describes the difficulties of getting away from Cuba without a passport, and concludes with his arrival in New Orleans.]

We were again in New Orleans. After a hurried inspection of my baggage, I

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jumped into a cab, and passing by the telegraph office sent the following message to my parents in Natchez, Miss.: "Just returned from the coast of Africa, safe and well." Continuing to the Medical College I met Professor Howard Smith, whose joy at my return was nearly as great as mine. With him I visited the McDonogh Commissioners and related the history of the voyage to Liberia, and, as they asked no questions about the rest of the trip, I did not say more than, it being impossible to return as had been promised me, I had been obliged to make a very lengthy and troublesome trip along the African coast until I had an opportunity to return *via* Jamaica and Cuba.

Thirty years have elapsed,\* and nearly all of those connected with that voyage must ere this have gone to their last rest.

\* Written in 1890. The author, Dr. Howe, has since died.

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I have never seen one of them since, and do not feel that I now violate any confidence in relating the history of the voyage of *The Last Slave-ship*.



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