

ABOARD THE STORM KING.

A Memorable Voyage With a Mad Captain.

I was going aboard the bark Storm King as she lay in the Liverpool docks about ready to sail for Jamaica with a general cargo, when I stumbled upon a ragged and dirty old woman who looked to be a full hundred years old. She had a voice as shrill as a fife, and as she held out her hand for a gift she cried out:

"Don't go in that ship. Her Captain is crazy. Look out for the Captain. He's a big man, with red hair and blue eyes, and when he smiles it's the devil in him trying to break loose!"

"What craft are you speaking of?" I asked, as I handed her a coin.

"The Storm King, my lad. Don't go in her!"

The bark lay in a dock a long way above us, and it struck me as a bit queer that she should have hit her off so correctly. I had signed at a shipping office as able seaman and had not seen the Captain yet.

"What's the matter with the Captain, did you say?"

"He's crazy. Nobody knows its yet, but it's the living truth, sir. If you go with him you'll meet with wreck and death. Ah! but it's dreadful to see him rub his hands together like a great tiger sharpening his claws to tear you to pieces."

As I passed along she kept calling to me not to ship aboard the Storm King, and by the time I was alongside the bark I found myself considerably upset. I was in that state of mind when a word would turn me either way. They were getting ready to warp her out, and as I stood on the rail taking a look at her decks the mate sang out to me:

"Now, my lad, if you have signed articles for this voyage, jump down and make yourself handy, for we are to sail with this tide."

He spoke gruffly, but there was a kindly ring in his tone, and I was soon at work with the rest. Had he blustered at me I should have made off, for I had received no advance, and was not indebted to the boarding house man for a single meal. We soon had the bark out of dock and a tug hold of her, and it was not until after we had had our supper that I saw the Captain or recalled what the old woman had said.

THE CHIEF OFFICER.

whose name was Mr. Watson, was evidently a thoroughgoing man, but not a tyrant, while the second mate went about his work in a quiet way and showed no disposition to bully anybody. We had a crew of fourteen men, which made us strong handed, and the provisions were fresh and good. Therefore, after the watches had been chosen and I was sent to the wheel, with the bark pushing her way down the Irish Channel with a fair wind, I thought I had reasons to congratulate myself on being aboard such a craft.

It was just at sundown that Capt. Lucas emerged from his cabin, and the instant I got sight of him my heart gave a jump. The old woman had correctly described his personal appearance. He stood fully six feet in his stockings, weighed about 200 pounds, and had the appearance of being a Samson in strength. You'd look for a deep voice and a sort of heartiness about such a man, but Capt. Lucas had neither. As I watched him pacing the quarter deck while he smoked his cigar, his step reminded me of the movement of a wild animal. It was a gliding, shifty step, as light as a woman's, but with a sort of crouch to it, as if a spring was meditated. His eyes kept travelling from point to point in a furtive way, and a queer smile came and went almost as regularly as if worked by machinery. As he walked and smoked he had a way of rubbing his hands which made you wonder if he was not softly purring at the same time. I didn't like the looks of him at all, and as he stood by me for a moment I felt as creepy as if aroused from a dream in which I had seen murder done.

The cook was the only man in the ship who had sailed with the Captain before. He was a colored man and had probably never looked the master in the face. What the mates thought I did not ascertain until some days later, but such of the men as caught sight of the Captain voted him a "queer 'un." There are four men aboard ship whom Jack Tar sizes up in rotation. The Captain comes first, of course. The other three take their cues from him. If he is a bully, both mates will curse and drive in order to curry favor. The cook will not only be arrogant and impertinent, but skip the men in order to save stores and score a point for himself. The Captain's steward plays no part, as his duties do not bring him in contact with the men, and all the sailors look upon him with great contempt. By the time we were off soundings we made up our minds that the Storm King was a very proper craft, but it was also plain that the mates did not exactly know what to make of the Captain. He may have been communicative at mealtime, but he entirely ignored them while on deck. You wouldn't have believed him a sailor at all but for the way he kept his feet. He showed no interest in things going on around him, but as long as he was on deck he walked to and fro

LIKE A TIGER

out for exercise, and seemed to be wholly wrapped up in his own thoughts. Every man who had the wheel when the Captain was on deck came forward to declare that it gave him the shivers to have him come near.

We had been out eleven days and had logged off a fair run most of the time when it fell a dead calm. The last of the breeze left us at about 8 o'clock in the morning. The weather was very hot and the sky without a cloud, and about 10 o'clock, as the bark was rolling heavily on a ground swell and the sails slapping like the report of field pieces, everything was made snug. On board every sailing ship both Captain and mate take the noon observation at the same time, and both work it out afterward. The two were then compared. The only thing we had seen Capt. Lucas put his hand to was to take this observation. At noon of this day both men "shot the sun," as usual, and retired to the cabin. Some of the watch off duty were below and asleep, while others were on deck washing their clothes. The watch on deck had knocked off work and were waiting for dinner when Mr. Watson emerged from the cabin with a wild, scared look on his face and came forward almost to the mainmast. When he halted, he glanced this way and that, like a man who wanted to run, but he pulled himself together after a bit and went aft to the second mate on the quarter deck and began

to talk in an excited way. The cook now called to dinner, but while we were yet staring and wondering Capt. Lucas appeared and roared out at the top of his voice: "Lay aft, the crew! Every man in the bark, lay aft!"

He had a double-barrelled fowling piece in his hands, and while his face was as pale as death his eyes had the shine and glint of a wild beast's. Some of the men hung back a bit, whispering to each other that the skipper was crazy, but presently all of us had gathered around him. I took notice that both mates seemed to be badly upset, and that Mr. Watson did not look the Captain in the face.

"Men," began the skipper as we waited for him to speak, "you have all conspired to deceive me. My observation just now proves that the bark is 600 miles north of her true course. There is a conspiracy here to murder me and run away with the craft, but I have discovered it in time to defeat it. My mates are more guilty than the rest of you, and they must leave the ship. Put a breaker of water and a bag of biscuits in the starboard quarter boat and lower her away."

We stood for a moment like men turned to stone, each wondering if his ears deceived him. The Captain looked from man to man and then cocked the gun and lifted it to his face and said:

"Mr. Watson, provision the boat and lower her away."

Now the entire crew moved as one man. You couldn't fail to understand that the Captain was out of his head and ready to do some terrible thing. We were not over ten minutes getting the boat into the water and as we worked away I think every man hoped to go in her. Four or five of us were slipping over the rail when the skipper shouted:

"Back with you there! Now, Mr. Watson, you and Mr. Hops get into the boat!"

Had there been any show for it we should have made the Captain prisoner, as it was clear to every man that he had lost his mind, but he was on his guard, and would have fired into us at the first move. The mates smartly

OBEYED THE ORDER,

and each taking an oar, they pulled right away until out of gun-shot. The Captain lost much of his ferocity as they rowed away, and after a bit he lowered the hammers of his gun, smiled to the right and left of him, and very quietly said:

"Go forward and get your dinners, and the watch below will turn in. I will select new mates later on."

He entered his cabin, and fifteen minutes later the steward told us he was sound asleep. As soon as we learned this we began to signal to the mates to return. The becalmed bark was going all around the compass as she rolled, and the boat approached her from the bows. She was within half pistol shot when Captain Lucas suddenly appeared among us holding a revolver in his hand. He had doubtless feigned sleep in hopes to trap us. As soon as the mates caught sight of him they sheered off and rowed with all their might, but they had come too near. He lifted his pistol, held his arm as rigid as a bar of iron for 10 seconds, and the bullet he sent struck Mr. Hope at the corner of the left eye and tumbled him over dead. Mr. Watson at once threw himself flat down, and though the Captain fired at him five times he was not hit. When he had fired his last bullet, the madman strode aft, disappeared for a moment, and when we caught sight of him again he had the fowling piece in his grasp. He shouted to us to lay aft, and when we had gathered as before he said:

"Men, I am sorry you have been led into this thing, but I cannot pass over such conduct. I have the legal right to shoot every one of you, but I shall not enforce it. You must all leave the bark, however. Get the longboat off the chocks!"

To clear away the heavy longboat and get her over the side is a good bit of work with an officer to direct, and you can understand what a mess we made of it with nobody to give orders and the crazy Captain walking to and fro with a gun in his hands. It took us two full hours, and we were for piling into her and shoving off at once when the skipper called:

"Belay, there! I'm not going to send you adrift to perish of hunger and thirst. Provision the boat."

We got two breakers of fresh water, a lot of biscuit, a big lump of salt horse and some raw potatoes. By order of the Captain the steward brought us some canned fruits, a spare compass and a lantern. Just as we were ready to shove off he brought us a gallon of rum and two pounds of tobacco, and said:

"When you reach Liverpool, I want you to tell the truth about this affair. Your course is due south."

He leaned over the rail and watched us as we rowed away. The quarter boat had drifted away about half a mile, and we headed directly for it. Mr. Watson was still lying concealed, though he had taken a peep now and then and informed himself of what was going on. The body of Mr. Hope was already growing cold. Under the circumstances every man was for getting rid of it at once, and it was lifted over the rail without much ceremony or loss of time. Mr. Watson then explained that he had suspected the Captain's unsoundness of mind ever since the day of sailing, and that our plan would be to get back on board, overcome him, and take the bark back to Liverpool. But how to get aboard was the question. The Captain was no longer to be seen, but we did not doubt that he would be on the alert, and it was a sure thing that he would kill three or four men if he fired into us with the double-barrelled gun.

During the rest of the afternoon we maintained our position, and the calm was unbroken. Just at dark a steam freighter from New York for Liverpool was sighted from the west, and after a pull of two miles we intercepted her and told our story and asked for help. It was promptly refused, the Captain saying he would not be justified in

PERILLING THE LIVES

of his men. We then rowed back to the bark and made use of the two boats to approach her from opposite sides. I was in the longboat with Mr. Watson and others. We were sneaking up to the port bow very quietly when there was a flash and a report from the rail, and four of us were hit with swan shot. The distance was so great, however, that no one was seriously hurt. We were compelled to row away and evolve some other plan. No one had a thought of deserting the bark and her mad skipper. At midnight we got a breeze from the north, and the bark drove off with her broad-

side to it. At daylight the wind shifted to the northeast and blew harder, but all we could do was to follow after the craft. At noon a brig out of St. John's came up with us, and we boarded her and told our story. Her Captain declined to take any risks, the more especially as Capt. Lucas could now be seen walking the quarter-deck of the bark. You will find it on record at Lloyd's that we followed the Storm King for six nights and five days, during which time she drifted almost to the Azores. We encountered and appealed to five different vessels, but got no help from any of them. Toward night of the fifth day, not having seen anything of Captain Lucas for twenty-four hours, we nerved ourselves up and boarded the bark. After the whole lot of us were on her deck four men skulked aft to surprise and blind the Captain, but he was nowhere to be found. We searched high and low before we gave up, but were forced at last to realize that he had ended his life by jumping overboard. It was probably a deliberate thing with him, as he had first undressed and carefully folded all his garments, and the dishes he had eaten from had been washed and returned to the pantry. We ran the bark to the Azores to wait for instructions, and there every man deserted her as soon as her anchor was down.

REALMS OF THE SILENT.

In the Dark Domain That All Must Traverse Alone.

Silence and shadows surrounded him. Silence, broken only by the whispers of those who ministered to his voiceless needs. Shadows that lengthened and darkened as the day grew old.

Silence, pierced now and then by a stifled sob from the inner room.

Shadows that lay heavy on mourning hearts.

The blinds were drawn, the shutters bowed in the room where he kept his royal state.

His throne, a satin casket. His scepter, a spray of the valley lily clasped in his frozen hand.

His crown, the invisible circlet that death lays upon the brow.

Outside the snow had drifted in curving banks. It was no whiter nor so cold as the little hand that held the lilies.

The wind that swept through the bare branches of the trees seemed but an echo of the mother's moan.

The sun that shone upon the white expanse of snow mocked her grief.

Only yesterday he was a laughing, rosy boy, whom she chid and caressed, loved and reproved.

To-day a crowned king in the realm of the silent.

O, profound mystery of death that changes the loved, the familiar, into something strange and awful.

They told me with bated breath of how he had suffered, and one bent low to my ear and murmured, "His little face was so pain-drawn at first. See how peaceful and content he lies now."

Peaceful! Surely?

Content! Who shall say?

Does one willingly let fall the fresh gathered rose?

Is one content when the brimming cup is dashed from the ready lip?

The dewy fragrance of the new-blown rose is most sweet.

The bead upon the wine of life sparkles in the early sunshine.

Who would not wear the rose a little longer?

Who would not drink deeper of the amber wine?

O, thou pale and silent King! doff thy dread majesty and come once more among us. Listen to that cry! 'Tis thy mother. 'Tis "Rachel who weeps and will not be comforted." Break, for her sake, break thy cold silence.

In a little while the impatient earth shall throw off her mantle of snow. Then shall be seen a myriad life upon her brown and beautiful bosom.

The lush and tender grass shall serve for a couch if only thou wilt come back to us. The crocus shall dot thy bed with its brilliant bloom. From the distant woodland the breezes of spring shall bring the lingering fragrance of the sweet arbutus, and around thy young head shall circle the nursings of the air tempting thee to join them in their joyous frolics.

Is there aught in the silent kingdom which can compare with the life thou hast known, the love thou hast left?

It is in vain that the empty arms are extended. In vain the longing heart entreats.

From beneath the closed eyelid there comes no ray of light. From the sealed lips no word of comfort.

Must it be always so?

Comes there not a day when the shadows are lifted, the silence broken? Comes there not a time when the empty arms are filled, the longing heart satisfied?

Hope springs eternal. Faith lifts expectant eyes.

The Extinct Moa.

For ages before its occupation by man, New Zealand swarmed with great wingless birds, which found here no carnivorous enemies, but an abundance of vegetable food. The moas not only existed in vast numbers, and for thousands of years, but had such diversity of form as to embrace no less than seven genera, containing twenty-five species—a remarkable fact which is unparalleled in any other part of the world. The commonest kinds in the North Island were only from two and one-half to four feet high. Those of the South Island were mostly from four to six feet tall, while the giant forms, reaching twelve and fifteen feet, were always rare.

Immense deposits of moa bones have been found in localities to which they appear to have been washed from the hills in tertiary times. Skeletons on the surface of the ground, with skin and ligaments still attached, have given the impression that these birds had been exterminated in very recent years, but other facts point to a different conclusion. Tradition seems to show that the moa became extinct in the North Island soon after the arrival of the Maoris in New Zealand—that is, not less than 400 to 500 years ago—and in the South Island about 100 years later. The fresh-appearing skin and ligaments are supposed to have been preserved by unusual favorable conditions.

Decency and external conscience often produce a fairer outside than is warranted by the stains within.

BRITISH SLAVE-TRADING.

For Over Three Hundred Years the Trade Was Permitted.

From the year when Vasco da Gama rounded the Cape of Good Hope (1497), to the year 1807, when the British government prohibited the exportation of slaves over the high seas, is a period of 310 years. During all this time Africa was surrendered to the cruelty of the slave-hunter and the avarice of the slave-trader. While its people were thus subject to capture and expatriation, it was clearly impossible that any intellectual or moral progress could be made by them. The greater number of those accessible from the coast were compelled to study the best methods of avoiding the slaver and escaping his force and his wiles; the rest only thought of the arts of kidnapping their innocent and unsuspecting fellow-creatures. Yet, ridiculous as it may appear to us, there were not wanting zealous men who devoted themselves to Christianizing the savages who were moved by such an opposite spirit. In Angola, Congo, and Mozambique, and far up the Zambezi, missionaries erected churches and cathedrals; bishops and priests were appointed, who converted and baptized, while at the mouths of the Niger, the Congo, and the Zambezi their countrymen built slave-barracoons and anchored their murderous slave-ships. European governments legalized and sanctioned the slave trade, the public conscience of the period approved it, the mitred heads of the Church blessed the slave gangs as they marched to the shore, and the tax-collector received the levy per head as lawful revenue.

But here and there during these guilty centuries words of warning are not wanting. Queen Elizabeth, upon being informed of the forcible capture of Africans for the purposes of sale, exclaims solemnly that "such actions are detestable, and will call down vengeance on the perpetrators." When Las Casas, in his anxiety to save his Indians, suggests that Africans be substituted for them, the Pope Leo X., declares that "not only the Christian religion but Nature herself cried out against such a course."

One hundred and sixty-five years after the discovery of the Cape, Sir John Hawkins pioneers the way for England to participate in the slave trade, hitherto carried on by the Portuguese, the Spanish and the Dutch.

A century later a king of England, Charles II., heads an English company which undertakes to supply the British West Indies yearly with 30,000 negroes.

After the Asiento Contract, under which for thirty years England secured the monopoly of supplying the Spanish West Indies with slaves, as many as 192 ships were engaged every year in the transportation of slaves from the African coast. The countries which suffered most from the superior British method of slave capturing and trading and slave-carrying were Congo land, the Niger Valley, the Guinea and Gold coasts, the Gambia, Cross and Calabar lands.

The system adopted by the British crew in those days were very similar to that employed by the Arabs to-day in inner Africa. They landed at night, surrounded the selected village, and then set fire to the huts, and as the frightened people issued out of the burning houses, they were seized and carried to the ships; or sometimes the skipper, in his hurry for sea, sent his crew to range through the town he was trading with, and, regardless of rank, to seize upon every man, woman, and child they met. Old Town, Creek Town, and Duke Town, in Old Calabar, have often witnessed this summary and high-handed proceeding.

Boswell, the biographer of Dr. Johnson, called the slave trade "an important and necessary branch of commerce"; and probably the largest section of the British public, before those antislavery champions Clarkson and Wilberforce succeeded in persuading their countrymen to reflect a little, shared Boswell's views, as well as his surprise and indignation, when it became known that there were English people who talked of suppressing it.

That the slave trade must have been a lucrative commerce there can be no doubt, when we consider that from 1777 to 1807 upwards of 3,000,000 Africans have been sold in the West Indies. All those forts which may be seen lining the west coast of Africa to-day were constructed principally by means of the revenue derived from the slave tax.—Henry M. Stanley, in Harper's Magazine.

A Hen With a Memory.

A well-to-do farmer in a little village in Hertfordshire has a nine-year-old hen on his farm that has a good memory.

The first brood she ever hatched was from a setting of ducks' eggs. She was exceedingly proud of her family, and after they were a few days old she wandered with them through the farmyard towards a neighboring pond. The ducklings no sooner came in sight of the pond than they toddled towards it, unmindful of the calls of their hen mother or her distressed agitation.

They plunged into the water, and at once were in the full enjoyment of their natural element.

The hen ran up and down the sides, calling frantically to her brood, and manifesting her distress in various ways. But the ducklings paid no attention to her, and sported their fluffy bodies about on the water.

By-and-by, seeing that no harm came to her brood from their contact with the (to her) dangerous water, the hen quieted down, and it was not long before she was enjoying the antics of the ducklings in the pond as much as they were themselves. She watched them intently, occasionally giving low and contented clucks, until the ducks were satisfied with their sport and came out and rejoined their guardian, who led them back home again.

Every day after that the hen took her brood to the pond bright and early, and stood by and watched them sporting in the water with as plain evidences of enjoyment of the scene as actions could give. She continued to take daily pleasure in watching the young ducks in the water until they grew out of her care, and even then she occasionally strolled down to the pond for an hour or so and watched them as they swam.

The next spring this hen was set on eggs of her own kind, and hatched out a fine brood of chicks. The first thing she did when she got around with her new family was to lead the chicks down to the pond.

She seemed to be surprised when they showed no inclination to get in the water, and tried to coax them in. Not succeeding in that, she picked up a chick in her bill

and dropped it into the pond. She stood and watched the struggles of the chick in the water until it was drowned. That seemed to be a disappointment to her. She picked up another chicken and dropped it in. That one struggled in the same way, and soon died. This seemed to enrage the hen, and she grabbed another chick, tossed it in the water, then another, and threw it in, and evidently intent on drowning the whole brood in the pond in her disappointed rage, when one of the family, who had noticed the strange action of the hen, ran to the rescue and drove the hen and the rest of the brood to the house and shut them up.

The hen has hatched a brood of chickens every year since, and to test her recollection of her enjoyment of her first brood of ducklings in the pond she has been permitted to run at large with her broods. Not once has she failed to lead them to the pond and try to induce them to go into the water, ending up by grabbing a chick and tossing it in, when she is driven off and shut up again.

If this hen has no memory, what has she got?

HOW A MAN FEELS UNDER FIRE.

"How does a man feel under fire?" is a question of interest to men who have had the experience as well as to those who have not had it.

We are all anxious to know what may be the mental impressions of any one of our fellows in circumstances generally supposed to be a test of bravery or courage, especially since most of us have had no such test.

We Anglo-Saxons, as we call ourselves for want of a better term, attach extraordinary consequence to our readiness to undergo exposure in case of need, to danger and death. During the Civil War, as war correspondent of the New York Tribune, says Junius Henri Browne, in "Worthington's Illustrated Magazine," I learned to the full what it is to be in range of balls and bullets of every calibre and variety.

During the first eight or nine months of the war, I heard, in divers reconnaissance and skirmishes in Missouri and Kentucky, and on the Mississippi, a great deal of martial music performed by musket, rifle, and cannon, and even learned to distinguish the sound of different balls as they whizzed by. But I did not know what it was to be in a regular battle until we were at Fort Donelson (February, 1863), where I received I may say, my baptism of fire.

The morning of the second day of the siege, I was wandering on foot through a wood, trying to see how the battle was going.

There was continuous firing to the left, and the frequent whizzing of bullets over our heads.

Abruptly the Confederates opened on us from an adjacent battery with grape and canister. The shot rattled all round us, cutting down the bare twigs and boughs above, and ploughing up the ground in our immediate vicinity.

It was so abrupt, and the source was so invisible, that I was fairly startled at first, but I was exhilarated also. It seemed like real war. The sensation was genuine and not unpleasurable, because, perhaps, I saw nobody struck.

It makes a deal of difference with one's feelings, under fire, when one is an eyewitness of casualties in the immediate neighbourhood. The sense of danger is greatly increased as well as the likelihood of death, if men are falling around one—if somebody at one's side receives a ghastly or a mortal wound.

Wounds and death in the concrete appear very different from what they do in the abstract. Time and experience are needed not to be deeply moved by the inevitable horrors of war. Usage makes us to a certain extent callous to our surroundings, however painful.

In battle, every soldier is under obligation to be firm, to obey orders, to be faithful to his cause. If he falters or flies, he is disgraced, punished, irrevocably ruined. On the other hand, if he does what he should do, he is esteemed, honored, promoted.

As a matter of policy, of self-interest, therefore, is it not strange that any soldier should shrink or flinch under any circumstances? A soldier in his first engagement is inclined to a presentiment of death, and is often surprised when it is over to find that he is still alive. In about his twentieth engagement his presentiments have disappeared with his nervousness, and he is cool in the presence of peril.

What is known as courage is, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, a matter of discipline. A man is alarmed at danger in the beginning, not so much because he is timid as because danger is new to him. The trite proverb that "familiarity breeds contempt" is measurably true of war.

The coward of to-day may be the hero of to-morrow. The nerves that tremble at the outset may be strong as steel at the termination. Everything comes by education, intrepidity included.

Raw troops are always untrustworthy, simply because of their rawness. The same troops as veterans do not blanch in the face of death.

It may be hard to count on a man's courage, but it would be madness to count on his cowardice. Almost any human being will be fearless with certain provocations, from certain motives.

Much depends on the cause and his attachment to it. He may be craven in one thing and dauntless in another.

Men feel very differently under fire at first, but much alike at last. They can all be made to endure it becomingly, creditably, after repeated trials. The incurable coward is almost as exceptional as the congenital idiot. In speaking of prowess we must distinguish between bravery and courage.

Bravery is, in a strict sense, constitutional absence of fear: courage may fear greatly and still be capable, by strength of will and determination, of overcoming, or at least resisting fear. Bravery, if it sees the danger, does not feel it; advances in its teeth without pause or tremor; it is superior to place or pressure.

Courage is quite consistent with physical timidity, being mainly mental and susceptible of improvement and expansion. It is strongest where morality is on its side, where conscience approves.

Bravery may be material, brutal; courage belongs to the highest organizations. Bravery is inborn and necessarily rare. Courage is evolved, and may, with a given environment, reach the loftiest heroism.

Though flattery blossoms like friendship, yet there is a great difference in the fruit-