



J. Habakuk Jephson's Statement

In the month of December in the year 1873, the British ship "Dei Gratia" steered into Gibraltar, having in tow the derelict brigantine "Marie Celeste," which had been picked up in latitude 30 degrees 40 seconds, longitude 17 degrees 15 seconds, W. There were several circumstances in connection with the condition and appearance of this abandoned vessel which excited considerable comment at the time, and aroused a curiosity which has never been satisfied. What these circumstances were was summed up in an able article which appeared in Gibraltar Gazette. The curious can find it in the issue for January 4th, 1874, unless my memory deceives me. For the benefit of those, however, who may be unable to refer to the paper in question, I shall subjoin a few extracts which touch upon the leading features of the case.

"We have ourselves," says the anonymous writer "been over the derelict 'Marie Celeste,' and have closely questioned the officers of the 'Dei Gratia' on every point which might throw light on the affair. They are of opinion that she had been abandoned several days, or perhaps weeks, before being picked up. The official log, which was found in the cabin, states that the vessel sailed from Boston to Lisbon, starting upon October 16th. It is, however, most imperfectly kept, and affords little information. There is no reference to rough weather, and, indeed, the state of the vessel's paint and rigging excludes the idea that she was abandoned for any such reason. She is perfectly water-tight. No signs of a struggle or of violence are to be detected, and there is absolutely nothing to account for the disappearance of the crew. There are several indications that a lady was present on board, a sewing-machine being found in the cabin and some articles of female attire. These probably belonged to the captain's wife, who is mentioned in the log as having accompanied her husband. As an instance of the mildness of the weather, it may be remarked that a bobbin of silk was found standing upon the sewing-machine, though the least roll of vessel would have precipitated it to the floor. The boats were intact and slung upon the davits; and the cargo, consisting of tallow and American clocks, was untouched. An old-fashioned sword of curious workmanship was discovered among some lumber in the fore-cabin, and this weapon is said to exhibit a longitudinal striation on the steel, as if it had been recently wiped. It has been placed in the hands of the police, and submitted to Doctor Monaghan, the analyst, for inspection. The result of his examination has not yet been published. We may remark, in conclusion, that Captain Dalton, of the 'Dei Gratia,' an able and intelligent seaman, is of opinion that the 'Marie Celeste' may have been abandoned a considerable distance from the spot at which she was picked up, since a powerful current, runs up in that latitude from the African coast. He confesses his inability, however, to advance any hypothesis which can reconcile all the facts of the case. In the utter absence of a clew or grain of evidence, it is to be feared that the fate of the crew of the 'Marie Celeste' will be added to those numerous mysteries of the deep which will never be solved until the great day when the sea shall give up its dead. If crime has been committed, as is much to be suspected, there is little hope of bringing the perpetrators to justice."

I shall supplement this extract from the Gibraltar Gazette by quoting a telegram from Boston, which went the round of the English papers, and represented the total amount of information which had been collected about the "Marie Celeste." "She was," it said, "a brigantine of one hundred and seventy tons burden, and belonged to White, Russell & White, wine importers, of this city. Captain J. W. Tibbs was an old servant of the firm, and was a man of known ability and tried probity. He was accompanied by his wife, aged thirty-one, and their youngest child, five years old. The crew consisted of seven hands, including two colored seamen and a boy. There were three passengers, one of whom was the well-known Brooklyn specialist on consumption, Doctor Habakuk Jephson, who was a distinguished advocate for Abolition in the early days of the movement, and whose pamphlet, entitled 'Where is Thy Brother?' exercised a strong influence on public opinion before the war. The other passengers were Mr. J. Harton, a writer in the employ of the firm, and Mr. Septimus Goring, a half-caste gentleman, from New Orleans. All investigations have failed to throw any light upon the fate of these fourteen human beings. The loss of Doctor Jephson will be felt both in political and scientific circles."

I have here epitomized, for the benefit of the public, all that has been hitherto known concerning the "Marie Celeste" and her crew, for the past ten years have not in any way helped to elucidate the mystery. I have now taken up my pen with the intention of telling all that I know of the ill-fated voyage. I consider that it is a duty which I owe to society, for symptoms which I am familiar with in others lead me to believe that before many months my tongue and hand may be alike incapable of conveying information. Let me remark, as a preface to my narrative, that I am Joseph Habakuk Jephson, Doctor of Medicine of the University of Harvard and ex-Consulting Physician of the Samaritan Hospital of Brooklyn.

Could the ends of justice have been served in any way by my revealing the facts in my possession, I should unhesitatingly have done so. It seemed to me, however, that there was no possibility of such a result; and when I attempted, after the occurrence, to state my case to an English official, I was met with such offensive incredulity that I determined never again to expose myself to the chance of such an indignity. I can excuse the discourtesy of the Liverpool magistrate, however, when I reflect upon the treatment which I received at the hands of my own unimpeachable character, listened to my statement with an indulgent smile as if humorizing the delusion of a monomaniac. This slur upon my veracity led to a quarrel between myself and John Vanburger, the brother of my wife, and confirmed me in my resolution to let the matter sink into oblivion—a determination which I have only altered through my son's solicitations. In order to make my narrative intelligible, I must run lightly over one or two incidents in my former life which throw light upon subsequent events.

My father, William K. Jephson, was a preacher of the sect called Plymouth Brethren, and was one of the most respected citizens of Lowell. Like most of the other Puritans of New England, he was a determined opponent to slavery, and it was from his lips that I received those lessons which tinged every action of my life. While I was studying medicine at Harvard University, I had already made a mark as an advanced Abolitionist, and when, after taking my degree, I bought a third share of the practice of Doctor Willis, of Brooklyn, I managed, in spite of my professional duties, to devote a considerable time to the cause which I had at heart, my pamphlet, "Where is Thy Brother?" Swarburgh, Lister & Co., 1859, attracting considerable attention.

When war broke out I left Brooklyn and accompanied the One Hundred and Thirtieth New York Regiment through the campaign. I was present at the second battle of Bull Run and at the battle of Gettysburg. Finally, I was severely wounded at Antietam, and would probably have perished on the field had it not been for the kindness of a gentleman named Murray, who had me carried to his house and provided me with every comfort. Thanks to his charity, and to the nursing which I received from his black domestics, I was soon able to get about the plantation with the help of a sick. It was during this period of convalescence that an incident occurred which is closely connected with my story.

Among the most assiduous of the negroes who had watched my couch during my illness there was one old crone who appeared to exert considerable authority over the others. She was exceedingly attentive to me, and I gathered from the few words that passed between us that she had heard of me, and that she was grateful to me for championing her oppressed race.

One day, as I was sitting alone in the veranda, basking in the sun and debating whether I should rejoin Grant's army, I was surprised to see this old creature hobbling toward me. After looking cautiously around to see that we were alone, she fumbled in the front of her dress and produced a small chamois-leather bag which was hung round her neck by a white cord.

"Massa," she said, bending down and croaking the words into my ear, "me die soon. Me very old woman. Not stay long on Massa Murray's plantation."

"You may live a long time yet, Martha," I answered. "You know I am a doctor. If you feel ill, let me know about it, and I will try to cure you."

"No wish to live—wish to die. I'm gwine to join the heavenly host." Here she relapsed into one of those half-heathenish rhapsodies in which negroes indulge. "But, massa, me have one thing must leave behind me when I go. No able to take it with me across the Jordan. That one thing very precious, more precious and more holy than all thing else in the world. Me, a poor black woman, have this because my people, very great people, 'spose they was back in the old country. But you can not understand this same as black folk could." My fader give it me, and his fader give it him, but now who shall I give it to? Poor Martha hab no child, no relation, nobody. All round I see black man very bad man. Black woman very stupid woman. Nobody worthy of the stone. And so I say, Here is Massa Jephson who writes books and fights for colored folk—he must be good man, and he shall have it, though he is a white man and nebbler can know what it mean or where it came from." Here the old woman fumbled in the chamois-leather bag and pulled out a flattish black stone with a hole through the middle of it. "Here, take it," she said, pressing it into my hand; "take it. No harm nebbler come from anything good. Keep it safe—nebbler lose it!" and with a warning gesture, the old crone hobbled away in the same cautious way as she had come, looking from side to side to see if we had been observed.

I was more amused than impressed by the old woman's earnestness, and was only prevented from laughing during her oration by the fear of hurting her feelings. When she was gone, I took a good look at the stone which she had given me. It was intensely black, of extreme hardness, and oval in shape—just such a flat stone as one would pick up on the

seashore if one wished to throw a long way. It was about three inches long and an inch and a half broad at the middle, but rounded off at the extremities. The most curious parts about it were several well-marked ridges which ran in semicircles over its surface, and gave it exactly the appearance of a human ear. Altogether I was rather interested in my new possession, and determined to submit it as a geological specimen to my friend Professor Schroeder of the New York Institute, upon the earliest opportunity. In the meantime I thrust it into my pocket, and rising from my chair, started off for a short stroll in the shrubbery, dismissing the incident from my mind.

As my wound had nearly healed by this time, I took my leave of Mr. Murray shortly afterward. The Union armies were everywhere victorious and converging on Richmond, so that my assistance seemed unnecessary, and I returned to Brooklyn. There I resumed my practice, and married the second daughter of Josiah Vanburger, the well-known wood engraver. In the course of a few years I built up a good connection and acquired considerable reputation in the treatment of pulmonary complaints. I still kept the old black stone in my pocket, and frequently told the story of the dramatic way in which I had become possessed of it. I also kept my resolution of showing it to Professor Schroeder, who was much interested both by the anecdote and the specimen. He pronounced it to be a piece of meteoric stone, and drew my attention to the fact that its resemblance to an ear was not accidental, but that it was most carefully worked into that shape. A dozen little anatomical points showed that the worker had been as accurate as he was skillful. "I should not wonder," said the professor, "if it were broken off from some larger statue, though how such hard material could be so perfectly worked is more than I can understand. If there is a statue to correspond, I should like to see it!" So I thought at the time, but I have changed my opinion since.

The next seven or eight years of my life were quiet and uneventful. Summer followed spring, and spring followed winter, without any variation in my duties. As the practice increased, I admitted J. S. Jackson as partner, he to have one fourth of the profits. The continued strain had told upon my constitution, however, and I became at last so unwell that my wife insisted upon my consulting Doctor Kavanagh Smith, who way my colleague at the Samaritan Hospital. That gentleman examined me, and pronounced the apex of my left lung to be in a state of consolidation, recommending me at the same time to go through a course of medical treatment and to take a long sea-voyage.

My own disposition, which is naturally restless, predisposed me strongly in favor of the latter piece of advice, and the matter was clinched by my meeting young Russell, of the firm of White, Russell and White, who offered me a passage in one of his father's ships, the "Marie Celeste," which was just starting for Boston. "She is a snug little ship," he said, "and Tibbs, the captain, is an excellent fellow. There is nothing like a sailing ship for an invalid." I was very much of the same opinion myself, so I closed with the offer on the spot. My original plan was that my wife should accompany me on my travels. She has always been a very poor sailor, however, and there were strong family reasons against her exposing herself to any risk at the time, so we determined that she should remain at home. I am not a religious or an effusive man; but oh, thank God for that! As to leaving my practice, I was easily reconciled to it, as Jackson, my partner, was a reliable and hard-working man.

I arrived in Boston on October 12th, 1873, and proceeded immediately to the office of the firm in order to thank them for their courtesy. As I was sitting in the counting-house waiting until they should be at liberty to see me, the words "Marie Celeste" suddenly attracted my attention. I looked round and saw a very tall, gaunt man, who was leaning across the polished mahogany counter asking some questions of the clerk at the other side. His face was turned half way

toward me, and I could see that he had a strong dash of negro blood in him, being probably a quadroon or even nearer akin to the black. His curved aquiline nose and straight lank hair showed the white strain; but the dark, restless eyes, sensuous mouth and gleaming teeth all told of his African origin. His complexion was of a sickly, unhealthy yellow, and as his face was deeply pitted with small-pox, the general impression was so unfavorable as to be almost revolting. When he spoke, however, it was in a soft, melodious voice and in well-chosen words, and he was evidently a man of some education.

"I wished to ask a few questions about the 'Marie Celeste,'" he repeated, leaning across to the clerk. "She sails the day after to-morrow, does she not?"

"Yes, sir," said the young clerk, awed into unusual politeness by the glimmer of a large diamond in the stranger's shirt front.

"Where is she bound for?"

"Lisbon."

"How many of a crew?"

"Seven, sir."

"Passengers?"

"Yes, two. One of our young gentlemen and a doctor from New York."

"No gentleman from the South?" asked the stranger, eagerly.

"No, none, sir."

"Is there room for another passenger?"

"Accommodation for three more," answered the clerk.

"I'll go," said the quadroon, decisively; "I'll engage my passage at once. Put it down, will you—Mr. Septimus Goring, of New Orleans."

The clerk filled up a form and handed it over to the stranger, pointing to a blank space at the bottom. As Mr. Goring stooped over to sign it, I was horrified to observe that the fingers of his right hand had been lopped off, and that he was holding the pen between his thumb and the palm. I have seen thousands slain in battle, and assisted at every conceivable surgical operation, but I can not recall any sight which gave me such a thrill of disgust as that great brown spongelike hand with the single member protruding from it. He used it skillfully enough, however, for, dashing off his signature, he nodded to the clerk and strolled out of the office just as Mr. White sent out word that he was ready to receive me.

To Be Continued.

CONSUMPTION IN NORWAY

In One District the Disease Has Increased Alarmingly.

In November of last year Dr. Claus Hansen, of Bergen, delivered a lecture before the Storting at Christiania, on the causes of tuberculosis and the fight against it. He stated that during the 30 years of his own experience consumption had increased in the Bergen district 80 per cent. In the year 1836, 54.5 per cent of all deaths between 15 and 30 years of age were caused by tuberculosis, and statistics show that about 7,000 of the inhabitants of Norway die every year of this disease. In England, he continued, they have succeeded during the last 50 years in reducing one half the number of tuberculosis cases, and physicians attribute this to the increasing cleanliness in English home life and the erection of consumptive hospitals. The foremost endeavors in fighting tuberculosis should be to agitate for greater cleanliness in general; particularly should efforts be directed against the habit of expectorating.

Statistics of consumptive sanitariums in Germany show that 61.3 per cent of the inmates were able to work the first year after the cure, 60 per cent after two years, 45 per cent after three, and 35 per cent after four years. On an average, it is estimated that 50 per cent of the patients in sanitariums have their ability to work lengthened by one year. The advantages of public sanitariums for consumptives are so great that the German invalid insurance companies erect these institutions simply for reasons of economy.

Heart Palpitation.

A QUEBEC LADY RELEASED FROM GREAT SUFFERING.

She Had Tried Many Medicines Without Avail, But Ultimately Found a Cure Through the Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Few bodily afflictions are more terrible than disease of the heart. To live in constant dread and expectation of death, sudden and with last farewells unspoken, is for most people more awful to contemplate than the most serious lingering illness. The slightest excitement brings suffering and danger to such people.

For several years Mrs. Gravel, wife of P.H.A. Gravel, foreman in Barry's cigar factory, St. John's suburb, Quebec, was such a sufferer, but thanks to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills she is again in the enjoyment of good health. Mrs. Gravel says:—"My general health was bad for several years, my appetite was poor, and I was easily tired, but it was the frequent sharp pains and violent palpitation of my heart which caused me the greatest alarm. I tried many medicines, and was treated by several doctors, but in vain. Finally I became so poorly that I was not able to do any household work, and was frequently confined to my bed. At the suggestion of one of my friends I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. After taking a few boxes I began to gain new strength and vigor. The pains in my heart were less frequent and less severe, and in every way my health was improving. I continued using the pills until I had taken eight boxes, when I had completely recovered my health. I have gained in flesh; my appetite is good, and I am able to do all my household work without feeling the awful fatigue I was before subject to. I am very thankful to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, for they have truly released me from much suffering, and I hope that others may be induced to try this wonderful medicine."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. If your dealer does not keep them they will be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

LOVE FOR ANIMALS.

Several Instances Where Monuments Have Been Erected in Their Honour.

Queen Victoria's love for animals is proverbial. It is not generally known that she has had a cemetery laid out at Osborne for the interment of her deceased pets, from horses down to cats. Over the grave of each animal is raised a small monument with the history of each engraved thereon in plain language. Several men are specially employed to keep the grounds in order. The cemetery is not open to the inspection of the public. Although many historians have declared the story of geese saving "the city that sat upon seven hills" was a myth, the truth remains that the story was the cause of the erection of the magnificent bridge across the Tiber to commemorate the famous geese who saved the Capital of Rome from being destroyed by cackling in the night, and thus apprising the inhabitants of danger. The bridge has been in use for over 200 years, and was built at the desire and expense of the Pope. Frederick the Great built a church in memory of one of his favorite war horses killed in a battle with the Russians. The church stands near Posen on the eastern border, constructed of white stone which time has failed to deteriorate, and is one of the finest ecclesiastical buildings in Prussia. The Japs erected a monument in Korea after the Chini-Japanese war of 1835, in honor of their horses killed during the campaign. The cost of the monument was what is equivalent to \$30,000 in our money, was contributed by all the officers in the Japanese army, and a number of the common soldiers.

War horses have frequently been honored with monuments, but, so far as known, there is only one that can claim the honor of having a city founded in its memory. When Alexander the Great took the field against King Phorus, an Indian Monarch of considerable power, he had his favorite charger, Bucephalus, killed under him at the battle of Hydaspes. He conquered his foes, and on the spot where the gallant animal was slain founded Bucephalus, which grew to be one of the most densely populated cities in India.

Strathfieldsaye in Hampshire, the residence of the Duke of Wellington, was bestowed upon the Iron Duke in recognition of his brilliant services to the nation. Here it was that "Copenhagen" the war horse which carried the great Duke throughout the battle of Waterloo, to say nothing of many minor victories, lived in peaceful retirement till 1836. In that year the historic charger died of old age, and was buried with full military honors in the grounds. So grieved was the Duke at its decease that he ordered a handsome mausoleum to be put up, which cost him \$10,000. The visitor to Strathfieldsaye can now see this fine edifice rising amid the trees, and it has done more, perhaps, to attract sightseers than either the magnificent grounds or spacious mansion.

With Rich Red Blood

Throbbing Through the Arteries Weakness and Disease are Impossible--Dr. Chase's Nerve Food Makes the Blood Pure, Rich and Healthy.

Not a single day passes but we are reminded of the value of keeping the body supplied with an abundance of rich, red, life-sustaining blood.

Heart failure, brain troubles and nerve paralysis can only exist when the blood is in a thin, watery condition.

Deadly pneumonia and consumption cannot find a beginning in the healthy body, which is supplied with plenty of pure blood to rebuild and reconstruct the tissues wasted by disease.

To guard against disease, to prolong life, to insure health, strength and vigor to every organ you cannot possibly find a means so effective as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, the blood builder and nerve restorative.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is composed of the very elements of nature which go to form new, rich, red blood, and this accounts for its phenomenal success as a system builder. It is as certain as the laws of nature, because it gets away down at the foundation of disease and cures by making the blood pure and rich.

was pale, weak, languid and very nervous, her appetite was poor and changeable, she could scarcely drag herself about the house, and her nerves were completely unstrung. She could not sleep for more than half an hour at a time without starting up and crying out in excitement.

As she was growing weaker and weaker, I became alarmed, and got a box of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. She used this treatment for some weeks and from the first we noticed a decided improvement. Her appetite became better, she gained in weight, the color returned to her face, and she gradually became strong and well. I cannot say too much in favor of this wonderful treatment, since it has proven such a blessing to my daughter."

To allow the blood to get weak, watery and vitiated is to prepare the way for pneumonia, consumption, kidney disease, or other dreadfully fatal complications. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food prevents and cures disease by creating an abundance of rich blood and nerve force in the system. In pill form, 50c. a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Mrs. B. McLaughlin, 95 Parliament St., Toronto, states:—"My daughter