

THE FOUNDERED GALLEON. BY WEATHERBY CHESNEY, AND ALICK MUNRO. COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY THE AUTHORS.

CHAPTER I. THE YELLOW MANUSCRIPT.

Two men sat and smoked in a small room in Shaftoe street, Bristol. It was an untidy room, and through the pungent incense of ship's plug, which one of them was smoking, there struggled another and more unpleasant odor, the musty spirituous smell of a badly kept anatomy museum. Human skulls and arm bones littered the tables, monstrosities in wide mouthed bottles jostled other stuffed and moldy monstrosities on the shelves, and a couple of bloated serpents twined themselves into slimy knots in a glass case in one corner. And where there were none of these things there were books—books everywhere—even in the corners of the deep armchair in which one of the men (he of the ship's plug) was sitting. Their sharp edges made dimples in the comfortable roundness of his figure, but he was excited, and if they hurt him he did not seem to notice it.

He was a big man, red faced and heavy, and the hair growing in a close mat down over his wrists gave a suggestion of burly outdoor strength strangely incongruous in such a room as this. His dress, which was that of a captain in the merchant service, bore out this appearance of incongruity.

Presently he removed the pipe from his mouth and, leaning forward, tapped the other man's knee with the stem.

"Can we do it, doctor?" he asked anxiously. "The gold must be there; enough of it to make us both millionaires, most likely. The point is—can we lay our hands on it?"

At this question the other man rose from his chair and walked over to the glass case where the serpents were. For fully five minutes he watched their slow, purposeless contortions without speaking. Then he returned to the table, reached for the tobacco jar and rolled himself a thin and very tight cigarette. Now, whether it was that Dr. Tring did not share his comrade's excitement or that his leathery brown face was too thickly seared with deep, permanent lines to allow any passing emotion to affect his expression it is impossible to say, but the fact remains that even Captain Nicholas Colepepper's sailor's eye was unable to read anything, whether of encouragement or the reverse, on the shriveled, chartlike face of his friend.

The doctor took a long pull at his cigarette, drew the smoke deep down into his lungs and kept it there for about half a minute; then he spoke, and with each word the imprisoned smoke crept furtively in broken spurts from his mouth and went to join forces with the heavy clouds which the captain was blowing with impatient energy from his pipe.

"Captain Colepepper, sir, you ask me whether we can raise that Spanish gold (a whole shipload of it, if your story is true) from where it now lies, imbedded deep in the ooze of the Atlantic. I answer you that I don't know."

The captain had evidently expected a more encouraging reply, and the vicious way in which he bit at his pipe-stem showed how much he was disappointed.

"You've thought over what I told you?" said he.

"Yes. I've thought it over."

"And you don't think it can be done? Man, it's bound to be a million at least! And it's there, I tell you, just waiting for us to take it."

"I don't go so far as to say that it can't be done," replied the doctor with some hesitation. "It may be, Colepepper, it may be. But I don't like to commit myself until I'm sure."

"Oh, come, that's better!" exclaimed the captain with returning animation. "If you say it's possible at all, that's enough for me. If Dr. Tring says a thing can be done, then Dr. Tring and Captain Colepepper between 'em will do it."

"Umph!" said the doctor shortly. "A million of gold—or two millions, maybe," went on the other, mousing the big numbers as though the very manner of saying them would make them bigger. "We shall be able to do things with that."

"No doubt," said the doctor dryly. "If we get it, but it seems to me that if we try we're more likely to lose the little we have and our lives, too, perhaps."

"But the manuscript, doctor, the manuscript!" It's all down there as plain as the rule o' the road at sea."

"Who was this Nicholas Colepepper, and where did you find his log?"

"I found the log in a lumber chest down at our old farmhouse in Devonshire, and the Nicholas Colepepper, who wrote it was an ancestor of mine. I expect," added the captain meditatively. "I'm called after him in a way, as my name's Nicholas too. But, for the matter o' that, my grandfather's name was Nicholas. There always has been one in the family, you see."

"And this Nicholas, the First—what was he?"

"Pirate," replied the captain shortly

"He doesn't say so himself, of course. Calls himself an honest buccaneer in his log, but I expect pirate was about the real size of it."

"Yes," said the doctor. "The law was not so squeamish in those days as it is now. I don't fancy you need be afraid that you are doing an injustice to your ancestor's memory. Piracy was an eminently respectable calling in the time of good Queen Bess."

"Of course it was!" agreed Captain Colepepper excitedly. "And, don't you see, that's just what makes me so cocksure that the story is true!"

Dr. Tring nodded, and, toying absently with a human thigh bone which was lying on the table, smoked for a little time in thoughtful silence. Captain Colepepper meanwhile fidgeted incessantly in the big chair, and with fumbling fingers cut another fill of plug and rammed it into his pipe with so much unnecessary violence that the shining black clay was in imminent danger of breaking under the strain. All of which is merely an evidence that the captain's agitation was overpowering, for he loved his cutty, and would have grieved for a month if he had broken it.

His action in filling his pipe was, however, apparently just as unconscious as the doctor's in playing with the thigh bone, for when he had done he did not light it, but laid it on the table, and, resting his elbows on his knees and his chin in his hands, leaned forward and anxiously watched his companion's face. His whole attitude betokened an excitement the suppression of which was actually painful.

Dr. Tring's face, however, betrayed nothing. He might have been engaged in deciding what he would have for dinner, so utterly calm was his expression. It was a terribly anxious moment for the sailor, for on his friend's decision rested everything. Excellent seaman though he was, Captain Colepepper knew well enough that without the other's assistance he could do nothing. He could fit out a ship, it is true, and take her to the very spot where the galleon with all her precious freight had foundered; that much he knew he could do, but that was not enough. And for the rest he relied absolutely on the scientific skill of his friend Dr. Tring. If Dr. Tring said "No," then the Spanish gold must stay where it was, and Captain Colepepper would spend his life in the sailing of ships and die at last a humble merchant cap-



The captain spread the yellow manuscript out on the table.

tain. If Dr. Tring said "Yes," Captain Colepepper would cheerfully spend every penny he had in the world in fitting out a vessel in which to make the venture and would be content to die in the end a pauper, if only he could first have a fair shot at being a millionaire.

Meanwhile the suspense was slowly driving him frantic. Beads of perspiration were rolling unheeded down his nose and dropping on to his beard. At last he could stand the strain of inaction no longer, and, throwing himself back in the chair, began, utterly unconscious of what he was doing, to whisper strange sailor oaths beneath his breath.

These turgid mutterings had the effect of rousing Dr. Tring to speech:

"Have you got your respected ancestor's log with you?" he asked.

For answer the captain produced the stained yellow sheets from his pocket and handed them across to his companion.

"Read it to me again," said the doctor. "I want to get a clear grasp of all the details."

"The whole of it?"

"No. Only where he tells about the plateship."

The captain spread the yellow manuscript out on the table before him and read as follows:

"From the log of Nicholas Colepepper, Esq., master of the snow [brig] Lucky Venture.

"THURSDAY, 11th February, 1591.

"The night had been a thick one, and mayhap our lookouts, being somewhat tired of their task, had not been overspying in their watch. Three weeks of peering through the weather for a vessel that never heaves in sight dulls the fresh glances of any mariner's eye, and we had been lying hove to or standing on and off for the galleon for five days over that time. So when dawn sickled over the waters, and the great ship was spied, bowling along good five miles to windward, I was at first minded to shoot the fellow on the foreward

for keeping such lubberly watch, but remembering that we should presently need all the hands we could get I anointed him with a few shrewd blows from a calker's mallet, lying handy, and set the watch to trim and make sail, that we might get all the pace out of our tight little snow of which she was capable.

"The Spaniard's lookout was smart enough. His sail trimmers were hard at work when first we espied him, so he must have known of our presence before we knew of his. Now, it is the custom of the yearly plateship to sail only during the day and to remain hove to during the night hours, but this fellow must have been under weigh all through the darkness, having been advertised of our snow's presence, probably, and so from this departure from custom we judged that he feared us, and our lads took heart accordingly.

"A chase to windward is always tedious work, but as we sailed better and faster on every point than the Spaniards, 'twas only a matter of time, and we could tell the hour to a nicety when we should be able to bring them into action. The thing that vexed some of my men was the disparity in numbers. We had been at sea, off and on, for two years, and had lost half our number through wounds, scurvy, calentures, and other sickness, and so could muster but a poor 83 all told, and many of them half disabled and brought scurvy rotten from their bunks by the rustle of preparation. The don was a 1,000-ton galleon newly out of port, with all her complement hale and sound, and with well nigh 500 men fit to carry arms.

"As we rose her hull above the plain of ocean we saw it was pierced for ordnance innumerable, for pieces both great and small; but, though this was somewhat discomfiting, her lowness in the water was such that fears were swamped as they rose to the surface, for there was surely yellow ballast enough in her holds to make us all rich men for life, even supposing that none of us was killed, and as out of our small 83 a third, or perhaps a half, might lose the number of their mess during so hot an engagement as the one whereon we were entering promised to be, there would be the greater share for the survivors. So all were eager for the cast of fortune's dice box, which might bring them their death or might render them independent of mariner's trafficking for the remainder of their natural lives.

"The don was ablaze with banners and ancients (ensigns), and on the ample belly of her forecourse was depicted the head of St. Catherine, her patroness, with all the gauds and embellishments of the master painter's art. She was replete with carvings and gildings, with high fore and after castles, with close quarters and with all the Spanish devices for naval fortification, and in good sooth she was as brave a ship as ever breasted Atlantic or lured honest English buccaneer to plunder.

"Thus far had I writ before we came within shot range. Our fellows, as is always their wont, had set a cask of strong ale aboard in the waist and were feasting and making merry, for fear lest the hap of war should take from them other opportunity of doing that same again. The don, seeing that his heels were too dull to give us the slip, tried boarding nettings up to his lower yardsarms, opened his ports and ran out the guns, and in fine made all ready for action. He was willing enough to run had chance been given him to do so, but now that he was cornered had no notion of yielding his treasure without a battle. But as this fell out as we had anticipated we were in nowise dismayed nor surprised, but cleared our pipes with a loud voiced drinking song, worked round to windward of him and held on to within musket range without throwing a shot.

"The don had been burning powder for a good half hour before our culverins and falconets hurtled back their message. Indeed his great ordnance on both broadsides had been spitting away at one and the same time, so that we guessed at the confusion that was raging in his 'tween decks and took comfort therefrom mightily, remembering that one small ball driven home is worth a dozen score of heavy ones which miss their bourne. Owing to the closeness of our approach, the don's gunners could not well depress the muzzles of their pieces, by reason of the narrowness of the gun ports; so that even the few shot whose direction was true had too great elevation and whistled harmlessly over our mastsheads or sang through the upper rigging, and save for a cheesehole punched in the main topsail and a lee fore topmast backstay shot in twain we were not a whit the worse for his pelting when at length we began our own.

"Having run up into such short range before I gave the word to fire, we hacked him through and through with our very first broadside, and the groans and yells from his 'tween decks told us that we had made commendable slaughter, but by this time the arquebusiers in his roundtops had steadied down to their work and were browning my gun crews somewhat too cavalierly. So I bade my fellows load up with bar and chain shot, knock out some of their quoins and have at the don's rigging for all their skins were worth, which saluted the galleon acknowledged by bowing to us with his foremast head, which had been twice hit by a shot from my main deck culverins. Roundtop and sharp-

shooters, foreyard and the great belying course with its gaudy painting came down by the run; the galleon slid up head to wind, in spite of her timoneer's every effort, and we had her at our mercy.

"After this I ran ahead and in a series of short tacks raked her with alternate broadsides, to which she could hardly reply with a gun; for her bow chasers were masked by the raffle of wreckage, and when any of her people sought to remove this they, too, were mown down by our incessant fire. And had the fates permitted me to carry on this game of long bowls, she must perforce have yielded unconditionally.

"But when another half dozen broadsides must have reduced her word was passed that the powder had run completely out, for we had come into action with but a poorly stocked magazine, not having found opportunity to replenish it of late. Forgetful of this, we had been burning the precious grains with feverish haste, and the grinning little powder monkey who brought me the tidings declared that there was not another tub left.

"'Tis truly vexations when an honest buccaneer finds himself in a strait like this, but there was no help for it. We could not get more powder by mere wishing, and we could not fire shot without it. We had naught therefore but cold steel left to rely upon, but cold steel had laid many a Spaniard low at my hands (and will, please heaven, do the like to many more). So, trusting in that, I sang out, 'Up helm!' and cried for boarders.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PARSON'S CLOTHE.

Some Remarkable Attire Seen in the British Isles.

One evening when living in London lodgings the landlady appeared. "There is a person waiting to see you," she said, almost severely; his card says he is a clergyman, but he don't look it." I ran downstairs to recognize an old clerical friend, conscious all the while that the landlady was following me with glum looks. When I saw him I made allowance for prejudice. He was dressed all in gray, but neither trousers nor coat matched, and he had on a red tie. I took him up to my rooms, but I was conscious that I had lost caste with my landlady, and would never regain it. Sitting in my club smoking-room one night when a couple of persons in mufti, a nautical friend came in and sat down beside us. One of my friends asked a question as to parsons as passengers, which unloosed the sailor's tongue. He denounced parsons (at sea) and their ways in such plain English as reminded one of our army in Flanders, and told stories not rounding to clerical credit.

At length his tales became so decided in manner, and telling him that I kicked him gently. "Pray don't stop him," said one friend, who unluckily had noticed the manoeuvre; "though we are parsons we like to hear the truth; indeed, there is nothing we enjoy so much as stories to the discredit of the cloth." In the dress of the church clergy of 20 or 30 years ago there were subtle differences, which enabled one to decide at first sight whether the wearer belonged to the school of Pusey or was a follower of (say) Daniel Wilson. I believe there was once a time when the well-set parson was accustomed to wear swallow-tails all day long. If I remember rightly, the Rev. Septimus Harding, the sweet old precentor of Barchester, always did. I used to know a clergyman, very recently dead, who, till within the last half dozen years—when his last dress coat got too old for service—never wore any other kind of coat. It need hardly be said he was hyper-evangelical. I have noticed that in the matter of coats and trousers there is getting to be a clerical laxity. Short coats even in London are quite usual, due, I suppose, to the leveling influence of the bicycle. At the last Church Congress there was one parson who appeared in cycling costume of black, except that his stockings were variegated and his cap brown. As he wore a short surplice he was quite a marked figure in the robed procession to church. Not so long ago in Holborn, I saw an elderly clergyman I knew, habited in a cassock, gravely waltzing by himself to the music of a piano organ. He had so admiring a crowd around him that I thought it best not to speak. Afterward I found that there was to be a dance in connection with his church that night, and hearing the organ grinding out a waltz, thought it would be a good opportunity to practice his steps. The cassock seemed to get in his way a great deal. Broad Churchmen do not care whether their ties are white or black; indeed, I met one the other day who sported an up and down collar and a lavender tie.—The Church Gazette.

Lots of These Socialists.

"No, my child, you cannot marry Ravenswood Plunks."
"But papa, what is your objection to Rovie?"
"My child, he is one of the most objectionable socialists I ever met."
"A socialist, papa? Surely you are mistaken!"
"No, I'm not. He actually demanded to share my wealth with me!"
"Rovie did that? Why, papa, what did he say?"
"He said he wanted to be my son-in-law."
—The Church Gazette.

NEWS FROM BOER SOURCES.

Alleged to Have Been Wired From Pretoria to New York.

New York, Nov. 6.—The Journal yesterday publishes the following special:

Pretoria, Nov. 3.—Five thousand Boers have crossed Lip River, south of Ladysmith, thus cutting off White from Colenso. Ladysmith will be vigorously attacked to-morrow, Saturday, at dawn from all sides. The Boers hope to reduce Ladysmith within the next few days. Heavy guns have been sent from Pretoria to Joubert's aid.

John Robertson is now in Pretoria jail on a charge of enlisting men in the Light Horse to serve against the Transvaal. He will be treated as a prisoner of war and not tried for treason.

All is quiet at Johannesburg. Colenso will not be attacked unless Ladysmith falls, and if the Boers are forced to retire in the near future from Natal, it will become necessary to destroy Newcastle, Dundee and Charlestown. The general belief is that White will sally out and make a dash for the south.

An unusually large proportion of wounded English prisoners have died in Pretoria jail.

The Boers lost 32 killed and 60 wounded in the Farquhar Farm fight. Kruger is in excellent health.

Let the British Catch Them.

Paris, Nov. 6.—L'Eclair says that the Transvaal Government has issued letters of marque, and has already received many offers of privateers, including a number of ship owners in the United States.

The Temps corroborates the statement of L'Eclair that the Boers have decided to employ privateers.

New South Wales Lancers There.

Cape Town, Nov. 6.—(Delayed in transmission.)—The British transport Ninevah arrived to-day from England, bringing the New South Wales Lancers from Aldershot. The Lancers on landing were enthusiastically welcomed by the municipal authorities and the populace.

Lyddite Shells on the Way.

London, Nov. 6.—Transports have just been secured for the Woolwich Howitzer Brigade, which will be hurried to the Cape. The brigade has 10,000 rounds of five-inch lyddite shells awaiting it. According to the estimates a single shell, falling into a compact body, will kill 300 men. It was demonstrated in the battle of Omdurman, which destroyed the army of Khalifa Abdullah, that large numbers of Dervishes were killed by suffocation, while hundreds of vultures fell upon the battlefield from the same cause.

Kimberley Safe on Thursday.

Orange River, Cape Colony, Nov. 3.—(Delayed in transmission.)—Kimberley was safe on Wednesday night, but an attack was expected at any time.

A Regiment From Cuba.

Havana, Nov. 5.—A regiment is in process of formation here, the services of which, when its organization is completed, will be offered to Great Britain against the Boers. About 250 Americans are already enrolled on its lists, and many more are expected to join. A former officer of the Chilean army is receiving applications for membership and subscriptions for the equipment of the regiment.

3,000 Were on Board.

London, Nov. 6.—The sailing of transports for South Africa, loaded with troops and supplies, continues. The departure Saturday evening of the Killonan Castle, from Southampton, excited special notice, as she is the largest troopship in the world, and has more than 3,000 souls on board, with their kits and weapons, balloons, bridge pontoons, machine guns, ammunition, wagons and hundreds of tons of other military necessaries. The transport takes a mascot goat, presented to the 1st Welsh Regiment by Her Majesty the Queen.

8,000 Men From London.

London, Nov. 6.—The order for the mobilization of the militia calls out 8,000 men in London alone. Among these are several members of Parliament.

BAYONET POINTS

Picked Up From Boer and Briton Over a Wide Expanse of Earth's Territory.

Several small detachments of English country yeomanry are going out, independent of the War Office, to the seat of war, on the chance of joining the Imperial Light Horse. Lord Lonsdale and Lord Harris, both yeomanry officers, are aiding this movement.

The heavy losses among the British officers in Natal have led The Military Journal to suggest that the sword be abolished, not only on account of its uselessness but also because its glitter attracts the aim of an enemy and indicates the officer.

Colenso, which was evacuated by the British on Saturday, is the point where the railway from Ladysmith crosses the Tugela River, which is now in flood. It is a small village 123 miles from Durban, where a bridge crosses the Tugela River.

In Thursday's artillery duel no damage was done at Ladysmith.

On Tuesday the British prisoners of the Boers at Pretoria were engaged playing football when Col. Moeller of the Hussars was being interviewed.

Commandant-General Joubert sent word to Ladysmith that Gen. Symons was buried with the fullest honors.